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THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

Vol. 216 JULY, 1922 No. 1

Canada and the United States . RT. HON. SIR GEORGE E. FOSTER
Disposal of Enemy Property . . . JOSEPH CONRAD FEHR
Men and Nations . . . . PHILIP MARSHALL BROWN
The Treaty-Making Power . . . STUART H. PERRY
The Building of a Builder . . . . IRVING BACHELLER
What Is Background? . . . . . MURIEL HARRIS
"Great is Diana of the Ephesians" . ANNE GOODWIN WINSLOW
The Idol . . . . . EDWARD H. PFEIFFER
Poe in Carolina . . . . . HERVEY ALLEN
Percy Bysshe Shelley, 1822–1922 . . GERTRUDE SLAUGHTER
"Dark, Many Towered Bologna" . . . . VERNON LEE
The English Sentimentalists . . . JOSEPH WARREN BEACH
The Garbage Can . . . ELIZABETH ROBINS PENNELL
The Big Draft . . . MARGARET PRESCOTT MONTAGUE
The Founding of Main Street—II . STANLEY T. WILLIAMS
Affairs of the World . . . . WILLIS FLETCHER JOHNSON

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Editorial Announcement

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW takes pleasure in announcing that in its next issue—for August—it will begin publication of the series of articles forecast last month, on the answers of the various religious faiths and ethical philosophies to the all-important question, What shall the world do to be politically, economically and spiritually saved?

The first article of the series will set forth the judgment and the service of the oldest of our creeds, and will be contributed by Dr. Joseph Silverman, for many years rabbi of the Temple Emanu-El, in New York, and recognized throughout the world as one of the foremost scholars and spokesmen of the Jewish faith.

Month by month other writers of comparable authority, both clergymen and laymen, will tell of the mission of service offered by the organizations with which they are affiliated in a unique exposition of the world's best thought on the world's most vital subject.

The manifestations of interest aroused by the announcement of this series, and the readiness of representative leaders of thought to contribute to it, are most gratifying to the Editors of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, *and assure the success of an undertaking which may well be expected to promote in measurable degree the best welfare of humanity.*

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

VOL. CCXVI

Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur

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1922

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NEW BOOKS RECEIVED

(The brief critical annotations on these pages, by a member of the staff of The North American Review, *do not preclude extended consideration of important books in the Department of* New Books Reviewed.)

GUIDE TO PUBLISHERS REPRESENTED:

Appleton.....D. Appleton & Co., New York.
Boni.....Boni & Liveright, New York.
Century.....The Century Company, New York.
Dodd.....Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.
Donahue.....M. A. Donahue & Co., New York.
Dorrance.....Dorrance & Co., Philadelphia.
Dutton.....E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.
Four Seas.....The Four Seas Company, Boston.
Harcourt.....Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York.
Harper.....Harper and Brothers, New York.
Houghton.....Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston and New York.
Jones.....Marshall Jones Company, Boston.
Kidd.....Stewart Kidd, Company, Cincinnati.
Knopf.....Alfred A. Knopf, New York.
Little.....Little, Brown & Co., Boston.
Lippincott.....J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia.
Macmillan.....The Macmillan Company, New York.
McBride.....Robert M. McBride & Co., New York.
Oxford.....Oxford University Press, New York.
Page.....The Page Company, Boston.
Putnam.....G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.
Scribner.....Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.
Seltzer.....Thomas Seltzer, New York.
Stokes.....The Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York.

FICTION

Millions. By Ernest Poole. *Macmillan.* ($1.75.)

Portraying a poor girl's sudden acquisition of great wealth and her efforts to "rise to the occasion."

Toy. By Gertrude Sanborn. *Donahue.*

A story of youth and its struggles in the dark as well as light places of the world.

Vanderdecken. By H. de Vere Stackpoole. *McBride.* ($1.75.)

Another Flying Dutchman and his adventures on the California Coast.

The Green Overcoat. By Hilaire Belloc. *McBride.* ($1.75.)

The whimsical tale of a professor's experiences in a borrowed garment; illustrated by G. K. Chesterton.

Dust of Desire. By Margaret Peterson. *McBride.* ($1.75.)

Passion, in the half-wilderness of East Africa.

The Love Legend. By Woodward Boyd. *Scribner.*

How four sides of a typical American family grew up and reacted to the legend of Prince Charming.

Escape. By Jeffery E. Jeffery. *Seltzer.* ($2.00.)

Middle-class life in London, and a woman's struggles to escape from conventional bonds.

The Penitent. By Edna Worthley Underwood. *Houghton.* ($2.00.)

A romance of Alexander I and Pushkin, of court intrigues and a revolutionist's wanderings in exile.

The Three Fires. By Amelia Josephine Burr. *Macmillan.* ($1.75.)

A Cingalese story of avarice, ambition and love.

Saint Jeanne D'Arc. By Minna Caroline Smith. *Macmillan.* ($2.25.)

Half romance, half history, blending in a rarely sympathetic picture of one of the greatest episodes in the story of the world.

The Heart of Little Shikara. By Edison Marshall. *Little.* ($1.90.)

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Fool's Hill. By Leona Dalrymple. *McBride.* ($1.75.)

A story of youth and its "midsummer night's dream."

Polly, the Pagan. By Isabel L. Anderson. *Page.* ($1.90.)

International romance told in diary and letters.

The Story of Mr. Dolittle. By Hugh Lofting. *Stokes.* ($2.00.)

A rollicking and instructive nonsense story, for children of all ages.

One World at a Time. By Margaret Fuller. *Century.* ($2.00.)

Romance in old Southern seaboard plantation life, following the Civil War.

The Miracle. By E. Temple Thurston. *Appleton.* ($2.00.)

A novel of life among fisher folk on the Irish coast, mingling fairy fantasies with the vital drama of the heart.

Rough-Hewn. By Dorothy Canfield. *Harcourt.* ($2.00.)

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The Tramping Methodist. By Sheila Kaye-Smith. *Dutton.* ($2.00.)

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TWO PERSONS. By Edward W. Bok. *Scribner.* ($0.75.)

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LATIN AMERICA AND THE UNITED STATES. By Graham H. Stuart. *Century.* ($3.75.)

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Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

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CANADA AND THE UNITED STATES

BY RT. HON. SIR GEORGE E. FOSTER

WITHOUT delving into history or recalling ancient fiscal controversies between Canada and the United States, certain broad facts present themselves at once to the student of their trade relations present and possible. Between them stretches a long border line through nearly four thousand miles of coterminous territory whose nearby products are section for section quite similar.

Our Eastern provinces raise and market much the same products of the fisheries, forest and field as do the States from Maine to Michigan, with a surplus that varies with the seasons, but is on the average large.

Our Western Prairie provinces produce in the main the same commodities as do the States from Michigan to Washington, grains, live stock and hardy fruits, while British Columbia in addition pursues a large and varied increasing culture of fruits of the kinds grown in Washington State. This lays a foundation for a seasonal and geographical interchange between the two countries of growing dimensions. Further south the United States produces semi-tropical commodities, impossible of growth in Canada, which naturally seek the Canadian market in competition with other countries of like production.

As the population of both countries increases so will the productive capacity and the mutual requirements of consumption.

In the matter of coal the Dominion at present draws largely on United States resources for both anthracite and bituminous.

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The imports of coal into Canada from the United States last year amounted to $112,000,000 in value, offset by an export thereto of the value of $6,600,000, leaving a balance of $105,400,000 against Canada.

But the tendency is towards diminution of coal imports. The water powers of the Dominion are being developed and are almost unlimited potentially. Under Government and private control systems the distribution of electrical energy is being rapidly extended and applied to manufacturing industries hitherto dependent upon coal. This tendency is equally noticeable as regards railway transport and future expansion in this direction will be extensive and fairly rapid. A Governmental experiment in briquetting the inferior grades of lignite in the West will, it is believed, result in making the Western provinces independent of the United States anthracite supply. Further development of the coal areas of Nova Scotia and British Columbia taken in connection with the above considerations opens up the possibility in the future of a complete or nearly complete domestic supply for the necessities of home, farm, factory, and land transport.

In fisheries Canada is easily self-supporting. Her Atlantic seaboard, her immense lakes, bays and rivers, insure her independence.

In forestry products both countries are still comparatively rich, though extravagant and wasteful methods plus fires have sadly depleted the almost boundless stores with which nature had blessed us. But the one hundred and ten million population of the United States with its yearly accretions make a tremendous call for wood and its products in various forms, notably for pulp and paper, which draws heavily upon home and Canadian sources, and the United States, therefore, is interested in procuring supplies from Canada as easily, as cheaply and for as long a time as possible. In 1921 the United States purchased from Canada wood and wood products and paper to the value of $216,000,000.

When it comes to industrial activities Canada has obtained and does yet obtain from the United States vast quantities of raw material and partly and wholly manufactured products. For cotton she must go almost entirely to the Southern States. For wools and hides she relies in part on United States markets, as also for other materials necessary to the processes of completing industrial production.

But two things are to be considered. Cotton may before many years be very extensively raised outside the Southern States; wool and hides are produced largely in Africa and Australia, in South American States and in Canada itself. And all the while the increasing millions of the United States make greater demands on its home resources. The raw material market is as wide as the world and constantly changes. Again, the industrial development of Canada has made great progress in the last two decades. A tremendous stimulus as to variety, quantity and quality of production was imparted by the calls of the war, and the consciousness of power and the acquirement of skill and accuracy in work and nicety in finish gained thereby will greatly inure to persistence and extension along industrial lines.

Taking the statistics as a guide we find that while the output of the industries in Canada in 1881 was in round figures three hundred and ten million dollars, in 1921 it was three billion, eight hundred million dollars, and in excess of the total output of agriculture, forestry, fisheries and minerals combined by about one billion dollars. So that one would miss an essential fact if he conceived the idea that Canada was a country of activities centred wholly or chiefly in the exploitation of her great natural resources. She is the latter, decidedly, but she is also a country of great industrial development and capacity.

Consider also the status of Canada as a customer of the United States. Turning to statistics again they warrant a statement which will probably surprise many a reader in the United States.

U. S. Exports to and Imports from Canada

	1913		*1920*	
	Exports	*Imports*	*Exports*	*Imports*
	$	$	$	$
Europe	1483 millions	865 millions	4400 millions	1225 millions
S. America	146	198	616	761
Asia	126	281	776	1283
Africa	29	24	165	150
France	150	139	662	166
Canada	388	142	933	612
U. K.	537	229	1652	436

Take the year 1913, before war disturbances had changed the normal courses of trade, and 1920, when they began to approach the

normal, and the foregoing table shows the situation. These figures are taken from United States returns.

In the normal peace year 1913 Canada stood next in total trade to the United Kingdom, and as a purchaser of United States products exceeded the whole of South America, Asia and Africa combined, by eighty-seven millions of dollars, and France by two hundred thirty-eight millions. In that year she took nearly one-sixth of the total exports of the United States.

In 1920, with all the changed conditions of the war, Canada still remains next to the United Kingdom in total trade, and as a customer of the United States overtops all of South America and Africa by one hundred fifty-two millions, France by two hundred seventy millions, and absorbs nearly one-eighth of the total exports of the United States.

We thus get an interesting, if not a surprising view, of the extent of the transactions between the two countries, absolutely as well as comparatively. Canada appears as the second best world customer of the United States with the balance in trade vastly in favor of the latter. During the ten years ending 1921, Canada paid in cash or kind $5,522,000,000 to the producers of the United States, distributed to the furthest limits, east, west, south and north, or at the rate of $70 a head of her population. In that period the consumers of the United States paid the producers of Canada $2,905,000,000, at the rate of $3 a head of her population. This left a balance in favor of the United States of $2,617,000,000.

In 1878 the Canadian electorate after a prolonged and lively contest decided by a sweeping majority to adopt a protective policy and to apply the Customs duties in such a manner as would encourage the development of Canadian industries and maintain them against undue competition from abroad. The protection was never abnormally high, and has in the passing years and with the growth of our industries been gradually and materially lowered. In 1886 the *ad valorem* on dutiable imports was 22.8 per cent, in 1896 26.7 per cent, in 1906 27 per cent, in 1911 25.9 per cent, and in 1921 20.3 per cent.

But the significant fact is that whatever the Liberal party, which in 1878 opposed protection, may have advocated when in Opposition, no Government since 1878 has ventured to abolish protective duties

or abandon the principle and practice adopted in 1878. Nor do I think the present Liberal Government elected in December last will change it in any essential particular. For both national and economic reasons Canadians in a decided majority have hitherto held to the above policy and I believe will continue to do so. In every general election since 1878 this view has prevailed, and in no election more decisively than that of 1911, when the electorate was tested over the proposed partial reciprocity pact between the United States and Canada then submitted for its decision.

Another fact must be considered:

Canada has incorporated in her fiscal system the principle that within the Empire of which she forms a part preferential treatment is accorded to the other members of the Empire. Beginning in 1898 when a preference without return was granted to Great Britain and the West Indies on their imported products, the scope has been gradually widened until at present Canada gives a preference to the extent of from 25 to 50 per cent of the duty to all portions of the British Empire except Australia and Newfoundland, and receives preferential return treatment in Great Britain, South Africa, India, New Zealand, and the West Indies, in which category Australia will in all probability soon be included.

So that in coming to closer grips with the question of possible trade relations between the United States and Canada, we must accept as a basis the facts above mentioned.

These summarized are that, geographically and climatically, both countries along a wide range of contiguous territory produce similar commodities and generally in surplus quantities; that each country has the easiest and quickest recourse to very important sources of supply in the other; that both countries base their tariffs on the principle of protection and the practice of preferential treatment within the family; that both have strong aspirations towards national growth and development and thus combine national and economic considerations in the determination of their fiscal policy, and that, while freely acknowledging these fundamentals and being guided thereby, both peoples have the most cordial feelings of good will and friendship towards each other and a desire to do the largest amount of trade with each other possible under conditions as detailed above.

What then is possible?

First, that despite all tariffs there will be a large exchange of products between the two countries arising out of contiguity of territory along an international frontier of such great length. Short transport, sectional and seasonal conditions, comparative excellence of product, et cetera, will largely determine questions of purchase and sale, and increase of population and production will augment these exchanges. We may look, therefore, for a steady average increase in trade in this respect.

In the second place, we should be able to rely upon good business sense and experience in both countries to apply the balance wheel on behalf of the general interest as opposed to the considerations of party exigency and the teachings of doctrinaires, in moderating the demands for unreasonable tariffs for particular interests, and thus consistently with reasonable protection make a greater exchange of products possible.

Wise statesmen will always weigh the reflex effect of tariffs upon outside countries. If a tariff excludes staple products, natural or industrial, from reasonable entrance into the markets, it diminishes the capacity of the country thereby affected to continue purchases in these markets and thus tends to limit rather than extend trade.

Perhaps no better example could be given than the one close at hand. Figures given above show the extent of purchases made by Canada from the United States under the handicap of an adverse exchange running as high as 15 or 20 per cent. Still so long as Canada had reasonable access to the United States for her agricultural products she went on and met the balance against her as best she could. Now the demand comes from the United States farmers, the pledges of the Republican party during the Presidential campaign, and the to us unwelcome partial answer embodied in the Fordney Emergency Bill of May 28, 1921, and the possible completion of that answer in the proposed permanent Tariff Bill. This greatly diminishes and in part practically prohibits entrance into the United States market of Canadian products formerly exported to the value of $170,000,000. The exports of Canada to the United States in Fordney Bill commodities in the four months in 1921, as compared with the four months in 1920, fell from thirty-three and a half million dollars to ten million dollars. As

goods purchased have to be paid for and the purchaser must sell his own products before he can venture to purchase, the result was sure and unavoidable. Canada bought by so much less in the United States and the United States producers lost so much trade. Is it certain that the class supposed to profit by the Emergency Tariff gained equally or at all by increased prices on their products?

Now we do not quarrel with the policy or its application in this particular instance. We have no right to do that nor any wish. I am only pointing out an unavoidable result. Canada, denied entrance into the United States, must seek other outlets. If old water courses are obstructed by dams preventing flow in one direction, the result is to hollow out channels in other directions to relieve the pressure. And that other direction for Canada must be largely to the British market. Years ago, because of alleged menace of disease in Canadian cattle, Great Britain placed an embargo on their import for breeding purposes and since then Canadian cattle entering British ports have to be immediately slaughtered. Though the menace was proved groundless the fiction has been kept up through the opposition of British cattle raisers. Now there is a decided set towards removing the embargo, and if this is done Canada's surplus live stock will be absorbed in Great Britain, and in addition a valuable increase will be made to our shipping cargo eastward. If the embargo is retained, then Canada must turn its attention to the preparation of refrigerated meats and build up a trade in them with Great Britain. In either case the course of a great product will be diverted from the United States, and once diverted will scarcely again return. And with that diversion goes the equivalent imports by Canada which will be transferred from the United States to Great Britain or elsewhere.

It is to be noted that the Canadian tariff on the classes of agricultural products included in the Fordney Bill is considerably lower than the rates imposed by the latter, so that in no sense was the Canadian tariff provocative of the almost prohibitive rates of the Fordney Act.

Both countries should keep in mind the necessity and advantage of reasonable fiscal legislation in the general interests. Neither doctrinaire on the one hand nor class on the other should have undue

influence in closing up these national gateways of commerce. Sectional and seasonal differences in need and supply should not be overlooked, and vision may well be invoked in the establishment of every national policy. The doctrinaire, be he protectionist or free trader, will always magnify his panacea, the class claimant his own particular contribution to the essential well-being of the State, and party politics will stand careful scrutiny as to how far its vote-getting enthusiasms dominate its desire for the general good.

And though tariffs are made for the present, it should not be forgotten that they vitally affect the future in many ways. They hollow out channels of trade for the nation which, once set, tend to deepen and widen and render changes difficult, and when they do come more or less disastrous. But it must be remembered that they also tend to set channels of trade for the other nations affected—counter channels which debouch in other countries, and these when once set are difficult and sometimes impossible to change.

There is a general business sense that may be adversely affected and which will manifest itself in redressing its disadvantages by turning in other directions, and which once turned is with difficulty brought back to former trade connections. And there is a national sense that, answering to and reinforcing this business sense, may be widely awakened to the desirability of cultivating better relations elsewhere, of relaxing any efforts to reopen the barred channels, and possibly of following a quoted example in rearranging its own tariff on the model furnished.

And our cousins in the United States must not forget that what affects trade and sentiment with a people to their north now numbering nine millions will still more affect them when they become twenty millions and thereafter fifty millions and ultimately a hundred millions and more. Trade which assumes an importance of millions of dollars to-day may have a possibility of billions in the future, but such possibility may be imperilled by the feeling engendered by present preventive legislation.

My conclusions are that at present there are few, if any, chances for a reciprocity arrangement between the two countries, but that despite even present and possible near future United States tariffs, there will still be a large and profitable exchange of commodities. The Fordney Bill and its successor, if it issues fully clothed as now

foreshadowed, will largely diminish these exchanges, and possible consequent changes in the Canadian tariff, rendered necessary by these enactments, may tend still further to diminish the aggregate trade. There are wide possibilities in the list of articles now purchased from the United States that Canada can do without or get from other countries, and there is cause for reflection as to what might happen for instance if access by foreign countries to Canadian sources of wood and wood products were limited. What Canada loses on exchanges with United States she will recoup in added trade within the Empire and in foreign markets, other than the United States—for neither the progressive spirit of her people nor her immense resources for development will permit any diminution of her continuing expansion.

GEORGE E. FOSTER.

DISPOSAL OF ENEMY PROPERTY

BY JOSEPH CONRAD FEHR

NEARLY two years have passed since America's Treaty of Peace with Germany was signed pursuant to the Porter-Knox Peace Resolution, and still the Alien Property Custodian has in his possession approximately $350,000,000 worth of real and personal property, stocks and bonds, cash, etc., which formerly belonged to German and Austrian nationals. Most of this property was seized during the war, although some of it was taken over subsequent to the signing of the Armistice. And the question uppermost in the minds of statesmen and business men who are trying to remedy the economic ills of America, as well as of the former enemy nations, is predicated upon the many proposals that are offered for the disposition of this vast amount of private property.

The practice of confiscation of private enemy property, although sanctioned by the law of nations as it obtained for centuries, and in English and American jurisprudence up to the time of the War of 1812, is no longer tolerated by the enlightened thought of the world. Confiscation has long been repugnant to the theory of fair dealing and the development of international enterprise. Accordingly economists in and out of Congress are to-day trying to devise ways and means of disposing of the property in the hands of the Alien Property Custodian in a manner that will be fair and equitable to its real owners and at the same time will safeguard the interests of American nationals who have claims against Germany and German nationals in an amount that extends into hundreds of millions of dollars.

It is urged by some that America should make an unconditional return of all enemy owned property. Others insist that the United States should hold this property as a set-off against American claims, thus forcing the enemy Government to reimburse the American nationals. The most radical American claimants are

asking for an outright confiscation of this property by the American Government. And still another view is that the United States should hold this property as collateral security in the nature of a pledge, in behalf of American claims against these former enemies.

In defining the present policy of the United States Government concerning the disposition of all former enemy property, Congress will have to govern itself to a large extent by the policy adhered to by the Government in the past. Never was a nation more generous to its enemies than the United States has been upon the termination of its various wars. Those who now insist upon an unconditional surrender to former owners of all enemy property, point with considerable effect to the fact that Alexander Hamilton, first Secretary of the Treasury in Washington's Cabinet, assumed in behalf of the newly formed Federal Government the payment of every cent of the property, both real and personal, which had been taken from British nationals, non-resident as well as resident, by orders of confiscation of the thirteen original Colonies during the Revolutionary War.

The early treaties entered into by the United States with Great Britain, Germany and other European nations, recognized the principle that privately-owned property ought never to be confiscated in time of war. Chief Justice Marshall, as early as 1814, in laying down his famous decision in the case of *Brown v. the United States* (*8 Cranch, 110, 128*), recognizing the physical power and the practice of confiscation in the past, stated in unequivocal terms that "according to the modern usage" private property of the enemy found in national territory "ought not to be confiscated". He added further that "this usage . . . can not be disregarded by (the sovereign) without obloquy". This dictum was reiterated by Mr. Justice Wilson in *Ware v. Hylton* (*3 Dallas* [*U. S. 1796*] *198*), who stated in his opinion that "by every nation, whatever its form of government, confiscation of debts has long been considered disreputable". And debts, of course, are merely one form of property. Mr. Justice Clifford, in *Hanger v. Abbott* (*6 Wall.* [*U. S. 1867*] *532*), designated confiscation "a naked and impolitic right, condemned by the enlightened conscience and judgment of modern times". Dicta to the same

effect can be found in other cases which have since been decided by the Supreme Court of the United States.

Shall the United States, in view of this unimpeachable line of authorities, both upon law and upon national policy, retain the property held in trust by the Alien Property Custodian, even as a pledge to secure the payment by former enemies and enemy nationals of the many millions of dollars' worth of claims held by Americans, or is this Government under duty to return unconditionally this property to its former enemy owners?

Many Senators and Representatives would have Congress make provision to return at once all the property taken over by the Alien Property Custodian, without regard to the claims of Americans against former enemy countries and enemy nationals. However, these American claimants have now been waiting several years for the German Government to pay them approximately $300,000,000 on account of lives of relatives lost on the Lusitania as well as property seized or destroyed during the war.

It is becoming more and more evident that the United States will be denied priority on money spent since the signing of the Armistice in maintaining its army along the Rhine. German assets are under mortgage to the Allies. In view of this depressing condition in Germany, American claimants are clamoring for government protection of their rights and ask that the property controlled by the Alien Property Custodian, approximating $350,000,000, be held as collateral security, or as a pledge, to enforce the payment of these American claims by Germany and Austria, or their nationals.

Most of the American claims are for marks. The former value (March, 1917) of marks was seventeen and three-sixteenths cents a mark. The present value is half a cent a mark. Under the Treaty of Versailles, the claims of British, French and other Allied nationals have already been paid in full at former rates of exchange (August, 1914) out of seized property under the Clearing House provisions of the Treaty. The American Government has never taken advantage of the Clearing House provisions of the Versailles Treaty, and has allowed the option period of these treaty provisions to lapse until now, when it is too late for American claimants to take advantage of them.

Unless American claimants can take advantage of the former rate of exchange, as provided for by Section 4 of Article 10 of the Treaty of Versailles, they will suffer enormous loss; first, because unless this is done it is not clear that mark debts must be paid at former rates of exchange, and second, because of the inability of German debtors to pay and the fact that the reparation provisions of the Treaty will make it impossible for the German Government to pay.

This matter of rate of exchange is of the utmost importance. Take, for instance, the claim of an American bank having a sum of marks on deposit by a German bank at the outbreak of the war. This is a good example of the type of claim involving marks. Thus, if the German bank is permitted to pay these marks at the current rate of exchange, the American bank will be obliged to bear the burden of the tremendous depreciation which has been brought about by the war. That would be eminently unjust.

The provisions of the Treaty of Versailles bearing upon the rate of exchange to be applied in the settlement of former mark debts, are contained in Part 10, Sections 3 and 4, the rights and advantages under Part 10 being reserved to the United States and its nationals under the Porter-Knox Peace Resolution and the Treaty of August 25, 1921.

Section 3 of Part 10 is entitled "Debts", and provides, among other things, for the settlement of debts payable before the war through the intervention of Clearing Offices. By this arrangement debts were to be paid or credited in the currency of the Allied or Associated Power involved, and mark debts, therefore, paid or credited at the rate of exchange of before the war. This rate of exchange is defined as the average cable transfer rate prevailing in the Allied or Associated country involved during the month immediately preceding the outbreak of the war.

It is generally understood that all English and French banks have already been paid in full for their before-the-war deposits in marks with German banks at former rates of exchange, in accordance with the aforementioned section of the Treaty of Versailles. As far as English and French banks are concerned, the rate of exchange, of course, is that which prevailed in 1914, that is, 24 cents a mark. Under the terms of the treaty American claimants are

entitled to only the rate of exchange which prevailed in March, 1917, that is, 17-3/16 cents a mark.

The question of the rate of exchange is only a small part of the problem that America is now called upon to solve in connection with the property held by the Alien Property Custodian. But it is just such questions and considerations which Congress will have to look into before legislating upon this subject.

Congress might well make a study of what England, France, Italy, Belgium and Canada have done in working out a solution of this difficult problem. Each of these countries has done all in its power to avoid the disreputable practice of confiscation. However, none of these countries has disposed of enemy property held by its Public Trustee or Alien Property Custodian without due regard to the rights of its own claimants against the enemy countries and their nationals. Hence, a brief summary of what each of these Allied nations has done in this connection may not be out of place.

Great Britain, with the other Allies, has reserved the right to retain and liquidate all property belonging to German nationals pursuant to Division B of Article 297 of the Treaty of Versailles, which stipulates as follows:

> Subject to any contrary stipulations which may be provided for in the Peace Treaty, the Allied and Associated Powers reserve the right to retain and liquidate all property, rights and interests belonging at the date of the coming into force of the Peace Treaty to German nationals, or companies controlled by them, within their territories, colonies, possessions and protectorates, including territories ceded to them by the Peace Treaty.

Under authority of Division E of Article 297 England proceeded to establish a Clearing House arrangement through which all claims made by England or the other Allies and their nationals passed at the expense of the German property held by the Allied Governments. The important feature of Division E is as follows:

> The claims made in this respect by such nationals (nationals of Allied Powers) shall be investigated, and the total of the compensation shall be determined by the mixed arbitral tribunal provided for. . . . This compensation shall be borne by Germany, and may be charged upon the property of German nationals within the territory or under the control of the claimant's State. . . . The payment of this compensation may be made by the Allied or Associated State, and the amount will be debited to Germany.

From 1919 to 1921 Great Britain, by authority of the sections of the Treaty of Versailles quoted above, issued peace orders to the following effect:

All property, rights and interests within His Majesty's Dominions or Protectorates belonging to German nationals at the date when the Treaty comes into force (not being property rights or interests acquired under any general license issued by or on behalf of His Majesty), and the net proceeds of their sale, liquidation or other dealings therewith, are hereby charged—

(a) in the first place, with payment of the amounts due in respect of claims by British nationals with regard to their property, rights and interests, including companies and associations in which they are interested in German territory, or debts owing to them by German nationals, and with payment of any compensation awarded by the Mixed Arbitral Tribunal, or by an arbitrator appointed by that Tribunal in pursuance of paragraph (e) of Article 297, and with payment of claims growing out of acts committed by the German Government or by German authorities since the thirty-first day of July, and before the fourth day of August, nineteen hundred and fourteen, but so nevertheless that the claims of British nationals for the proceeds of the liquidation of their property, rights and interests mentioned in Section IV of Part X of the Treaty and in the Annex thereto, and for the enemy debts owing to them referred to in Article 296 of the Treaty, shall rank in priority to any of the other claims above mentioned.

(b) secondly, with payment of the amounts due in respect of claims by British nationals with regard to their property, rights and interests in the territories of Austria-Hungary, Bulgaria and Turkey, and in so far as those claims are not otherwise satisfied.

Provided that any particular property, rights or interests so charged may at any time be released by the Custodian acting under the general direction of the Board of Trade from the charge so created.

In this connection it may be noted that the American Government has been notified through diplomatic channels that Hungary, according to an article which appeared in the Budapest *Pesti Tozsde* of February 2, 1922, will begin the payment of before-the-war debts owed to private individuals in England and France, and that the banks are reported to have collected considerable sums in their safes for this purpose. It is reported, however, that Hungary has been granted a further period of several more weeks' grace for the payment of the first instalment.

Hungary's debt in England is estimated to amount to more than 4,500,000 pounds sterling, and out of that sum 2,000,000 pounds are said to be owed for arrear dividends on Hungary's state loans,

1,000,000 for the debt of the city of Budapest, and at least 1,250,000 by private individuals. The entire debt will be payable in instalments of 250,000 pounds sterling per annum, and the only concession made by England is that this sum may be remitted yearly in two-part payments.

The French Ministry of Foreign Affairs, Office of Private Property and Interests, has issued numerous circulars, each dealing with disposition of alien property in the hands of the French Government. Circular No. 78, issued March 17, 1921, provides for the release of property belonging to Alsace-Lorrainers, who are now Frenchmen by virtue of the Treaty of Versailles. By producing a certificate of their new French nationality, stating the manner in which it was acquired, and by producing documentary evidence of their ownership of property in the hands of the French Government, etc., the French Office of Private Property and Interests will return property thus held to the original owners.

At a meeting held at London by the Directors of the Allied Clearing Offices, the following resolution was passed:

> Coupons of allied securities, regardless of their nature, maturing after January 10, 1920, shall only be paid to German nationals where they are unable to prove they acquired those securities from an allied or neutral person subsequent to that date.

France's plan to dispose of enemy property in her hands has been further detailed in numerous other circulars. France and Germany have also entered into a separate agreement providing for the payment of indemnities. In all these circulars and orders the French Government makes ample provision for the protection of private claims held by French nationals against Germany and German nationals. France was one of the first to take advantage of the Clearing House provisions of the Treaty of Versailles.

In the settlement of Hungary's before-the-war debts in France, the French agreement does not fix the payments in the precise terms contained in the English agreement. It only pledges Hungary to pay one-seventh part of her debts in the first year. According to the *Pesti Tozsde* this means that Hungary would have to pay 300,000,000 French francs in 1922. The payments will not be made individually but are to be paid into the Hungary Clearing Office, which will transmit it to the Clearing Houses in Paris.

Italy's governmental policy concerning the disposition of former enemy property held by its Custodian is clearly indicated by an agreement entered into with the German Government. This agreement was contracted on June 10, 1921, and reads as follows:

The representative of the German Government on the one part and the representatives of the Clearing Offices of Belgium, France, Great Britain, Greece, Italy and Siam on the other part, duly authorized by their respective Governments have agreed on the following:

The Allied and German nationals will have until September 30, 1921, inclusive, the right to file in their national offices the claims based on Article 296 of the Treaty of Versailles.

Like England and France, Italy has governed the disposition of enemy property held by its Custodian by the issuance of orders and circulars which expressly provide ample protection for claims in the hands of Italians against Germans and Austrians. Italian operations are conducted in line with the Clearing House policy established by the Versailles Treaty.

Belgium, like the United States, has to date made no definite arrangements concerning the return of enemy property held by that Government. However, the following quotation from the New York *Volks-Zeitung*, of January 25, 1922, entitled *Liquidation of German Property in Belgium*, indicates the nature of the policy which the Belgian Government is adopting in this matter:

The Belgian Government passed a law permitting the sale of German property seized in Belgium. It will involve the sale of property valued between 600 to 900 million francs. The Belgian Government justifies this step by stating that the negotiations with Germany regarding the recall of the six billion marks that were brought into Belgium during the occupation have failed. Belgium demanded that Germany should redeem all that money on the basis of gold exchange, for which Belgium would waive the sale of the seized German property. This action of the Belgian Government put an end to the pending negotiations and it will not only harm the many Germans who were living in Belgium before the war and already were reduced to proletarians, but will also harm the German State. The Belgian Government could do no better favor to those Germans who are endeavoring to stir up hatred against "the enemies", while financially the Belgian State will not be better off than if it had continued the negotiations regarding the redemption of the six billions of German marks.

Further legislation in continuance of this policy is already under advisement.

Claims at present filed by Canadians against all the enemy nationals amount to approximately $35,000,000, and the enemy property in Canada amounts to perhaps $38,000,000. The value of the German property is very conservatively estimated. On the other hand, claims for reparations are inordinately exaggerated. These accounts, according to a memorandum transmitted by the State Department to the Attorney General from the American Consul-General at Ottawa, have not been investigated for the purpose of estimating the amount which would probably be awarded by the Reparations Committee, but from a consideration of them $10,000,000, is stated as probably the maximum amount. In a general way the Government of the Canadian Dominion is following the policy adopted by England.

The Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats and Slovenes, and Czechoslovakia, Poland, Spain and Portugal, as well as the South American Republics, have not been heard from upon this question in a definite form. However, upon inquiry through diplomatic sources, it has been learned that these countries are following broadly the plans adopted by the larger Powers.

In order to do justice to all concerned, the best view of this problem seems to be that of holding all enemy property now in the hands of the Alien Property Custodian as security or a pledge on account of American claims against Germany and Austria and their nationals. This procedure can be harmonized with the policy of the United States Government as expounded since the days of Washington, and expressly provided for by paragraph 5 of the Treaty of Peace with Germany, signed August 25, 1921, pursuant to the Porter-Knox Resolution, which is as follows:

> All property of the Imperial German Government, . . . and all German nationals, which was on April 6, 1917, in or has since that date come into the possession of or under the control of, or has been the subject of a demand by the United States of America, . . . be retained by the United States of America and no disposition thereof made . . . until such time as the Imperial German Government . . . shall have made suitable provision for the satisfaction of all claims against said Government, or of persons, wheresoever domiciled, who owe permanent allegiance to the United States of America and who have suffered . . . loss, damage or injury, to their persons or property, etc.

The Secretary of State having definitely announced that the United States has failed to take advantage of the option period

provided by the Clearing House Sections of the Treaty of Versailles, the accounting between this Government and Germany will have to be between the interested private individuals, and therefore not as between State and State, which is the arrangement now governing the other Allied countries.

The coming into effect of the Peace Treaty of Versailles on January 10, 1920, imposed upon the German Alien Property Custodian the task of making his accounting and winding up his affairs. Within the period of one month, as stipulated by Article 296, Division E, of the Treaty, England with her Dominions, Colonies, and Protectorates, with the exception of the Union of South Africa and Egypt; France with her Colonies; Italy; Belgium, including the Congo State; Siam, Greece and Haiti, declared themselves in favor of the accounting from State to State or the so-called Clearing System. This accounting, as operated by these countries, is done chiefly through the agency of Clearing Offices established by the Peace Treaty, and the work of the German Custodian comes into question wherever he has appropriated or taken under his administration properties concerned in this clearing.

In all fairness to Germany, it should be stated here that the German Alien Property Custodian has done everything within his power to return American and other Allied property seized by him during the war. The report of the German Alien Property Custodian concerning the treatment of American property in Germany under his administration, published for the year 1921 (Reimar Hobbing, Publisher, Berlin), gives an elaborate account and detailed list of the properties taken under the custodian's jurisdiction. Without guaranteeing exactly the figures enumerated in every case, the German Alien Property Custodian gives the following details concerning American property which came under his control during the war:

The total value of property reported to the custodian as belonging to citizens of the United States in Germany amounted, apart from the compulsory administrations, to about 206,152,000 marks, to which are to be added deposits of securities reported by the banks, with a nominal value of about 126,000,000 marks. From the first named amount, there had been transferred to the custodian up to June 1, 1920, about 6,041,800 marks, to which is to be added the interest paid to the custodian under paragraph 7 of the custodial regulations, making a total of roundly 11,000,000 marks, which, so far as it did not represent the proceeds from compulsory administrations, was handed over to the

custodian. About 200,000,000 marks, in addition to the deposits of securities, was simply taken under administration nominally by being booked, that is, left in charge of the debtors. This sum was chiefly made up of cash claims of Americans against German debtors growing out of participation in business, cash deposits in banks, debts for merchandise, acceptances, insurance premiums, etc.

From compulsorily administered or supervised undertakings in Germany belonging to Americans or from American interests in German undertakings there was transferred to the custodian about 67,000,000 marks, to which must be added about 27,000,000 marks in securities. There was paid out by the custodian to enemy owners about 68,000,000 marks from the proceeds of compulsory administrations and supervisions, including stocks. Of the securities deposited with the banks and left in their keeping, although nominally under the administration of the custodian, 460 lots with a total nominal value of 57,519,630 marks had been released up to January 31, 1921. All together, the custodian has thus far released or delivered to American citizens, including these securities owned by Americans, property having a total value of at least 145,000,000 marks.

By holding the enemy property which still remains in the hands of the Alien Property Custodian as collateral security, or a pledge, to secure the payment by Germany and Austria and their nationals of the numerous claims in the hands of American citizens, the United States would not only safeguard the interests of its own nationals but would also thereby insure to these former enemies the ultimate return of their property retained in America. This method would enable America to solve this problem upon principles that are at once just to all concerned and at the same time will result in the gradual disposition of enemy property back to former enemy owners who are now permitted by Section 9 of the Trading With the Enemy Act to present their claims before the proper authorities for allowance.

JOSEPH CONRAD FEHR.

MEN AND NATIONS

BY PHILIP MARSHALL BROWN

In constructing a battleship one would hardly consult a milliner. In planning a bridge across the North River, the advice of a doctor would be of slight value. In treating cancer, the opinions of a lawyer likewise are not to be taken very much into account. Whatever the problem, whether of a bridge, a battleship, disease or human society, we ordinarily insist first of all on a thorough knowledge of materials; the nature of steel, for example, in the construction of a battleship or a bridge, and of anatomy in the case of the human body. One cannot base plans on the supposition that steel is the same thing as wood, or the human body the same as metal. Furthermore, we demand a precise knowledge of the laws governing construction, such as strain and stress, etc. In the case of the human body we are concerned with the laws relating to vital functions.

In the field of international relations, curiously enough, we find that the doctor, the lawyer, the milliner, the college president, and the "man in the street" all reveal an equal competence. All are ready with a definite explanation of the ills of international society, and all are prepared to suggest how this universe should be run. In very few cases may it be said that these *competent* authorities have an accurate, scientifically trained knowledge of the exact nature of international society, and of the laws governing the functions and the relations of nations. The preacher approaches the problem from the general principle of the brotherhood of man; the lawyer from the argument of analogy to ordinary political institutions, and the rest from various points of view, mostly of a sentimental or emotional character. Few of them, if called upon to administer the affairs of a municipality, would have the courage even to express an opinion, but most of them, in their vast ignorance of the nature and functions of international society, have slight hesitancy to enunciate their

views. They are perfectly safe because they are in no danger of being called upon actually to run the universe.

This general ignorance of international society may be classified under three headings: the nature of the State, the interests of the State, and the laws governing and controlling these interests.

As to the nature of the State, apart from the political theorists, few persons can tell you what it is, what are its objects and how it functions. The definition of the interests of nations is so excessively difficult that it has primarily to do with the causes of war itself. If nations only could agree as to the precise interests of each and all, peace would not be difficult. But even when they have agreed upon certain of their mutual interests, the formulation of the laws to protect these interests is far from an easy task. In fact, it must be admitted that international law in this respect is still in an early stage of development. There are vast areas where no legal remedies are yet available. And then there remains the stupendous problem of the best means of safeguarding the rights of nations once their interests have been determined and the laws for their protection formulated.

I must confess to a personal impatience with the political theories of Hobbes, Locke, Rousseau and the rest. I do not deny that they served a certain valuable purpose in the early evolution of political thought. They are most ingenious, and at times stimulating, but I hold that they have very slight relations to the world of reality. I fear that they have even confused and misled many earnest political thinkers in their efforts to solve the problems of human society. It would seem as if we had now reached the stage in our political evolution when the only effective method for the study of politics is the laboratory method—the practical, hard, objective test of analysis. I believe that this method can be applied to human society and particularly to international society with the greatest success, even where we have to take into account ideas and emotions which may be considered subjective in character. In the latter instance, as in psychology, I believe it possible to submit testimony of this subjective nature to an objective analysis which, in the case of national differences and rivalries, may be of the utmost signifi-

cance. We should, in an honest spirit of inquiry, shun with horror the emotional and sentimental method of considering this problem and should concentrate our investigations open-mindedly—and not unsympathetically—on the definite problem of the very nature of international society.

I know of no more fundamental problem in this connection than that of the relation of man to the State, for the reason that there is an obvious confusion of thought, a tendency to confound the State and the individual as one and the same thing. This is constantly appearing in the arguments of statesmen and publicists of high distinction. I suspect this is due in many instances to the pernicious influence of political theorists of the school of Hobbes, Locke and Rousseau. I recall an assertion by Lord Bryce in his lectures at the Institute of Politics in Williamstown last summer, to the effect that nations were still living in a "state of nature". Such a state of nature remains yet to be demonstrated as an actual fact and not as a mere political concept.

It is an amazing fact that little of an original analytical nature regarding the relation of man and the State has yet been published, allowing of course for occasional incidental allusions to the problem. Perhaps the most valuable contribution to the subject is to be found in the recent book of Professor MacDougall on the subject of *The Group Mind*. One can find here most suggestive observations as to the exact nature of international society and the functions of nations. Another book of lesser importance but still of much interest is that by Miss Follett on *The New State*. Certain of the most recent attempts to deal with this problem are of much less value for the obvious reason that the authors are endeavoring to sustain some preconceived theory as to the nature and organization of international society.

In approaching this problem of the relation of the individual to nations, we are bound to start with the classic statement of Aristotle, that "Man is by nature a political animal". It is necessary, however, to consider this assertion in the light of its original context. What Aristotle really said was: "It is evident that the State is a creation of nature and that man is by nature a political animal. The State is by nature clearly prior to the

family and the individual, since the whole is of necessity prior to the part." In other words, man is a political animal not because he has a divinely given political sense, but because he is the product of organized society. This is a profound observation which demands the most earnest study. Its truth may be ascertained by various tests.

Obviously, by approaching the problem from a biological standpoint, as does Professor Henry Jones Ford, in his most stimulating volume, *The Natural History of the State*, it is not difficult to show that the *homo sapiens* was originally a gregarious animal and that it was by this gregarious instinct that he was able to secure his higher development and, specifically, his political evolution. Here we run counter to the political theorists who would insist on some intelligent, deliberate decision on the part of man to abandon a state of nature and secure for himself the benefit of organized society. It would seem as if the argument of the biologist was of infinitely greater value than that of the political theorist.

We may, however, approach the problem from the political point of view, or rather the philosophical point of view, and seek by an analysis of the exact nature of political society to test Aristotle's assertion that man is the product and not the creator of organized society. It is a matter of common experience that a man living in the open country apart from the immediate restraints of society is quite distinct from the citizen living within an organized community. When men met in the open country in what we were formerly accustomed to call "the frontier", they met in a challenging spirit and reserved to each an enormous liberty of action which they could not claim in a city. From the higher intellectual and ethical point of view, it may be argued whether this was true liberty, but it certainly was liberty of a very primitive sort.

When a man leaves the open country and settles in an organized community, he submits himself to many restraints. He makes, for the sake of other compensating advantages, what might be termed actual sacrifices. First of all, there is the sacrifice of physical freedom. He cannot dash madly through the crowded street as he would in the open prairie. There are

fences, walls and policemen to impede his freedom of movement. He may not shout and sing as he may feel inclined to do in the open. There are others not only to be considered but to be protected against noise, disturbance and injury.

Secondly, the individual in society makes the great sacrifice of freedom of judgment. He cannot decide, even regarding his own family affairs, without running counter at times to the judgment of men about him. The first lesson he must learn in organized society is "a decent respect for the opinions of mankind". This he finds to be a basic principle of political society. Those who have served on committees, on boards of directors, on college faculties and other deliberative bodies, know this painful truth. Deliberation and discussion in groups not infrequently lead to decisions which no one individual of the immediate group concerned would be prepared to admit conformed entirely to his own personal judgment. In such discussion each makes his own contribution and oftentimes throws light on the subject for the rest. "Taking common counsel" is literally to submit a problem to the consideration and decision of all. It is viewed from every angle—of fact, of opinion, of logical deduction and of ethical consideration. The consensus of opinion—a decision attained in such a manner—generally represents the mature judgment of no one individual in the group. It is a resultant—a composite, a strange product that may not always be conformable to the ordinary tests of logic. Such is the normal process by which a nation reaches its decisions and governs its actions. Such is the sacrifice of the freedom of individual judgment which a man must make when he claims the privileges of organized society.

Thirdly, from the foregoing it is evident that the individual in society is compelled to make a sacrifice of his freedom of will. He can neither decide nor act according to the imperious demands of his own personality. He is compelled to merge his own will into the general will of the State. This often seems to exact a most painful sacrifice, but it is one that he makes as a "political animal" for the greater good of the whole.

And fourthly, it is evident that under such conditions the individual citizen is compelled to make a certain sacrifice of

conscience. He must be governed by the judgment and the will of his fellow citizens as expressed through the State. This implies obviously an abdication of his own moral conscience. He may doubt; he may seriously question; he may even fear the wisdom and the moral value of their decision and action; but unless he is a genuine revolutionist, or an extreme individualist, or an actual anarchist, he conforms his conscience to the composite conscience of all. Here we have the justification for revolutions where a citizen firmly believes that an intolerable wrong is being committed which compels him conscientiously to take up arms. Ordinarily, such revolts are due to the tyranny of a few, and are much less frequent in recent times. It is possible, naturally, that even in the best organized democracy a moral issue may arise through the tyranny of the majority where revolt is the only available recourse. This, however, is not very likely and in the ordinary course of events, no matter what personal reservations of conscience an individual citizen may make concerning the decision of the rest, he literally assents to the bold statement of patriotic duty, "My country, right or wrong." All that he means by this would appear to be that once democracy has decided, a due regard for the opinions of his fellow men compels him to submerge his own judgment, will and conscience into one national judgment, will and conscience.

These are the main influences working in organized society which would seem amply to demonstrate the truth of Aristotle's assertion that "Man is a political animal", that he is a different individual in the State from the individual in the so-called "state of nature", that, in sum, he is the product of the State and not the original builder of the State. In other words, the State is to be regarded as an organism in which man finds his own peculiar functions and his greatest opportunity for individual development. The sacrifices which he may appear to make of the freedom of his own personality are more than compensated by the opportunities for his higher intellectual and ethical evolution within the State. He serves the State because the State best serves him. But he is not to be identified with the State itself; a nation is something more than an aggregate of individuals. It is, as Vattel says, "a moral person who possesses an

understanding and a will peculiar to itself and is susceptible of obligations and rights." When he says, however, that a State is a "moral person", we must be on our guard. From what has preceded, it is evident that a State is not an independent personality, possessing the freedom of will, judgment, action and conscience of an individual. A sentient human being, possessing what might be termed integrity of personality and character, may make rational decisions, love, hate, sacrifice, and conform, even quixotically, to what he may consider the dictates of conscience. Ethical rules and considerations necessarily should play a very considerable rôle in all his actions. They may even involve him and his family in ruin or death.

It would be palpably untrue to say that the State is a "moral person" in the same sense as the individual, even in the case of the responsible officials entrusted with the direction of the affairs of a nation. No matter what their own personal predilections may be, they are not free to carry into effect their own conceptions of duty and responsibility unless it should happen that they are irresponsible tyrants. The official decisions and actions of a nation, as we have seen, proceed from the common judgment, will and conscience of all, and this is something quite distinct from the individual will, judgment and conscience. Ethical consideration naturally cannot be ignored by the State, but it would be entirely inaccurate to say that the State reacts as a "moral person" in identically the same manner as the individual. For these reasons, I take it that what Vattel meant when he spoke of the State as a "moral person" was that a State, in order to enjoy rights and to meet its responsibilities, must be considered a "moral person" in a legal sense. He was not attributing to the State a moral personality possessing the attributes of a human being.

We are accustomed under the influence of the recent war to look with distrust on German methods of political thought. Their exaggeration, their perversion of the idea of nationality, has led us to regard the German conception of the State as something unreal and fantastic, particularly when it involved the worship of the person of the Kaiser as the supreme embodiment of the State. It is true that the Germans were inclined to wor-

ship the State as a sacred entity, as much the object of a cult as the statue of Buddha. I believe, however, that there is a substantial truth in the German theory of the State as enunciated by the Swiss publicist Bluntschli, when he said:

> An oil-painting is something other than a mere aggregation of drops of oil and color; a statue is something other than a combination of marble particles; a man is not a mere quantity of cells and blood-corpuscles; and so too the nation is not a mere sum of citizens; and the State is not a mere collection of external regulations. . . . In the State, spirit and body, will and active organs, are necessarily bound together in one life. The one national spirit, which is something different from the average sum of the contemporary spirit of all citizens, is the spirit of the State; the one national will, which is different from the average will of the multitude, is the will of the State. . . . To extend the reputation and the power of the State, to further its welfare and its happiness, has universally been regarded as one of the most honorable duties of gifted men.

In properly estimating the value of this definition of the State, we must try to forget the ardent sentiment which led Germans in their patriotic zeal to exalt the State so highly. We should remember that German statesmen, such as Bismarck, were careful in their legislation to persuade these perfervid devotees of the State that it existed to further the welfare and best interests of all. This, it seems to me, is the essence of the best kind of nationalism, namely, the common realization of the fact that the highest evolution of the individual is to be found in organized society, and that a loyal devotion to one's own group is the most effective way of serving the interests of the greatest number. In this sense, therefore, I hold that in view of the vast differences of language, of sentiment, of tradition, of ideals and even of interests that characterize the many distinct national groups throughout the world, there is nothing more sacred, nothing more essential for the evolution of mankind, than the protection and the furthering of national aspirations. As in the animal kingdom, so in society, a man can only develop his best powers in the habitat and *milieu* to which he is by nature best adapted. This is merely the plea for the freedom of the individual within nations, exactly as we insist on the freedom of the individual in education, religion and other lines of activity. We must insist on the freedom of nations to work out their own problems ac-

cording to the genius of their own national instincts and institutions, firmly believing that only in this way can groups of individuals make their richest contributions, scientifically or ethically, to the highest evolution of the human race.

If one can conceive this function and this supreme value of the State in the evolution of man as a "political animal", he can more sympathetically as well as rationally understand what loyalty to the group, or national patriotism, really means. He can more readily appreciate the justification as well as the explanation of national differences, yes, even rivalries, provided they be laudable rivalries for the ultimate benefit of the human race. He can understand those extraordinary peculiarities of national temperament, the divergencies even in methods of thought and also of ethical standards, that variously characterize a Frenchman, a Britisher, a Dutchman, an American, a Japanese, a German, etc. He can better realize why it is that men of different nationalities feel a glow of sentiment and a willingness to submerge their own personalities into their respective nations. Under such conditions, a citizen comes to realize that not only is he not a free personality in a loose association or corporation of other individuals, but that he is integrally a unit in a vast organism which in a sense is immortal, which perpetuates itself, replenishes its life, and, in the Bergsonian sense, is very much like an onward flowing river, composed of patriots of many generations past as well as of the present, and receiving into itself generations yet unborn.

These, it seems to me, are the main reasons which justify the individual in making what would appear to be such great sacrifices of integrity of judgment and character. No matter how vaguely sensed, or feebly expressed, it is this realization of the ends of political, social and ethical evolution that justifies a man in making these sacrifices, and that convinces him that there are compensations that vastly outweigh them. He serves the State because the State best serves him. Any other conclusion would seem clearly to lead to anarchism.

There are two general conclusions of moment regarding international society which I think should be particularly borne in mind. The first is, that if the State is an entity quite distinct

from the individual, and responding to different standards of reason and ethics from those applied to the individual, it must necessarily follow that the law protecting the interests of nations and controlling their inter-relations is a vastly different kind of law from that governing the relations of individuals. This distinction is fundamental in any study of international society, for the reason that inevitably we are inclined to reason by analogy from municipal society and law. It is infinitely more simple, more restful, more satisfying, to think of nations as we would think of our own particular community; but this is utterly fatal when one once realizes the basic difference between the State and the individual. When one has a glimpse of the problem of protecting and advancing the interests of millions of human beings pursuing their own best ends along separate but convergent lines of national instincts and institutions, he realizes that ordinary reasoning by analogy is not only insufficient but quite disastrous.

This is particularly obvious in the case of those followers of Austin who are unable to think of law in any other terms than that of the policeman. To them law is an order, a command; and disobedience to the law is to be met immediately with punishment. They cannot think on the plane of law as it is to function between these mysterious entities that we call nations. This leads inevitably to futile arguments and conclusions, quite simple often in their nature, which have very little relation to the facts of international existence. In order to get anywhere in our task of understanding the problems of international society, we must, first of all, have a clear understanding of these fundamental problems we have been considering, namely, the nature of the State, the interests of the State, and the law which shall best protect and advance these interests among nations. I am frank to confess that as I consider the points of view of eminent publicists and statesmen on the subject of international law, I am perforce led to infer that they have not always understood the exact nature of international society. There is an immense need for original, hard thinking on this whole field before we can make much headway in solving the great problems that now confront the society of nations.

The second general conclusion is that the problem of international organization becomes increasingly difficult when viewed in the light of the preceding considerations. How can we even discuss to any great advantage the problem of international organization—more definitely, the organization and functioning of the League of Nations or of any conference of nations called for the purpose of furthering the best interests of all—when we have not even agreed as to the precise nature of this society or of the law which should reign supreme? Such discussion would not only seem futile, but even dangerous when it results in an accentuation of the sense of differences of interests among nations, and fails to accentuate their common ultimate interests. Under such circumstances we should charitably make all due allowances for our inability to agree on methods and programmes for international conciliation or organization. Lamenting the palpable fact that we are arguing from different premises, some of which are bound to be false, we should labor to encourage a more scholarly, dispassionate study of these vast problems of international society which it has been the purpose of this article to outline and suggest.

PHILIP MARSHALL BROWN.

THE TREATY-MAKING POWER

BY STUART H. PERRY

All provisions which require more than the majority of any body to its resolutions have a direct tendency to embarrass the operations of the Government, and an indirect one to subject the sense of the majority to that of the minority.—Alexander Hamilton in *The Federalist.*

THE course of the Senate in disposing of the Four Power treaty confirms the conclusion drawn from its treatment of the Versailles treaty, that the requirement of a two-thirds vote combined with the normal operation of party politics has impaired the treaty-making power of this country to a dangerous degree. In the former case there was a complete breakdown of the mechanism for making international arrangements; in the latter case its operation was precarious, the outcome was due to good luck, and the inherent fault of the system is left even more apparent than before. Owing to changes in our political make-up and habits, a rule that was designed to insure an unprejudiced consideration of treaties has been nullified as to its primary object; while in practice it has weakened our hand in dealing with foreign Powers and has made the results of our diplomacy uncertain. Its effects are depressing to true statesmanship and react harmfully both on the attitude of the people toward foreign affairs and on the prestige of the nation.

With respect to the ratification of treaties we are out of step with the rest of the world, not in principle but in our peculiar form of practice. The necessity of ratifying important treaties has long been accepted. In the days of absolute government, although the envoy usually represented his prince under a "full power" and ratification was hardly more than a formality, it still was necessary as a safeguard in case the envoy should have exceeded his authority. The practice has continued under representative governments for an analogous reason, because it

is an assurance that the transaction actually meets the approval of the political body from which the executive's authority is derived. Thus in most countries having a parliamentary form of government the approval of the parliament is required, at least for the most important treaties, notwithstanding they are negotiated by a responsible ministry deriving its powers from the parliament. In our own case the divergence in practice lies partly in the fact that the Executive is not responsible to the Senate in the usual parliamentary sense, but chiefly in the requirement that all treaties shall be ratified by a two-thirds vote.

The motive that prompted the insertion of this provision in the Constitution was primarily not to insure that the merits of treaties should be decisively approved, as might be surmised, but to appease a demand arising out of the suspicions and jealousies of the States. The seven smaller States of the original thirteen, though a majority of the whole number, contained only one-third the total population of the country. Therefore, lest the majority of the people might be dominated by a minority, the Articles of Confederation provided that no treaty might be made without the assent of nine States. The two-thirds rule in the Constitution of 1789 merely reflected this demand, which was so insistent that it had to be complied with regardless of the intrinsic merits of the rule.

In this connection it is a significant fact that Alexander Hamilton, in his brilliant analysis of the Constitution in the *Federalist* papers, nowhere asserts the intrinsic desirability of a prescribed majority for the ratification of treaties, or for any other purpose. In fact his inclination, on general principles, was distinctly the other way, as is shown by the pregnant sentence quoted at the beginning of this article. He discusses at length the provisions as to the treaty-making power, but his only argument as to the two-thirds rule is to defend the requirement for approval by two-thirds of the Senators present, instead of the more drastic requirement of two-thirds of the entire Senate membership, which had been suggested.

This jealous particularist sentiment, which dictated the rule and dominated the entire discussion of it, long ago disappeared. The country has become unified to a degree that could hardly be

imagined in those days. The rise of party government has obliterated sectional lines, and the danger of a group of small States dominating the large ones has disappeared with the increase in their number and the diffusion of population. In short, the prime reason for the rule is dead; yet the rule itself still lives to embarrass the nation in the affairs of its maturity.

Incidentally the original advocates of this clause argued that it would assure dispassionate consideration of treaties upon their merits, by a body distinct from the Executive, whose members were to be chosen upon a plan calculated to produce an aristocracy of genuine statesmanship. But that part of the design has failed also, just as the design of an Electoral College failed, and for the same reason. With the rise of the party system, President and Senate alike have become directly responsible to the voters, all alike hold office as party representatives, and the President himself is the active head of the dominant party and as such exercises a strong though somewhat uncertain political leadership in both houses of Congress. Thus the Senate has become a body entirely different in character from what the authors of the Constitution contemplated, its relations with the Executive are different, and the consideration of treaties instead of being a dispassionate inquiry has become a matter subservient to party policy, differing little in character from the debates over legislative matters.

This result was reached clearly and beyond all question in the two great treaty controversies of the last three years. The tendency in that direction was observable much earlier; for example in the vote by which the treaty of arbitration with Great Britain was rejected in 1897, when 77 per cent of the Republican votes were cast for ratification and 57 per cent of the Democratic votes were cast against it. But not until the Versailles treaty was submitted did the ratification of a treaty become strictly a political issue, with the full power of the Administration working for it through the machinery of the dominant party in the Senate, and all the resources of the Opposition arrayed against it.

The results expressed in percentages are highly significant. Thus on the first test vote on November 19, 1919, when the question was on the ratification of the treaty with reservations,

out of 48 Republican Senators voting, 35, or 73 per cent, supported the resolution, while out of 46 Democrats voting, 42, or 91 per cent, opposed it. On the final vote the same day, when the question was on the ratification of the treaty without change, 37 out of 44 Democrats, or 84 per cent, voted yes, while 46 out of 47 Republicans, or 98 per cent, voted no.

Again on March 19, 1920, when the final vote was taken on the question of ratification with the Lodge amendments, 28 Republicans out of 40, or 70 per cent, followed the leadership of their party. Even this percentage, however, does not reflect the strength of their party attitude, for the other 12 Republicans who voted against ratification were "irreconcilables" who had previously opposed the treaty either with or without reservations. The real attitude of the Republican members of the Senate, therefore, remained unchanged, being about 98 per cent against the Administration. The attitude of the Democrats was equally unchanged in principle, though the group of seven who had opposed unqualified ratification in November, and who now voted for the treaty with reservations, was augmented by 14 others who were willing to accept reservations rather than let the treaty fail. The percentage of Democratic votes on this occasion is not instructive, because many of them were cast against the treaty by strong Administration supporters who had rather the treaty would fail than accept any modification.

In the case of the Four Power treaty the same tendency was equally conspicuous. Taking the average of all the roll calls on amendments and reservations, about 92 per cent of all Republican votes were cast against such changes and about 76 per cent of all Democratic votes in favor of them. The Republican percentage never fell below 90 and in some cases the Democratic percentage reached 91. On the final vote 55 out of 59 Republicans, or 94 per cent, voted for ratification, while 23 out of 35 Democrats, or 66 per cent, opposed it. It is also worthy of note that this ratio of party solidarity among the Democrats was attained in spite of the fact that Senator Underwood's activity in the negotiation of the treaty might have been expected to influence the attitude of his party colleagues in its favor. There is every reason to expect that the parliamentary history of these treaties will be

repeated whenever a treaty is submitted that is important enough to be made a party issue, or which is brought forward under circumstances that arouse party opposition.

The result is that no Administration can feel even reasonably sure of its ground in negotiating an important treaty unless it can rely upon a strong party majority in the Senate. That majority, to be effective, must be much larger than an Executive would require in any other country having a parliamentary form of government. Where, as in other countries, a majority vote in parliament is sufficient for all purposes, a safe "working majority" is all that the Executive needs; here he must be able to count upon sufficient party strength in the Senate to insure a majority of two to one upon a treaty question. He can, it is true, count upon converting a few members of the Opposition, upon the merits of the case; but experience has proved that the number of such converts is small, and furthermore they are likely to be offset by a certain number of defections from the Administration ranks. Therefore, in order to insure the two-thirds majority required by the Constitution for the ratification of treaties, his party strength in the Senate must be measured by approximately the same ratio.

This feature of our treaty-making machinery clearly puts the United States at a disadvantage as compared with other nations, for it reduces our diplomatic actions in important cases, no matter how formal and definitive they may purport to be, to the status of preliminary conversations. A nation's diplomatic efficiency is measured by the promptness and certainty of its action. Obviously an autocratic government is most efficient, as far as the technique of diplomacy is concerned, because the functions of negotiation and of ratification are combined in one political body; the envoy's "full power" therefore is worth its face value, he speaks for his prince, and ratification of his acts is practically assured. The diplomatic efficiency of an ordinary parliamentary government, acting through responsible ministers whose power is derived from a parliamentary majority, approximates that of the old-time monarchy; because a ministry cannot exist unless it commands such a majority, and as long as it does exist its actions are reasonably sure of ratification, the same working majority being sufficient for either end.

In the case of the United States, however, the Constitution, as modified by political custom, requires a party majority much larger than any Administration can ordinarily hope to enjoy, and if that margin of party strength is lacking, the Administration's position in the conduct of foreign affairs becomes insecure. Moreover this two-thirds rule is more onerous to the Administration that even the same requirement would be to the executive power in a European state, because in the latter case the fact that the Executive derives his powers from a parliamentary majority insures much closer political harmony than exists between our Senate and President. The relation between these two is only a liaison, between branches of government that in most respects are independent of each other, which is maintained only through personal influence, the use of patronage and a common party allegiance. All of these three may fail; personal influence may be replaced by antipathy, and of course patronage and a common party allegiance avail only among Senators of the President's own party, who may be only a small majority or even a minority.

Since it has become clear that the Senate may be expected to deal with treaties according to party lines, it is a logical necessity that the required majority for ratification should be reduced enough to make the rule practical and workable under ordinary political conditions. To make it obligatory for an Administration to command a two-thirds vote upon a treaty—which in effect means a party majority of 32—is to impose a condition that cannot often be met. In the last forty years no Administration has enjoyed such a party backing, and only in two Congresses during that period—the Sixtieth and the Sixty-first—did the Administration's majority even approximate that figure. If the requirement were reduced to three-fifths or 60 per cent, instead of 66.6 per cent, it would be much more workable. A President strong politically might fairly hope to have a Senate standing 58 to 38 in his favor; yet even that hope has been realized in only four Congresses in the 22 that have sat since 1880. From 1880 to 1899 no party majority in the Senate has exceeded 10. A requirement of 55 per cent, or 53 to 43, might seem low, yet it would in practice call for a party majority of approximately 10; and in any

case it would be enough to insure a reasonably strong preponderance of opinion in a chamber of only 96 members.

Any proposal to reduce the minimum for ratification naturally evokes the objection that an international agreement is a matter of such gravity that it ought to be approved upon its merits by an ample majority. But the answer is twofold: first, that such matters patently are no longer decided upon their merits; and second, that whatever the theoretical value of the rule is, or may have been, it has become practically unworkable and leads to deadlock and inaction.

In the light of the votes and percentages already referred to, it is idle to attempt to maintain the fiction of nonpartisan consideration of treaties. This is reflected in the small ratio of defections from party alignment. Thus in the final vote of November 19, 1919, which was the clearest test of party attitude, only one Republican and seven Democrats were out of step with their respective parties. In the case of the Four Power treaty the vote on the first reservation showed only five Republicans and three Democrats out of step, and on the final vote only four Republicans and 12 Democrats.

In the case of both treaties party strength determined the outcome. Whatever the faults of President Wilson's treaty may have been, the primary cause of its rejection was the fact that the political opposition was strong enough to block it. On the other hand, with all the merits of the Four Power treaty, and notwithstanding the exceptionally large party majority of 59 to 35 in the Senate, the Administration barely succeeded in obtaining ratification.

It is only fair to concede that a certain proportion of both Republicans and Democrats who apparently followed party leadership judged these treaties upon their merits and would have voted the same way had they belonged to the opposing parties. But, paradoxical as it might appear, this fact would in no wise abate the necessity of a two-thirds party majority in order to insure a two-thirds treaty majority, as long as any considerable number of Senators regard a treaty as a party issue; because the unprejudiced or nonpartisan votes presumably would come proportionately from both sides of the chamber.

For example, suppose a treaty comes as a Republican party issue before a Senate made up of 64 Republicans and 32 Democrats. If all voted as partisans there would be a two-thirds majority for ratification. But suppose half the members on each side ignored politics and weighed the treaty on its merits. Even though these men approved the treaty on its merits by a two-thirds vote, or 32 to 16, still 32 more votes would have to come from the ranks of the 48 partisan Senators in order to ratify the treaty. In the same manner if 60 Senators voting as non-partisans stood two to one for ratification, the Administration would still have to get 24 out of the other 36 partisan Senators; otherwise the treaty would fail, though approved on its merits by a two-to-one majority of unprejudiced votes. In other words, whatever the number of partisan votes may be, the President must control two-thirds of them; otherwise the minority of unprejudiced opinions will prevail over the majority. Even though 90 members, considering a treaty judicially, approved it by a vote of 60 to 30, three hostile partisan votes out of the remaining six would defeat ratification. The existing rule therefore enables a few partisan Senators to nullify the will of a large majority of the whole body.

The settled political practice of dealing with treaties as matters of party policy, coupled with the two-thirds rule, has shown its results so clearly that any further demonstration would be superfluous. We may accept as a fact henceforth that it is impossible for the American Government to do business as effectively as other nations in any matter involving an important treaty. Inasmuch as one Administration cannot bind its successor by any commitment or statement of policy, it is clear that no international engagements can be undertaken except through the medium of treaties; and it has now become equally clear that the fate of such treaties is altogether precarious. Therefore our Government is left incapable of making a tentative agreement that embodies even a fair prospect of finality. Diplomatic communications become merely individual expressions of officials, binding only while they remain in office, and to be relied upon only so far as the Administration is able to carry them out independently of the Senate. International conferences in

which we take part become mere preliminary *pour-parlers*, which may or may not lead to definitive agreements, the issue depending on the ebb and flow of domestic politics. Our representatives in such conferences are not in any sense plenipotentiaries and their "full powers" are a mere form, for their proposals, acceptances and commitments carry with them only a possibility of confirmation. Obviously such a spokesman is at a disadvantage in dealing with one whose acts are virtually binding *ab initio* and which are practically certain to be ratified.

Such uncertainty not only impairs the efficiency of our diplomatic practice, but impairs the country's prestige in the councils of the nations. The nation is placed in the position of an individual who cannot even himself be sure that he means what he says or that he can perform what he undertakes. The reaction upon our own statecraft is hardly less pernicious. It cannot fail to dishearten an able diplomat to see his best work undone, despite its acknowledged merits, through the operation of an obsolete and unreasonable rule, and the effect upon public opinion must inevitably be confusing and demoralizing.

It is not necessarily an evil thing that the disposition of treaties has become a matter of party politics. It seems inevitable that our Government must be carried on under the party system, and it is to be expected that foreign relations not only will tend increasingly to become party issues, but that they will become increasingly important as such. The evil lies in the fact that we do not permit such issues to be disposed of according to the logical and workable methods whereby all other political issues are disposed of, but have placed them in a parliamentary straitjacket that prevents normal action and which is likely to result in deadlock unless the Administration happens to possess abnormal political strength. We look to the dominant party, represented by the President and a majority in the houses of Congress, to reflect public sentiment and execute the will of the majority, and we hold it responsible for its action both in foreign and domestic affairs. Let us, then, provide a reasonable mechanism through which that responsibility can be discharged.

STUART H. PERRY.

THE BUILDING OF A BUILDER: A. BARTON HEPBURN

BY IRVING BACHELLER

From hilltops near the place of my birth I could see, when a lad, one of the north gables of the wilderness and the slope of its great green roof coming down from the high ridges in the south. The eaves of this roof dripped into the long, fertile valley of the St. Lawrence. My father's farm was near the southern side of this valley and beyond the first lift of the foothills. Gray rocks and boulders rose above the vivid green mantle of its big pasture. They and their kind had held a heavy mortgage on the land. They remind me of the desperate struggle against gravitation in which those northern pioneers wore and bent their bodies. The clay lands ended a mile or so beyond us. Then came the sand hills with their shacks and cabins, and shiftless, half-hearted folk, looking as poor as the scanty growth of vegetation in their fields. Beyond a great sand hill in the south was the village of Colton. It was built on the sands in a poor country, but it lay beside a big, husky, bounding river which had thrown foamy loops around hills and mountains and leaped precipices and charged through rock gorges and down long, tumbly slopes, hurrying out of far reaches of the wilderness toward the sown lands. Colton was on the edge of the latter. Colton was a child of the Racquette River feeding on its taurine vitality. The wealth of Golconda was along its shores—mammoth pines, straight as a ship's mast and a hundred feet to the first limb; spruces the like of which were not to be found in eastern America, and enough of them to build a hundred cities.

Every winter the big, brawny woodchoppers of the North went further up the river with saws and axes and teams of oxen and horses and built their camps and felled the great trees and filled their skidways. In the spring, down came the costly freight on the back of this mighty water-horse, thundering over

falls, rushing down the slants, piling up at the bends and prodded back into the saddle and on through still, level stretches, by the river driver. Colton was the upper station, the first stop where the river began to lighten its load. There, the year round, a big sawmill was trimming and slicing the logs. Guides, millmen, lumberjacks, river drivers, farmers—tired and retired—and Ed Potter's string band, made the commerce of Colton. It was also a market and place of fitting out for hunters and trappers. There one saw the last of stores and houses and churches and "folks" until, coming down out of the big woods, the sight of them gladdened his heart again. In Colton he was sure to tarry. There were rum and molasses and white wheat whiskey and other varieties of "blue ruin" in the bar of the Empire Hotel, where he found a genial host in Charley Sanborn and excellent food and good company and a warm fireside. There, or in the hardware store, or the drug shop, or the corner grocery, surrounded by grateful aromas of "store tea" and "boughten molasses" or "red licker", he would find kindred souls glad to listen to his tales of adventure in the great woods and to tell their own, while the smoke of their clay pipes, and, now and then, a "cow swaller" increased their valor and volubility. They were like the story-tellers of Ispahan. Those with a taste for fiction gathered about them and listened. These heroic men were the popular authors of that community and time. Each one of them carried a kind of storage battery in the shape of a small bottle to stiffen the current of his imagination at points more or less remote from the charging station, which was the Empire Hotel.

Mose Leonard, Lute Crampton, Charley Hutchins, Mart Moody and other renowned and mighty hunters were sure to be sitting by these genial firesides on their way in and out of the woods. Some were silent, dignified, imperturbable men. Mose Leonard was of that type. But the hunter, as a rule, was different. Generally he was a man of leisure and lavish generosity, to himself and others, when he came out of the solitudes. His joy at getting back seemed to open the springs of youth in him. He was as playful as a boy. He laughed and danced and sang songs and told stories and pulled sticks. He loved to display his strength and agility. His stories were a kind of mental gymnas-

tics. In them his imagination was trying its muscle and creating astonishment. Such were the salons and the conversationalists of this rude village of the Northern border.

Such also was the environment of the boy, Bart Hepburn; such the atmosphere of sylvan adventure and robust vitality in which he spent his youth. He lived on the main road that led into the deep woods a mile or so above the village. Hunters and trappers passed the door of his father on their way to and from the wilderness. Often they stopped to chat with the pioneer and his sons, or to enjoy the hospitality of their home.

The Hepburns lived on a stretch of stillwater. Bart began young to set his traps on the river banks. They say up there that he became a bank examiner soon after he had learned to walk. He caught muskrats and sold the pelts in Colton. In the late fall and winter, he went to school in the village. He was a born mathematician, but he liked the woods better than the school.

Saturdays, and even Sundays, he was often out in the woods with his gun and dog and traps. He became a good shot and an able trailer, bringing home partridges, deer and gray squirrels and, now and then, capturing a mink, or an otter. He made a plan. He would be a great hunter and trapper. He saved his earnings. The autumn of his sixteenth year found him ready to begin his chosen work. His father and mother had given their consent to it. He had bought twenty-four traps and was going into the great woods for the winter. In the spring he, too, would have some stories to tell. He had come home from the village with his traps. His sister, Cordelia, found them hanging in the woodshed.

"Bart, what does this mean?" she asked.

"I'm going into the woods this winter to hunt and trap," he answered.

She was an energetic little body with ideals above those of the rude countryside at the gate of the wilderness. She proceeded to give him, not advice, but information.

"Bart, you will do nothing of the kind," she said.

"What then?" he asked.

"We'll see," she answered, and without another word went

into the house and put on her hat and shawl and started for Colton. That little walk to Colton made history.

When she returned, she had got a job for him in the hardware store. That place with its guns and ammunition and fishing tackle made a strong appeal to Bart. It started him toward the sown lands. He never turned back, save for a few days of fun. It was the prompt, energetic action of this beloved sister of his which turned Barton Hepburn from the career of a guide, hunter and trapper. He began to read the biographies of great men. He decided "to try an education on himself and see how it would fit", as he was wont to say. He had money enough to spend a year in Potsdam—the next village down the river and a much larger one—for two terms in the Academy under Professor Sweet.

Those days, the farmer's son—seeking an education in town—hired a small room, at perhaps fifty cents a week, and did his own cooking and sweeping and mending and bed making and, often, his own washing. The stove and wood to burn in it and furniture were brought into town from the farm and the living expenses would scarcely have exceeded ten dollars a month. Bart made a wise improvement of his time. The Academy was full of young fellows equally concerned with the problem of self-improvement. He caught the spirit of the place. He was a good student. The Professor praised and encouraged him. He began to read the tales and poems of Sir Walter Scott and committed to memory *The Lady of the Lake.* It is probable that the high emotions they kindled broke the vault of his past and called his imagination out of the great woods.

It was about this time that he began to think of his name as he lay in bed one night. Somehow, Barton Hepburn had not the right sound to it. After all it was his name. Therefore he could see no reason why it should not suit him. Most great men had three names. Why should he not have a full equipment of them? They didn't cost anything, so he helped himself to another name. It was Alonzo. Thereafter for a time his signature was Alonzo Barton Hepburn, and later A. Barton Hepburn.

His thought had turned from the wilderness. He decided that he would be a lawyer. Mr. Anstead, a Colton attorney,

loaned him a copy of Blackstone's *Commentaries*. The next winter, he taught the Dorrity School, if I remember rightly, spending a part of his leisure in the study of the *Commentaries*. In the autumn, he went to Middlebury College, probably because his father, Zina Hepburn, had come from that neighborhood, and Bart put in two years there, teaching winters to pay for board, clothes and tuition. Then he became instructor in mathematics in the St. Lawrence Academy under Dr. Plumb, and later principal of the school at Ogdensburg. Meanwhile, he had been studying the law books. After a term as School Commissioner for the county, he was admitted to the bar and began the practice of the law at Colton.

On a summer day, when I was a lad about twelve years of age, in the old Howard school house, of which my sister was then the teacher, I got my first look at "Bart Hibburn" as he was familiarly called up there in the hills. My sister had been a schoolmate of his in the Academy at Potsdam, and I had heard much about him. It was a moment of dread anxiety, when with a forbidden look through the window near which I sat, I saw this stranger turn into the school yard, sitting erect in a single buggy, and get out and hitch his horse to the fence. I knew it was the Commissioner. Other eyes had seen him. There was a little rustle of alarm among the "pupils"—as we were known in those rural, knife-hacked shrines of Minerva, smelling of apple pie and stale cheese and bread and butter. I remember how proud I was to learn for the first time that I had become "a pupil".

What a silence fell upon us as the knowledge spread that the Commissioner had arrived! The teacher looked pale and serious and began to feel her back hair.

"Carlton, stop looking out of the window. Salona, please do not lean on your desk," she warned in a low voice and added: "The first class in grammar will now recite."

I was a member of that class—there were only three of us who had got along so far as analysis and parsing. How scared we were as we took our places on the floor! I remember the look of consternation in the eyes of my sister as she beheld my bare feet which showed unwelcome signs of their love of mud puddles.

The Commissioner entered and shook hands with her and sat

down behind the desk. He had a full, brown beard of a hue not quite "sandy" but nearing it, I would say, looking back through all these years; deep set blue eyes, a serious, indeed almost a sad face, and a quiet dignified manner. He listened attentively as we recited our lesson, doing ourselves poor justice, I am bound to say. He asked two or three questions, congratulated the teacher and went away.

When I saw him again I must have been about sixteen and he twenty-nine. He stood in the office of the Empire Hotel, just back from Albany, surrounded by admiring friends. He was then a Member of the Assembly. The second stage of his great career had begun. Sitting by the camp fire one evening in the remote and lonely canyon of Fish Creek in western Wyoming, where we were hunting elk, he told me the remarkable story of his nomination and of the singular events that lifted him into prominence.

"My friends had planted the hope in me that I could be nominated for the Assembly," he began. "I went to one of the party leaders in Canton and asked him if he could see any objection to my being a candidate.

"'None at all', he answered with an ironical smile that hurt me.

"'I wanted to know about that, because if I start in the race, I shall keep a-going', I said.

"'Go ahead', said he, but with his tongue in his cheek as if he would have me understand that I would be likely to find it bad going.

"The other leaders talked in the same tone. They had made a wrong guess at my weight. They didn't know me, of course, as well as I knew myself, and those fellows in Canton were running a little monopoly and hitting at everyone who came near it. I don't owe much to them. My travel as School Commissioner had given me a wide acquaintance in the county. I had lodged or broken bread with most of the leading families. All the teachers knew me. I had shaken hands with the best men in every school district. I had made nothing out of my job as Commissioner but friends. Now I began to learn their value and increase their number. There were two or three important men in the county who liked me and believed in me. I consulted

them. They encouraged me to go ahead and told me about how to proceed. I had some young friends—mostly school friends—who were willing to take off their coats and go to work for me. We organized a canvass of the voters and soon our horses and buggies were on all the main roads. We were making a stir. The news of it reached Canton. The leaders were worried. The one I had first consulted sent for me to come and see him. I went.

"'You cannot be nominated this year. It is impossible', he said. 'Wait a year or so and you shall have our help'.

"'Mr. R——, when I saw you first, I told you that if I went ahead I should keep a-going and you told me to go ahead. I went ahead and now I cannot stop. I owe it to my friends who have been working for me to go on.'

"'All right, go on then, and you'll see what will happen to you,' he said with a look of indignant pity for my presumption.

"I saw, and conquered. We captured the delegates from nearly every town in the county. I had learned my first great lesson. It had taught me the value of friends. Since then I have really studied the art of choosing, making and keeping friends. It is a most helpful and inspiring art. It involves keeping oneself worthy of the respect and confidence of discerning men. In the matter of choosing friends, I think that I was born with rather good taste.

"I went to Albany with the ill will of most of the home leaders. I had not the benefit of their endorsement and their letters of introduction. The administration was Democratic, so my lack of machine backing was not so important as it might have been. Tilden was Governor. The Speaker was a little, lame, hard-swearing Irishman of the name of Maguire—a real human being and a good fellow. I had two letters of introduction but I was almost a total stranger.

"I was in my seat one afternoon when someone touched my shoulder. Turning I saw the gigantic figure of John F. Smythe, the local political boss, leaning over me.

"'Is your name Hepburn?' he asked.

"'Yes, sir.'

"'How do you spell it?'

"I spelled the name for him. He handed me his card.

"'Can you come to my rooms this evening?' he asked. 'I want to have a talk with you.'

"I went, and the interview had a remarkable effect on my career. Mr. Smythe began by telling why he had asked me to call. It was a story of his boyhood. When a lad in school, over in Scotland, he and some other students had got into trouble on account of a bit of hazing in which they had been leaders. The master proposed to expel them and turn them over to the civil authorities for punishment. It meant disgrace and consequences more serious then the offense merited. The boys were in a panic, when a man of my name befriended them. He went to the schoolmaster, and by timely persuasion saved the boys from the peril of disgrace. Naturally they were grateful.

"'Since I have come to manhood and some degree of success, I have thought often of the kindness of that member of your Clan,' he said. 'Long since he passed beyond the reach of my gratitude, but I have called you here to tell you that anything I can do for a Hepburn will be gladly done. What do you want here?'

"It almost took my breath. I knew that it was in his power to be of great service to me. I thought a moment and said:

"'Well sir, I should like to be a member of the Banking, Judiciary and Insurance Committees.'

"'Have you seen the Speaker?' he asked.

"'Not yet. He is so chased and beset by members, I haven't had a chance.'

"'Go and see him tomorrow. It's your duty to do it. You are not a private enterprise. Tell him you represent a large number of the best people in the State who expect to be recognized in the structure of the committees. I shall see him also.'

"I suppose no more curious thing ever happened to a friendless young legislator. I went to see the Speaker. The lame, irritable little Irishman was surrounded by men seeking favor. Everyone was pushing his claims. I sat down and waited my turn. I had thought carefully of my approach.

"'Mr. Speaker,' I said, when at last I stood by his desk. 'I'm going to be brief and modest. Your burdens are heavy

enough. I shall increase them as little as possible. I come to you only because my people would disown me if I didn't. They will expect you to give me a chance to be busy enough to keep out of mischief.'

"'By G——, I like the way you talk!' he declared. 'Sit down here.'

"Smythe had seen him. He wished to know what I wanted. I told him and got it, and more. He put me on all the best committees and gave me an important chairmanship.

"I was ready for work. I looked the ground over. It astonished me to see how many men there were in the House who knew little or nothing of the bills that were being introduced and of the real progress of legislation. I decided that I would be an exception; that when a bill came up, I would know its history and aim. I went to work harder than I had ever worked in school. When a session began I was prepared for it. I was the man with the facts and I think about the only man with the facts. I became an authority on legislation. My knowledge of the various undertakings began to attract attention. Governor Tilden heard of it and asked me to dinner. Then came my chance.

"The Governor proposed to investigate the management of canals and railroads. He had caused a bill to be introduced, calling for a secret investigation. Witnesses were to be examined without the benefit of counsel. Excellent as the bill might be in other respects, I objected to the secrecy and the examination without counsel. These would make the investigation a star chamber proceeding.

"But here was an embarrassing fact: only the worst men in the Legislature were opposed to the bill. I voted with them and briefly gave my reasons. The New York papers attacked me. I was worried. I saw, in my fancy, the smiles of delight on the faces of those Republican leaders in the North. I could hear their chorus of I-told-you-so's. I got ready to defend my course in a speech. I was loaded to the muzzle when Tilden sent for me. It nearly floored me with astonishment to hear him say:

"'Hepburn, you are right about that bill. Public opinion has changed. To-day it is with you.'"

Here was the last gate on the road to success. He had passed

it safely. Nothing could stop him now. He had won recognition from that Governor who was known in Albany as "the Human Iceberg". It was due to the influence of Tilden—a man opposed to him in politics—that he became chairman of the special committee for the investigation of the railroads. The findings of that committee made history.

He told me, as we sat by the fire, of the efforts to bribe him that winter with offers of place and power, but under such a promise that I have not even now the liberty to speak of details. He was a steadfast man. It was his fidelity to Conkling when all others had turned against him that won the friendship of the great Senator. The foundations of the structure were now laid. Of the master of economics and the banker of world vision and unyielding honor I shall have little to say here. Of the honor and the vision I know of striking proofs.

One evening as we were sitting in camp near one of the lonely barrens in Newfoundland, he told me of a sky-rocket millionaire who came one day and laid before him a sugar-coated proposition in "high finance."

"I shelled the sugar off it and the thing began to smell," said the banker.

"'Now what do ye think of it?' I asked.

"He looked at me and smiled but did not answer.

"'I guess I'd better tell ye what I think of you,' I said. 'You're not honest and I don't want anything to do with you or your plans.'"

This kind of thing gave him the reputation in Wall Street of being a "cold man", but he was cold only to those who sought to use him.

His discerning eye went quickly to the core of every proposition. No weight of authority, no rich promise of quick profit, no blandishments of soft persuasion, could turn it aside, or change his vision of the truth or soften the frankness of his speech.

Henry Goldman once said to me:

"In a board meeting he will sit quietly and listen until the rest of us have had our say on some difficult problem. Then he will drawl out a remark which will show us that we are all wrong and must begin over and work along the line he has indi-

cated." Naturally he was called lucky. Every man with penetration and the love of honor and the capacity for work is bound to be lucky. His path is above that of common men where there is nothing in his way.

There is a tradition in the North Country that he was born under a lucky star. Uncle Mat Ives of Potsdam once told me of going into the woods with him many years ago when he had come back from Albany for a week of fishing. Bart used always to say in the dialect of the natives when he had got to camp:

"A good thing t'dew is to git a deer the fust night."

They got their deer in spite of the fact that it was out of season. Those days there was an unwritten law among woodsmen which entitled every camping party to meat for its frying pan. While Bart was dressing the deer, his worst enemy arrived —a man he had prosecuted for some low down misdemeanor.

"I knew that he would try to make us trouble," said Uncle Mat. "It wouldn't scare the ordinary, every-day citizen, but Bart was a lawmaker and that meat would be likely to nourish his political enemies. An' what do ye suppose happened? On his way out o' the woods that cuss shot himself by accident an' died in the trail. It never did pay to git in the way o' Bart Hibbern.

"I 'member one night when he had shot a deer, Bart wanted to git out an' find him. It was hard to find a landing. I throwed my light ahead an' saw what I thought was a log. I paddled up to it.

"'Bart,' I says, 'Git out on that log.'

"I steadied the canoe an' he got up an' stepped out. Gosh! he went into the mud to his armpits, an' wallered ashore an' shook himself like a wet dog an' says he:

"'Hereafter I'll pick out my own logs. Yours are too soft.'

"After that when Bart Hibbern took a step, he knew 'bout where it was goin' to land him."

Of his vision, I have had a striking example. In June, 1914, we went up the St. John River on the Gaspé Peninsula after salmon. We came down the river on the Fourth of July—a bright warm day. The St. John came out of the high country in a perpetual rush between steep ridges wooded to the water's

edge with spire-like balsams and spruces. It was floored with stones white as alabaster, green as emeralds, yellow as gold, blue as the sky above us. The water flood was as transparent as glass. We came along at a pace as leisurely as the river would allow, fishing the best pools, and with great success. We stopped on a shady point for luncheon, and sat for an hour while he talked of the old times. Always when he spoke of his sister Cordelia, there would be a tender note in his voice. Then he would turn away and a moment of silence would follow.

At the Long Sluice Pool, he would have me take the best position. How the great salmon took my flies and leaped into the air and fought for their lives with me—fourteen of them as I sat in one position! It was a day of ten thousand, flavored with beauty and friendship and the most thrilling sport that man has discovered. But, chiefly, that day was remarkable for its background—of long peace, of respect for law and order, of happiness and prosperity and good will in the world. It was for us the last day of an era in the history of man.

As we approached the landing, six miles from Gaspé, we were living its final moments. We got out of the boats. A man gave Mr. Hepburn an accumulation of mail and newspapers. He tore the wrapper from one of the latter and read its headlines.

"My God!" he exclaimed. "Read this."

I read of the murders in Sarajevo.

"That doesn't look like a serious matter does it?" I asked.

"It means war, and probably a world war!" he answered.

He said not a word on the road to Gaspé—save to himself. He was depressed. He muttered. After that he was different. Indeed all the world was different. I think often of that night which fell upon us as we rode. The old order of things had passed with the sunlight. A new time was come.

Irving Bacheller.

WHAT IS BACKGROUND?

BY MURIEL HARRIS

THE fairy-tale of Paris belongs to all of us, in whatever terms it may be told. For some it is Marie Antoinette and the Petit Trianon; and, curiously, by comparison with a rather worthless Queen, the Great War pales. For some it is Napoleon in his cocked hat and white breeches, and his great tomb, one of the fingertips of Paris. For still more it is the Bois and the elegance and luxury and beautiful women; and for the rest, there is always the particular application—the house where Balzac had his printing-press, or perhaps only a great stone wall, symbol of the centuries, over which a fruit-tree blooms, symbol of centuries continually renewed. I cannot think of anyone for whom there is not in Paris some answering chord, some link with a great aggregate of humanity, which has lived and wrought and piled up history and romance and experience for two thousand years, all under the one banner of Paris.

Nor is it again necessarily an individual circumstance, or a person, which causes a thrilling as it brings the mind in contact with that great accumulation. I like to think that Julian on his island in the Seine took pleasure in watching the waters flow by, even as to-day I note that they are higher or lower, or that one of the indefatigable fishermen has really caught a gudgeon. It is pleasant to contemplate King Louis's Sainte Chapelle and to think upon his piety, wondering how it really struck his people, whether they liked his saintliness or often found it boring, whether he sometimes lost his temper, or appreciated Parisian cooking; to try to disengage the man who built the chapel from all the hearsay and convention which have made of him but one more stone figure upon a tomb. At least he liked his island in the Seine, just as Julian liked it, just indeed as you and I like it to-day. Perhaps too his court caught gudgeons and hoped the heavy rains would not bring a flood. It is moving to see the stones in an

ancient church, some of which go back to the time of Christ, relics of the Roman day; it is very nearly amusing to see the Panthéon, with all its modernness and the Gallic spirit, which buries its great men there, and then with a change of opinion, takes them out again; it is stirring to remember that it stands upon the hill of Saint Geneviève who saved Paris, and to think that there were then, even as now, rebels against the old autocrat, however saintly, rebels indeed for whom Paris has always been famous. All these things may or may not strike the spark which brings the past once more to life. But they form a background for their descendants, against which they in turn achieve significance. They are something which belongs to the Old World and to Paris in particular. For Paris has always been modern, whether in the innovation of her Sainte Chapelle or of her Panthéon. To-day and yesterday, the latest comers have an inheritance of astonishing unity.

It is perhaps necessary to have lived in the New World to realize the significance of background such as Paris. The New World is like a clean, white linen sheet, full of utility, good to touch, pleasantly suggestive perhaps of wind and water and green grass. Paris is like a piece of old lace, mellow, exquisite, the outcome of centuries of human effort, all of which whisper their story to those who can hear and give an impetus towards the next. There is hardly a street in Paris which has not a story. And it need not be the story of a Queen who went into a convent here; a King who was murdered there. It need not even be the French Revolution with all its inclusion of the people proper. But there you have a stone stair-case, the steps of which are worn with myriad feet, old and young, sorrowful and joyous. That red tiled floor has been waxed for a century and more. Generations of locksmiths have worked without intermission in the little shop below, while the street echoes and reëchoes with the secular cries and Pan-pipes of the china-menders, the rag-and-bone men, the fruit-sellers, what not. At the café at the corner perhaps the Encyclopædists met and talked; still more significant, the green-grocer and the baker and the oil-merchant thrash out questions of the day, now as then, while their wives, Buddha-like, sit behind the counter in the shop, never moving, it would almost

seem, even to go to bed. It has all been done and done again and is still being done, and in the curiosity-shop—and curiosity-shops abound—there is in the bits of lace or china, in the quaint prints selling for a song, in scraps of chintz or brocade, an epitome of Parisian life, as with outward changes it has pursued its changeless way. To the outsider it is at least picturesque; some of it he has seen in books, perhaps on the stage. Here it is actually real, normal, natural, no effort towards "atmosphere", towards effect of any kind, an amazing background, against which real people live and move and have their being.

And what is background? What is the difference between the virgin forest, perhaps as old as Paris after all, and the hill upon which St. Denis's head was cut off, the Paris indeed which is most thrilling by reason of its deeds of violence? What is the difference between the inspiration of an uncharted country and the stones which have been trodden by a race? It is the difference of a great limitation. Background is a frame, a container, a vehicle. It enables men not only to see, but to see something. It is the motor of thought, which, even when the thinker ceases his small effort towards understanding, still carries him along and saves him the effort each time of going back to the beginning. It is not for nothing that the human being is gregarious. The creative effort which is in everyone is always seeking means to express itself. Background provides a common formula, for it also is composed of human beings and it is to human beings that a man tells his story, seeks to gain their sympathy and understanding, to empty himself, as it were, of the thought that is bursting in his mind and so to obtain relief. Possibly the greatest gift of background is its provision of a common language, and just as some languages are halting, limited, so others, such as that of Paris, have a wealth of words that almost outrun their original function. The whispering forest is articulate only to the few, and the man who would express himself in its language has with hard labor to hew out the means by which he can translate it to the many. The common language of Paris is shared in more or less degree by all. The slightest allusion calls up a picture in the mind of the listener, and the speaker is freed from the bondage of means, from the material side of thought, by all this wealth of background.

Background is often called history; but history too often only means a St. Bartholomew, a Fronde, a Joséphine, all the more astonishing things which have as little to do with the real living of the people as have the melodramas of the cinematograph. The Great War taught us what history really is. We saw with our eyes how living events were gradually transformed, shaped and chiselled out of their original semblance to fit in with the general scheme of things—the difference between a man himself and his memorial tablet. In the long chain of events, this monumentalism, this desiccation, has its uses, if we are not to be swamped with detail. But for the particular point upon which we concentrate, it is sadly insufficient. Thus we cling to the magic which now and again enables us to raise the dead—the magic of a word—"tocsin," for instance, infinitely more vivid than all the killings of the Bartholomew massacre; the magic of a picture—Puvis de Chavannes's charming Bishop as he discovers the little Geneviève, a real man in relation to a real and dear little girl. The Roman baths at the Cluny Museum give a more sudden jolt into the reality of the Roman occupation than histories of Roman Emperors, just because they are out of their classic setting, and "All Gaul is divided into three parts" ceases to be a Latin exercise and becomes a traveler's discovery. Sometimes indeed it is the present which is the classic and the past which really lives. All the dressmaking side of Paris, for instance, is at least as classic as the Conciergerie or the Place de la Grève. Did not French Queens, four hundred years ago, send Paris fashions to their less fortunate friends of England and Bavaria? Is not the Quartier Latin itself a classic formula of long hair and big black ties, which has been echoed all the world over? Are not the Bird Market and the Flower Market and the midinette at least as much the Paris stock-in-trade as the house of Madame de Sévigné, the Louvre, and all the places which we ought to see and for that very reason had much better neglect if we wish truly to realize Paris? It is not the date of a century that makes it classic; it is not its date that makes it vivid. Some of the incidents of the Great War are already more classic, are more bound up and set upon a shelf, than is, for instance, the survival in the name of Issy-les-Moulineaux of the earliest granaries of Paris. The Roman

tiles in the church of St. Julien-les-Pauvres have the modernness that belongs to something that is made, rather than hewn, while the fortifications, even the feudal institution of the concierge, at one bound carry you back into the Middle Ages. But all of it, classic and actual, the concentrated essence of two thousand years of living and dying and thinking and acting, is a tapestry of a million threads, a mosaic of a thousand shades, which in one way or another has something to offer everybody. And to this day each individual adds to it his quota, whether in the secular book-selling of the Latin Quarter, or in the singing of gay little old songs over the butter and eggs at the market; finds his reference point in it, the means by which he is enabled to share his thought with someone else. He may distinguish a red thread or a gold, he may look for blue glass or for white, but its tone is determined by the background to which it belongs.

Thus background fences us in from our loneliness; gives us a place in eternity from which we can start, to which we can come back. It is our spiritual home. It is the four walls which shut out nothingness with all its terrors, which out of everything constrains a choice. With the familiar stones of Paris under our feet, with ancient sites and ancient habits, our mind finds the fulcrum necessary for its movement. Perhaps we do not even know the actual events and personalities which are thick around us. But they are there, in every pore of the ancient city that has never grown old. As in a current, we find ourselves carried along by it without any effort on our own part. The back woodsman washes his shirt in the forest stream and the action drifts away, lost in space. The workman scrubs his blue shirt on the stone wall bordering the Seine, as thousands of his kind have done before him, and his action is one more bead on the connecting string of events. The familiar action counts, has meaning, continuity. Is it not true therefore that the greater part of creative work is actual background and background alone? Is not the effort of creation alone so huge that the means, the tools, must be at hand, for it not to exhaust itself halfway?

The would-be creator in new surroundings is at pains to supply himself with background, atmosphere. Why? Why is there a Greenwich Village? Why do people wear their hair long because

they follow particular vocations? Why must they have old furniture, or Japanese decorations, or Russian samovars—something, in short, which is more than chairs and tables? Why do people found art colonies, retire to the woods, speak of "atmosphere" as though you could transport it in your bag? And why does it all seem a little absurd, when in Paris, more perhaps than anywhere, it is just as much a part of natural life as meat and drink and clothing? It is because the creator in a newer country is faced with the gigantic task not only of creating the fragment which he shall add to the sum total of achievement, but of creating it, as it were, almost out of the void, of hewing a statuette out of a cliff instead of out of a block of marble already cut and proportioned. Who shall even see his statuette for the material which surrounds it? In Paris the clearing has long been made; the material is ordered, the marble cut; alone it remains to form the conception—work enough indeed for a single mind. The background is there, rich and compelling. The creator is never crushed under the weight of his material. There is more indeed than this. It is not the artist who makes the work of art alone. It is the public—who can understand and sympathize, who can receive what he has to give—who complete the work of art. Without it, the picture, the statue, does not exist any more than a wireless message exists till someone has heard it, or a literature until someone has been able to read it. Background, such as you find in Paris, implies this other half of art—perhaps indeed is the other half. It is appreciation at its highest, almost an invitation to the artist to get to work. The new Exchange Market in Paris is illustrative of this appreciation all ready to hand. In it impecunious painters show their pictures to grocers and butchers and bakers and exchange them for bread and meat and wine. And your grocer and your butcher and your baker will gladly give the meat and drink for the pictures that they want, that indeed they consider a need. Thus here is an immense throng, all ready made for appreciation; no aristocracy of amateurs, but a general public all more or less with a need. More and more this capacity for appreciation strikes one in Paris. In the Cluny Museum is a Madonna of a distinctly German type. "Rather Gretchen-like," was the comment of a little French maid out for

a holiday, as naturally as though she were a professional art critic, noting down "influences". They know their history, too, in a real and vivid way. The little daughter of the concierge was asked which of his two wives Napoleon liked the better. To the general surprise she answered Marie Louise. And why? "Because she gave him a son," was the essentially French reply. The working-man will comment on Napoleon as though he had only just died. It is as real to him as is the long tradition of wars. The extraordinary stoicism of the French during the last war was the more remarkable when contrasted with the demeanors of other nations. There was something matter-of-fact about the Parisians under the attentions of Big Bertha, which made one feel how much it was in the blood. This also was part of their background. Their fathers had given them their stoicism. Thus the Paris background with all its myriad elements does carry the artist along in its strong current quite irresistibly, so that his own swimming really counts for all that it is worth, so that he has overcome the gravity of material instead of being impeded by the solid ground. This is one part played by background in the art of creation. There are others, some wholly advantageous, some hampering, deterring.

Where there is everything to choose, there is nothing to choose. The limitation of choice by background lends the mind profundity, since it becomes deep where it is prevented from being wide. Experiment here gives way largely to tradition, such as is instanced in the spaciousness of Paris. This spaciousness could be understood as applied to a show part of Paris, such as the Champs Elysées; but, held firmly in tradition by background, the Parisian hardly thinks whether his town shall be spacious or not. It is only a question of how spacious it shall be, and that even when he is dealing with quarters that in other cities are the stepchildren of the architect. His prisons, his asylums, his hospitals, have the same wide boulevards, beautifully tree-lined. The workmen's quarters themselves have none of the inutterable dinginess of London, the unkemptness of New York. In this wide spaciousness, whether materially in the buildings or spiritually in the attitude towards art, economy of means reaches perhaps its highest point. Spacing—it is already done by spacing,

by the sense which not only produces a beautiful building, but captures its surroundings as well. And curiously this applies even in the mediæval feature of the courtyards. Perhaps more than anyone, the Parisian has discovered that confinement is the one means of appreciating space.

The background of Paris is indeed the rich soil in which things grow nearly of themselves. Fertilized by a thousand thoughts and happenings, it not only promotes growth as a matter of course, but in its depth and richness allows of secret growth, of that conception in the darkness through which alone life comes. Sheltered, hidden from the vulgar gaze, the embryo thought can gather strength until it can support the light of day. It is not withered at the start by the too fierce glare of publicity. Perhaps indeed the greatest thoughts have never been uttered, unable to bear the rough birth into words. The stillness, the quiet, the comfort, even, of background is perhaps the sole means of containing man's instinct for action, for facts instead of knowledge, for knowledge instead of wisdom, enabling him to bear the stress and suffering which thought implies. And with the deeper capacity for suffering goes also the capacity for enjoyment. Big things are not necessary for the enjoyment of the Parisian. His cafés with their blue siphons and yellow brioches; his Sunday walks; a visit from a friend as he sits in his little shop on Sunday afternoons and sells you quarter-pounds of coffee; his bottle of wine, his Sunday dinner, the little bird that he has bought or the gold-fish in a bowl; his pleasure in a new suit or the new hat of Madame; his visit to the theatre or a concert; his pride in Paris itself, almost as though he had built it—all this has the immense spontaneity and naturalness, such as, curiously, is rarely seen except in extreme youth. It makes for that French gaiety and humor which are the birthright of the people which has enabled them to bear for centuries the amazing suffering of the European conflicts and never lose their joy in living, which seems all the lighter and gayer for the solid background against which it deploys itself.

And the reverse side of background—the side which, together with the noble city, provides the horrible little box-like houses of the suburbs, the Parisian's little beloved ideal of country life.

You have the terrible rustic arbors made of cement, the dark and dreary interiors of many a Paris house, the dreadful blue and yellow tiles which seem to belong to the period of the Tour Eiffel, the garish taste for artificial flowers and funeral pomp, the mausoleum of the salon. The Parisian's taste is as extremely bad as it is extremely good. His age-long thrift which sells oranges peeled in order to utilize the skins is cruelly extravagant of human life. Of modern aids, of light and cleanliness in the individual home, as opposed to general principles, he will have none. He has always done it; he will always do it. There is also his laborious bureaucracy, his passion for red-tape, the inverse quality of his love of little things. There are his beautiful manners, his exquisite turns of phrase, together with a talent for pushing and shoving which is over-developed. There is his tradition of the fine gesture, which sent his officers to battle in white kid gloves and which to-day makes an appeal to sentiment in a crowded tram effective, where mere common sense would fail.

Most of all there is his narrow nationalism. Here is his background, unsurpassed, wonderful. Here is his Paris, without doubt the most beautiful city on earth. Well, it is so. Why look any further? On the contrary, it is almost a disloyalty to look outside. Paris is self-sufficient, self-sufficing, the cynosure of every eye, the model for every other city. Even the Paris air —why of a truth it is not as other airs. But here again, these curious divergencies are something like the faults and irritating qualities of someone who is dead. We like to say of So-and-so. "He always *would* do this," and we say it affectionately, half humorously, just because at the time it annoyed us. We remember it more lovingly than the things which pleased, perhaps because it was more characteristic, more inexcusable. These are the impertinences of great things. Background indeed needs a certain amount of impertinence in all its solemn grandeur. There is a wonderful impertinence in blue and yellow tiles, within a stone's throw of the Sainte Chapelle; in the charming manners and turns of speech together with sudden fierce tempers of the moment. It illuminates the classic edifice of background into which the individual humanities have been built smoothly and impersonally; it makes possible the new thing. Background itself, as

a point of departure, makes the new thing possible, holds it down so that it may spring the more. It is like the formalism of French teaching, which holds in check till accumulated vigor bursts past it.

You cannot imitate the background of other people and retain the creative spirit, because by the imitation itself you are no longer single-minded. You cannot transplant a Latin Quarter, because by the very transplanting you are dealing rather with the physical than with the spiritual. As is its natural background—the composite, that is to say, of all its human, unconscious effort—so perhaps is the whole art of a nation; so also that fraction of a nation's being which one mind may contribute. We look at the depth and richness and inexhaustible suggestion of the Paris background; we are grateful for its stimulus, its inspiration. Only now and again do we realize that Roman and Frank and Gaul; Catholic and Huguenot; artist, priest and warrior; saint, martyr, philosopher, midinette, have really our energies in their grip and that, in the continuity of history, such creation as we can accomplish is their work, their inspiration—all but that infinitesimal fraction which is ourselves.

Muriel Harris.

"GREAT IS DIANA OF THE EPHESIANS"

BY ANNE GOODWIN WINSLOW

Strange are the things they say,
These strangers who, day after day,
Talk in our market place; their words are wild,
Yet mild
Their eyes, as those of men by dreams beguiled.

Sometimes my father stays to hear them there,
Holding me by the hand;—
I wonder why they care
So much to make us understand
About the God they worship as their own,
Whose face is graven on no precious stone,
Whose image never cut from any metal rare,
Who lives unseen, alone?
Surely that land
They came from must seem very cold and bare
Without these gracious forms my youth has known,
So many and so fair.

My father fashions very skillfully
Shrines of pure silver for the votaries
Of her who is the purest of all these,
And there her image stands;
But I can see
Her footprints any time beneath the trees,
Or in the stream's soft sands,
And often in the early morn
Her horn
Wakes the light echo that awakens me.—
These strangers tell
Of One who is too great to dwell
In any temple made with human hands;
And so is she
Too free.

I think I shall be glad when they
Have gone away
And I can quite forget their eyes,
That are so sad and deep
And seem to keep
Some secret of a world grown still and gray;—
Where the far music dies
That called so clear;
Where she may never come again so near
As she has come before,
Nor hang her shining symbol any more
Low in the western skies.

THE IDOL

EDWARD H. PFEIFFER

There was a temple in the golden east,
and when the toilsome web of day was spun,
men turned unto their idol, one by one,
and worshipped him with incense and with priest.
Once, in a twilight, when they turned to pray,
they found no idol on the altar-stone,
but still the incense burned, the priest alone
still prayed amid wild hearts and dumb dismay.
O love, although I cannot see thee now,
I worship still at thy deserted shrine.
Love's incense burns and still love's priest is heard.
I wait: Perhaps thy hand will make a sign.
I wait: Perhaps thy breath will kiss my brow.
I wait: Perhaps thy heart will speak a word.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

1822–1922

BY GERTRUDE SLAUGHTER

In the woods that skirt the Arno near Florence, Shelley, striving with the West Wind "in his sore need", uttered his prayer:

> Make me thy lyre even as the forest is.
>
> . . .
>
> Drive my dead thoughts over the universe,
> Like withered leaves, to quicken a new birth;
> And, by the incantation of this verse,
> Scatter, as from an unextinguished hearth
> Ashes and sparks, my words among mankind!
> Be through my lips to unawakened earth
> The trumpet of a prophecy!

Three years later, he was drowned in the Bay of Spezia. Since then, a hundred years have passed. Has his prayer been answered?

There is no longer any question about the incantation of his verse. He is everywhere acclaimed either as the supreme lyrical voice of England or as sharing that honor with Keats. But it was not enough to Shelley that he should sing like a bird, though he envied the lark his song of pure joy. His desire was centred in his thought; his prayer was that through his lips should blow the trumpet of a prophecy.

Ten years after his death, when Browning celebrated him in *Pauline* as the "Sun-Treader" who had been the inspiration of his youth, he believed Shelley's fame to be secure; as indeed it was. His detractors had been so far silenced that no respectable English review would ever say again that "his life was a disgrace to humanity and his poetry a blot upon literature". Yet a century of controversy had scarcely begun; and even to-day,

concerning the quality of his genius and the ultimate value of his prophecy, Shelleyan criticism is a confusion of tongues.

Among those who unite in praise of his singing-power, one critic is carried away by his intellectual quality, while another rejoices that his songs of emotion and feeling are unburdened by any thought whatever; to one he is morally unsound, while another finds "his gossamer world infused with the strength of his heroic conscience"; one calls him a poet of illusions, while another praises his unique faculty for truth; one finds him altogether a mist of abstractions, while to another the chief merit of his verse is its presentation of thoughts in definite, clear-cut images.

Perhaps there will always be those who agree with Matthew Arnold that Shelley's poetry lacks substance; that it is vague and remote from life; that it is not quite sane because Shelley was not quite sane; that he is "a beautiful and ineffectual angel beating in the void his luminous wings in vain". And there will always be those who agree with Mr. Santayana that he has a great subject-matter and a real humanity; that, far from being remote from life, his poetry is an inspired contribution to life itself; that in glorifying his own nature he glorified "the purest, tenderest, richest, most rational nature ever poured forth in verse".

It is difficult to measure the effect of Shelley's reassertion of the hopes and aspirations which, after the French Revolution, were crushed in England, but were gathered up into his song, transmuted by his genius, and lifted on wings of flame. He has been the inspiration of poets from Landor to Mr. Woodberry; and more than half a century ago it was asserted that, while critics were disagreeing, the workingmen of England had accepted him as their poet. Apart from these very different lines of influence, one detects a change of attitude among the critics as one follows them down through the century. One finds an increasing tendency to respect Shelley's ideas and to regard not only his music but his meaning with approval. More and more it is recognized that his contribution to life is a gift of matchless lyrics, and something more. There has been a gradual approach, by tortuous ways, to the kind of appreciation Shelley desired.

Perhaps it is because, as someone has said, we are all revolutionists of one kind or another to-day—in feeling, not in politics—that writers are dropping the old apologetic attitude toward the things Shelley really cared about and declaring that the ideal of *Prometheus Unbound* and *Hellas* is "the noblest ideal of the modern world" and "the hope of all thinking men". Perhaps it is because we are in such need of a spiritual vision that shall recall the disillusioned mind to a sense of the majesty of life, that Shelley's belief in a world redeemed by perfect love and universal sympathy is acquiring a new value.

It is true that Leslie Stephen's opinion in 1909 that the goal of Shelley's ideal world is barbarism—complete lawlessness in man and nature—scarcely differs from that of *The National Review*, in 1820, that it is "nothing else than absolute raving". It is true that Francis Thompson, writing with a poet's sympathy his marvelous essay, peeps over the wild masque of revolutionary metaphysics and sees the face of a child; while to Mr. Irving Babbitt, who grants him the conciliatory title of "romantic Hellenist", he is the type of all that is most pernicious in romanticism; for anyone who could write

> My soul is an enchanted boat
> Which like a sleeping swan doth float
> Upon the silver waves of thy sweet singing,

must be abandoned to impulse and unacquainted with the "inner check". Mr. Babbitt surmises that if anyone cares for Shelley as much at forty as he did at twenty, he has simply never grown up. But let that pass. We have to oppose to these conceptions the more and more prevalent opinion that the essence of Shelley's genius is its moral quality; that his hope for humanity, having been given new meaning by the acceptance of the doctrine of evolution, is "an exact symbol of what yet may be, despite fearful lapses".

In this year of his centenary, Shelley has been hailed as a prophet of the twentieth century. So far, the century seems not to have merited so optimistic a eulogy. By another critic—and both are Americans—it has been questioned whether he means anything to us outside of the classroom. This question is pertinent not to Shelley alone but to all poetry except our own

special variety. The poetry that is popular among us to-day boasts of being "unrelated"; of giving an impression, a picture, or a story unrelated to any philosophy or religion or to any ideas whatever. We would not decry any style of poetry so long as it is sincere. But Shelley's is related to everything in heaven and earth—to everything within the reach of an intellect at once receptive and speculative and a soaring, creative imagination.

What then is our predicament! A poet who might for his ideas be to us a prophet of the future is so far removed by the quality of his poetry that we must question whether he is anything more than a school room idol!

We have little interest in Utopias at the present time. And we have so far accepted the idea of government as a means of social progress that we have little interest in philosophical anarchy. But neither Utopias nor philosophical anarchy are essential to Shelley's idealism. The intellectual formulæ which he took up from Godwin and others became something quite different in his hands. He would be called neither anarchist nor atheist to-day. To the Communists he would be hostile. Whatever doctrines appealed to him in his youth were transformed as his character grew into that full-grown but still youthful personality which he glorified in his verse.

Shelley was a reformer before he was a poet. His desired reforms are interesting chiefly as they reveal his nature; yet it is interesting to know how many of them have been accomplished. They show him rather as a prophetic advocate of social ethics than as a wild anarchist. He advocated them in his early pamphlets and open letters and in an unfinished treatise entitled *A Philosophical View of Reform* written years later in Italy and published for the first time only a few months ago.

It is not necessary to recall how hopeless such reforms seemed in those days of political repression, when England was suffering from a Tory reign of terror; when a word against the Government was regarded as treason; when civil liberties were confined to the Church of England; when there was no representation in Parliament of the large manufacturing cities, and the workers were in absolute misery. Of the international situation, Shelley himself, the "vague", the "abstract", the "visionary", has given

some excellent accounts in his odes *To Liberty* and *To Naples*; and in his description of Napoleon in *The Triumph of Life* he summed up in two amazing lines many chapters of history:—Napoleon

> Who left the giant world so weak
> That every pigmy kicked it as it lay.

If Shelley's ideas of parliamentary reform and religious liberty were not original, the impetuous ardor with which he championed the cause of democratic principles was all his own. At the age of nineteen, when he ought to have been entering upon his second year at Oxford, having been expelled for attempting to shake the foundations of current beliefs, he was in Dublin with his wife and sister-in-law, bent upon reforming the human race with Ireland as the propitious starting-point. He had already begun to suffer from those strange paroxysms of pain to which he was always subject; and, convinced that he was doomed to an early death, he had resolved to lose no time in contributing "his mite to the treasury of wisdom and knowledge". First of all, he would "awaken a noble nation from the lethargy of its bondage".

It is a striking picture—the young aristocrat, with his fair skin and soft, flowing hair, his deep blue eyes now wild with excitement, now subdued in meditation, his tall, supple figure, his small head bent forward eagerly on broad, masculine shoulders, his sensitive, changing expression. Suddenly, in the corruption and poverty of Ireland, he rises up to show to oppressors and oppressed alike the way to virtue and liberty. One has only to read his proclamations to the Irish people to realize the nobleness and the folly of the ardent youth. He soon discovered that "more people hated him as an advocate of free thought than loved him as a votary of freedom". He turned about and faced the facts, as he always did after his flights of enthusiasm, acknowledged that he had been "premature", and returned to England.

It is easy to smile at all this and to see why the authorities did not trouble themselves to arrest the young heir to a baronetcy. Yet the reforms he advocated were brought about a few years later, and in the very manner he proposed. At that early age

he saw more clearly than did any English statesman the evils and dangers of the industrial revolution. He was often fierce and inconsistent, and intolerant of intolerance. Sympathy and rebellion were in conflict, but it was his nature to love, and sympathy conquered. He "shuddered to think that for the very roof over his head he was indebted to the selfishness of man". He refused a generous income a few years later on the condition that he should entail the estate and continued to struggle with his debts rather than risk the danger that his fortune might be spent for the detriment rather than for the benefit of his fellowmen. The stories of his charities are well-known, and his readiness to give away his money and mortgage his expectations to pay the debts and further the projects of his friends.

Keats once advised Shelley to curb his magnanimity and become more of an artist. He made rapid progress at becoming more of an artist, but he never curbed his magnanimity; and even in those last years in Italy, the one comparatively peaceful period of his life, his thoughts still mingled in the turmoil. In 1819, the great year of the *Prometheus* and *The Cenci*, he sent to England *The Masque of Anarchy*, a poem which could not safely be published, in which he defined what he meant by liberty. To the Lake Poets, who had once believed in Godwin's doctrines, liberty now meant, above all things, the preservation of England and English institutions. Not so to the exile in Italy:

> To the labourer thou art bread
> And a comely table spread
> From his daily labour come
> To a neat and happy home.

Freedom meant clothes and fire and food, justice, wisdom, peace. It meant science, thought, and poetry in the cottages of the laborer; it meant gentleness and patience. It did not mean the overthrow of governments but it meant radical changes. Though he continued to cherish the dream that emancipated human beings might be a law unto themselves, he more and more saw that Time, the hoary monster against which he inveighed, stood in the way. "Equality of possessions," he maintained, "must be the last result of the utmost refinements of civilization." In the Prologue to *Hellas*, anarchy is the first evil that Satan

pours from his phial of tears, wherefore mankind, thinking the fruits of liberty are ripe for his plucking, gathers up ashes. He believed that "oppressors have placed a mine of unexploded mischief under the foundations of society".

His ideas and projects, developed into the mighty themes of his poetry, reveal the nature of the poet who was always inspired by a passion for humanity and who, when he had accepted the rôle of poet instead of reformer, consoled himself by the belief that "the poets are the unacknowledged legislators of the world".

In one sense Shelley was full-grown at birth and unteachable. In another sense he is a remarkable example of the development of a modern mind, growing by what it feeds on. The central impulse that moved him was always the same, so that through the complexities of his life there is a singular simplicity of motive. And he could never learn by any experience but his own; to that extent he was unteachable. But the growth in character between the disappointed lover who paced a churchyard all night and the man who sat for sixty consecutive hours beside his dying child, and the growth in ideas between the author of *The Necessity of Atheism* and *A Defence of Poetry*, are as remarkable as the increase of his poetical power from *Queen Mab* to *Adonais*. It is almost impossible to remember how young he was at the end. Because his intellect and will began to express themselves when he was a mere boy, and because experience crowded upon him, swift and relentless, driving him from place to place and from project to project, from hopes destroyed to hopes new-born, it is difficult to remember in what narrow limits of time the whole conflict was confined.

To understand the development of his ideas one ought to follow his reading; and few people can compass in a long lifetime the books he read and reread and translated in his brief years. His habit was to rise early and go directly to books. He devoured the pages. He was independent of regular meals, was content to munch bread and raisins, and declared that "a pudding was a prejudice". Fascinated as a child by weird and romantic tales, addicted to thrilling experiments with chemicals and electricity, his inquiring mind was attracted by Godwin's *Political Justice*

and turned from penny-dreadfuls to serious reflection. At Oxford, where, according to Hogg, he lived an almost ascetic life, he went to the sources of Godwin, the French Encyclopædists. He read the philosophers, ancient and modern, from inclination, and the historians from a sense of duty. He read poetry continually, wherever he was—in Latin, Greek, German, French, Italian and Spanish as well as English. Homer and the Greek tragedians were his constant companions, along with Milton, Spenser, Shakespeare, the Bible, Goethe, Calderon, Petrarch and Dante. Entirely self-taught, he worked his way from Godwin to Plato, from Monk Lewis to Dante. When he lost sympathy with the Lake Poets, he continued to praise their poetry, including them with Byron. He was drowned with a copy of Sophocles and the poems of Keats in his pockets.

We find him at an early age in the mountains of Wales with a volume of Erasmus Darwin in his hand. The grandfather of the great Darwin was a minor scientist and a minor poet. But he announced as positively as did the author of *The Origin of Species* that the world was not created but evolved; and his conclusion that this truth only increased his reverence for the great First Cause must have made an impression upon the youthful poet whose earliest pre-occupation was with science, yet who, not long before, was spending "three days thinking about death and heaven".

He cared little for comedy, at least in his early years. He was too intense, too deeply grieved over the imperfections of life. His sense of humor developed later than his other faculties, but a lively sense of fun he always had. He cared for serious books, just as he preferred serious discussions to jokes and banter. Yet he would burst into gales of laughter. He was the best of companions, a master of the art of conversation, the friend of children; and his pleasure in boats was an unfailing enthusiasm, whether he made them of paper and sailed on them in imagination or pulled at the oars on the Thames or the Arno, or floated on that fatal sea which nobody else has reproduced in such living forms.

As surely as he turned to books for pleasure he turned away from them before the day was over to explore the woods or to seek the nearest water; and most of his poems were com-

posed in the open air. His physical endurance was the amazement of his friends. He could outwalk them all. He was absolutely fearless. He was bold, strong-willed, a leader among his companions. The energetic Byron was a child beside him, we are told, and the brave buccaneer Trelawney followed him like a lamb. "I always go on till I am stopped," he once said, "and I never am stopped." Leopardi called him a Titan in a virgin's form. As we see him out of doors in the pages of his biographers he seems more like a well-knit athlete than like either a virgin or an angel. He learned not only from books and nature, but from his own life. His biography has been written many times, but it is all in his poems. Whatever he lived through remained with him as a present and vivid reality, to heighten his ecstasy or sharpen his pain. On the other hand, if his poems had been destroyed, his life would be full of interest. It would be impossible to dismiss it with the calm judgment of Stopford Brooke that it was lived in accurate morality after the troubles of his youth had passed. As the events of his life follow one another, revealing his vivid personality, one always wants to know more about a creature who, with every nerve tingling to sensations, is forever attempting to live in an ideal world.

Shelley once wrote to Southey: "I can never be a party to allowing my private affairs or those of others to become the subject of public discussion." But he could not save himself. For a quarter of a century, English criticism, as Sir Sidney Colvin says, was chiefly occupied with "chatter about Harriet". Shelley could not save himself from the Nemesis of those who would live equal with the gods.

Although the story of his life is full of humorous incidents, of absurd contrasts and incongruities, fundamentally it is a tragedy. It is a tragedy of conflict between a lofty soul and external circumstances, call them Fate, or Destiny, or the England of George III and the Regency, or the inevitable limitations of life. More than that, as in all real tragedy, there is a further conflict in the soul of the protagonist. His death by drowning was nothing more than an ordinary accident; yet it becomes significant, in the light of our knowledge, like the inevitable ending of a tragic drama.

Shelley's character and actions have been endlessly discussed and never satisfactorily explained. To generalize about him is almost as dangerous as to generalize about his poetry, for no statement quite fits the facts. He will remain, I believe, as mysterious and as fascinating as Hamlet. The comparison with Hamlet is not entirely haphazard. There are many similarities between them. Perhaps Shelley's creator did not quite succeed, as we have been told Hamlet's did not, in amalgamating the plot and the character. The plot is a very old one; Shelley was a totally new creation. Being what he was, it is inconceivable that he should have said and done some of the things in the record. Was it that his creator was not perfect master of his material? Or will there always remain, in the greatest characters of both life and art, an element of irreducible mystery?

Shelley began his poetry as he began his life by attempting the impossible. When he was writing *Queen Mab* at the age of twenty he wrote to a publisher: "The Past, the Present, and the Future are the grand and comprehensive topics of this poem. I have not yet half exhausted the second of them." He had no background of historical knowledge at the time and no ideas of his own about the future. Except for an occasional flight of the poet and future Platonist who is beginning to try his wings, it is only a metrical version of Godwin's transcriptions of Revolutionary philosophy; although the mistake of regarding human motives as pure and attributing the evils of the world to the restraints and misdirections of institutions was characteristic of the natural bent of Shelley's mind in his troubled youth.

Five years later, when he had experimented in action with ideas which to Godwin were only theories; when he had lived through the most bitter of his experiences, he wrote the second of his longer poems, *Laon and Cythna, or The Revolt of Islam.* The difference between *Queen Mab* and *The Revolt of Islam* is the difference between a chart which might have been colored by some youthful Turner and an early but original canvas by the same artist. Yet he is still attempting something beyond his powers. The story, in Spenserian stanzas, of such a hero as he thinks a modern knight should be and a heroine who is the hero's

equal, is not easy to follow and has little reality. It is neither a plain tale convincingly told like *Julian and Maddalo*, nor a symbolic myth like *Prometheus Unbound*. Its command of verse and wealth of imagery make it impossible to say that the poet is feeling his way. Shelley never felt his way. He made his swift flights and fell below his goal. Then he gathered his strength together for another flight.

The Revolt of Islam goes far beyond Godwin in making its hero and heroine suffer martyrdom. And it no longer represents evil as external to man's nature. Good and evil are in conflict, as symbolized by the struggle of the eagle and the snake. Shelley still believed that man by his own will could eradicate evil. But he had learned that the world is not to be so easily reformed as he had imagined. And he had begun to question his own perfection. He had begun to wonder how far his conduct and opinions had rendered ineffective his zeal for interesting and improving mankind.

In *Prometheus Unbound*, Shelley again attempted the impossible; but this time he succeeded. To compose a drama which should be sustained on the heights of lyrical ecstasy is, by all precedent, impossible. And judged by the laws of a drama of action, the *Prometheus* of course fails. But it is not a drama of action. It is a myth in which the poet's dream of the regeneration of mankind is represented as accomplished in one fated hour, to symbolize what is conceived of as happening in the long process of the ages. The fall of Jupiter is the fall of orthodox Christianity with its train of evils, and the triumph of Prometheus is the triumph of the true spirit of Christ. Prometheus, who represents humanity, has suffered and endured until he is able to forgive his greatest enemy. Then is Love triumphant through the worlds, and the emanations of the mind, together with the earth and the moon and all living creatures, rejoice in the bliss of freedom. Man has become the king over himself, just, gentle, wise, not passionless but free from guilt or pain, only not free from death and mutability, without which he might oversoar

> The loftiest star of unascended heaven
> Pinnacled dim in the intense inane.

Nothing in such a dream is to be taken literally. Shelley did not aspire to live in an intense inane; he exalts neither wanton license nor passionless perfection. Every idealist who has grasped in imagination a world made perfect by love, and by a love that shall control even the forces of nature in the service of humanity, has pictured something unreal to those of us who are "chained to Time".

In the *Prometheus*, the poet's power of imagination, his sense of a pervading spirit of life, his passion for perfection, have united to create an elemental world. Its creatures are more than abstractions. They are suffering, thinking, exulting beings, sublimated and etherialized—the elements rather than the forms of actual life. It is a poem which the imagination of the Greeks would have grasped more easily than does ours. The Hellenist in Shelley has triumphed over the reformer and the romanticist.

Unless one understands Shelley's fundamental thought and purpose one misses the beauty of the most exalted lyrics in the *Prometheus*, even of the most beautiful of all:

> Life of life, thy lips enkindle
> With their love the breath between them.

If there seems to be too much regard for the bliss of lovers in this ideal world, that is because Shelley was always trying to spiritualize what seemed to him the highest impulses of human nature and to seek for the ultimate unity of love and beauty and goodness. And we are constantly brought back to the pre-occupations of his heroic conscience:

> To suffer woes which hope thinks infinite;
> To forgive wrongs darker than death and night;
> To defy power which seems omnipotent;
> To love and bear; to hope till hope creates
> From its own wreck the thing it contemplates;
> Neither to change nor falter nor repent.

In the last year of his life, when he wrote his other lyrical drama, *Hellas*, at the news of the uprising in Greece, Shelley had become more interested in partial realizations of his hopes. He had more than once praised the United States of America as one of them. Now he is more anxious that England shall go to the aid

of Greece than that she shall disband her standing army in order to destroy at a stroke, as he once advocated, the horrors of war. While he still holds to his ideal, he has gone far from the easy solution of things in *Queen Mab*. In *Hellas*, as in *Adonais*, he rests his hope in the eternity of thought. Still raising the standard of freedom, his song again ranges through the past, the present and the future, but with such a different power that one must count *Queen Mab* and *The Revolt of Islam* as mere juvenilia in comparison.

Worlds on worlds are ever rolling
From creation to decay,
Like the bubbles on a river
Sparkling, bursting, borne away.
But they are still immortal
Who, through birth's orient portal
And death's dark chasm hurrying to and fro,
Clothe their unceasing flight
In the brief dust and light
Gathered around their chariots as they go.

Now the Prometheus of suffering humanity is Christ, though he does not bring a millennium. Destruction follows the Cross, while

Our hills and streams
Dispeopled of their dreams
Wail for the golden years;

yet the spirit of both Christ and Socrates shall return and Athens shall be reborn.

The world's great age begins anew
The golden years return,—

not literally but in the realm of thought.

If Greece must be
A wreck, yet shall its fragments reassemble
And build themselves impregnably
In a diviner clime,
To Amphionic music, on some cape sublime
That frowns above the idle foam of time.

These are the poems which most truly represent Shelley's genius, although his personal lyrics let us into his more emotional

moods. Half way between them are the two dirges for poets, *Alastor* and *Adonais*.

Alastor is the earliest of his poems in which the true Shelley soars and sings; *Adonais*, written near the end of his life, has been called with some justice his masterpiece. To compare one with the other is to perceive how his hold upon reality grew with experience and the practice of his art. *Alastor* is the outcry of a spirit against the limitations of life. It is the idealized story of one who was born to pursue a dream and clasp a shadow, yet to whom "it seemed better to die obedient to the light within him than to live the life of those who are morally dead"; and between these extremes Shelley saw no compromise. In the *Adonais* this intense striving and despair have given place to a mood of calm exaltation. It celebrates the death of Keats, but it goes far beyond any concrete subject to dwell upon the mysteries of life and death. Abstract thoughts are clothed in living images, images are woven together in a sustained harmony that rises higher and higher as the poet's bark is driven farther from the shore of reality and sails fearlessly on the wings of faith into the unknown. Metaphysical speculation has given place to religion —the religion that bows reverently before the unknowable and accepts with faith the union of the soul with the Eternal. It is no swift flight of lyric ecstasy; it is the swelling of strain after strain of solemn music, each one more charged than the last with "immortal longings", until the benediction of sustaining Love descends in the great climax.

Shelley's genius expressed itself in so many different forms that to give any account of his poems in their relation to his life and character is a large task. If you attempt to put even his short lyrics into categories you hear Shelley saying, in one of his swift images,

> Bright reason will mock thee
> Like the sun from a wintry sky.

His personal lyrics are songs of joy and despair, of triumph and defeat; but they are lifted above the pain that often drags upon the poet's spirit by the beauty of their music. Different as they are,—impossible as it is to catch them and chain them with epithets,—they are the expression of one who, "born to desire more

than any understand," was yet able "to hope till hope creates from its own wreck the thing it contemplates".

We have been told within a few months by the editors of two leading English reviews that our greatest need at the present time is a poetical interpretation of life, a poetical interpretation of religion; that we have exaggerated the importance of government on the one hand and of dogma on the other; that the historical interpretation of religion must give way to a belief in the spirit of Christ in its lasting, its poetical significance; and that in that alone lies our hope of an enlightened democracy.

Would these men look for guidance to a poet who defied both Church and State, who was a disobedient son, an insubordinate student, a breaker of the marriage vow, an advocate of free love and a vegetarian diet,—one who soared aloft on dreams of man made perfect and disregarded the restraints mankind has placed about his known weaknesses,—a visionary poet with his head among the stars and his feet stumbling along the rocky paths of earth? One who could call himself

> A pard-like spirit beautiful and swift,

and yet cry out, "I fall upon the thorns of life! I bleed!"—what light can such a poet have for an age like ours?—one moreover who delights in abstract ideas and etherialized emotions, piling his images one upon another till the mind pants in pursuing them?

Yet where shall one look for a more exalted hope or a more sincere expression of the religion that is poetically divined?

> The One remains, the many change and pass;
> Heaven's light forever shines, Earth's shadows fly;
> Life, like a dome of many-coloured glass,
> Stains the white radiance of Eternity.

Shelley does not paint all the colors of that fragile dome. We shall not look to him for life in action, but for life in thought and feeling; for refinements of thought and feeling, but the refinements not of a mind overshadowed by a degenerate world-weariness, but of an intellect that retained the unworldly simplicity of a free and open nature—"one of the few persons who can literally be said to love their kind."

Shelley combines a mystic's faith with the humanitarian in-

stincts of our time. Nor is there anything in his treatment of nature that is out of harmony with modern knowledge. He did not, like other romantic poets, tame nature to his own uses. He described natural processes in symbolic images that are true for all ages. He did not believe that nature can teach or science prove the existence of God, but he had faith in

> That Light whose smile kindles the Universe,
> That Beauty in which all things work and move,
> That Benediction which the eclipsing curse
> Of birth can quench not; that sustaining Love
> Which, through the web of being blindly wove
> By man and beast and earth and sea,
> Burns bright or dim, as each are mirrors of
> The fire for which all thirst.

Our age cannot afford to neglect "the waters of wisdom and delight" that flow from Shelley's poetry, nor content ourselves with the few draughts that are diverted into anthologies. What he says of all poetry is peculiarly true of his own: "It compels us to feel that which we perceive and to imagine that which we know. It creates anew the universe."

GERTRUDE SLAUGHTER.

"DARK, MANY-TOWERED BOLOGNA"

BY VERNON LEE

Sorge nel chiaro inverno la fosca, turrita Bologna.—Carducci

Once or twice wandering about Bologna while my friends were at the Congress of Philosophers, I caught a glimpse . . . (or was it rather one of those sounds whose hearing is partly one of expectation?)—I caught, shall we say, the ghost of a mood; almost an emotion of forty years ago.

Forty years ago we used to come, pushed by my childish Machiavellian machinations, to Bologna on our way from the North to Rome. For Bologna seen between trains during a summer journey had become one of those places which exist only in childhood where, in virtue of some one thing acquiring a supernatural value, all the most ordinary circumstances of life come to partake of its magic; or rather as, under some summer full moon, just such a town as this, of its pleasure. At Bologna the wonder-working objects (like the ring you turn or the lamp you rub in fairy tales) were those gaunt rooms of the Music School whence issued for the earthly ear piano scales, fiddle exercises and vocal *arpeggi* of doubtful accuracy; but which, the walls being hung with the portraits of seventeenth and eighteenth century musicians, were filled for the ear of my childish fancy with their unheard music, or at least with their music's charm. Long afterward I was taken by my hospitable Contessa Carmelita to a concert in the hall where these portraits mostly hang. And while, alas, unable to see them otherwise than as lamentably ugly or unintentionally funny pictures, I swear that none of the music, however excellent, which I listened to with ears of the flesh in that or indeed any other place, has ever been a patch upon that silent music, or, as I have just said, music's fascination (for there were neither consecutive sounds nor combined ones, nor anything save my own musical emotion) of all those years ago.

It is a very curious experience, this catching the tail of an emotion of long ago. It is like what happens when by some trick of associative memory or of unconscious interpretation you suddenly smell lemon flowers, or wine-vats, or some more personal perfume in places where there is no trace of any such things. In the case of emotion such as this old, old one of Bologna, what stands for the London street, where there can evidently be neither lemon trees nor wine-vats, is your own elderly blasé self to whom red-brick battlements and Renaissance carved lintels and eighteenth century bobwigged portraits have become mere ordinary prosaic facts; and in whom, nevertheless, there suddenly arises the thrill of rareness and mystery which they once awoke, brief like the briefest lightning flash wherein one recognizes, in some inscrutable manner, that one is not one's present self, but that child of long years past.

They have restored churches and palaces in Bologna, Rubbiani and sundry other of my archæological acquaintances; and rebuilt or disengaged the Ghibelline battlements, like wild tulip petals, of the House of King Enzo, son of Barbarossa. But at the base of the two leaning towers there no longer hang those great basins and pudding-moulds and ewers and platters and pitchers which were more resplendent in their delicate copper rosiness and brass yellow, and in a way more mediæval almost, than any knight's armor in the town museum. And on the closed shutters of those venerable booths I read a printed notice: "The Coppersmiths Ildebrando and Oliviero inform their customers of their removal to a shop alongside the new market building." The new market building, cast iron and disinfectants, excellent modern products. But think that the predecessors of Ildebrando and Oliviero (fit names for the last of a chivalrous line!), or at least their copper-wares, had looked for seven centuries up the steep slanting sides of those two watch towers; and had been there, no doubt, when Dante also looked up at the clouds passing atop of them, and made a mental note of the simile for his Giant Hunters in Hell.

One of my haunts at Bologna was the Seven Churches round San Stefano. Seven they are called, though they seem far more numerous; a maze of low tin-roofed basilicas, chapels, crypts

and shrines, cloisters also, and damp monastic yards under belfries and mysterious corridors, with graves and tabernacles tucked away in them; barracco *Gesù Mortos* shelved where you expect only broken chairs and derelict besoms, and the Three Kings, huge black Gothic chessmen, frightening you as you come suddenly up against them, with their goggle stare. Sanctuaries of all kinds, and one within the other, smelling of bats and rats, in which I also seemed to breathe the pent-up centuries. Or is it that what we call "the centuries" *are* those places themselves, those low basilical roofs, those squat Romanesque arches, those reticulated walls; and is it on the contrary our fancy and feeling which they enclose to grope among strange altars and horned sarcophagi and tinsel Madonnas and carved apocalyptic beasts and yellow tapers guttering upon paper flowers? For in these Seven Churches and their purlieus there returned to my mind the suspicion that what we think of and feel as the Past, as the Religion and History of Other Days, is in many cases only the buildings and sepulchres they have left behind; our emotion being in reality only artistic, due to lines and curves and lights and shadows, and echoing steps, the result of a *mise-en-scene* only the more subtly theatrical that it is accidental.

These Seven Churches, and especially the Templar's Church called House of Pilate, are such a *mise-en-scene* as Wagner aimed at creating in his *Parsifal.* The Bayreuth Grail Church attempts to make us feel as we did in that marvelous little circular church, with the great altar, sepulchre, ambones; one knows not what to call that mysterious symbolical edifice within an edifice, which looms with its crucifix and flights of steps and votive lights under that flat Byzantine dome. It is, this House of Pilate, a place of indescribable mystery and awe, compared with which Wagner's Grail music is scarcely less futile a sham than his cardboard architecture. It is a place whose appropriate sounds would not be plain-chants even, however archaic, but mutterings and wailings and solitary footfalls; a building which has the shuddering nightmare quality of the moments before a wintry dawn.

There are not many such places as these Seven Churches,

even in Italy. The Renaissance swept them away; and, even if only with Jesuitic plaster and whitewash and frescoed perspectives, brought light and space and air everywhere. And one must go to Flanders and Germany to find them tucked away, dark corners, labyrinthine chapels and Gethsemanes, for bruised souls clinging to darkness.

When I had, as I thought, done with all this hive of hidden sanctuaries, I came, turning a corner, to yet another little black chapel. And in it an old beldame insisted on unlocking the "Sacred House of Loreto," as she called it, and telling me its unintelligible story. It seemed a narrow space behind an altar, where she set down a taper in a niche and, turning a handle and rolling back a shutter, displayed a black Madonna cocooned, in brocade, her star-crowned head barely emerging in puce and tinsel farthingale.

While looking at her I remembered that outside one of these same Seven Churches there is, let into the wall, and above a great horned stone coffin at the street corner, a Roman tablet, finely lettered with *Dominæ Isidi Victricii.* Is not the subterranean worship of the Nile goddess still hidden in those churches and crypts and cloisters? May it not be the loin-cloth of ever-murdered, ever-resuscitating Osiris which hangs vague and white over the arms of the cross on that stair-cased sepulchral altar, under the dome of Pilate's House? And that black swaddled Madonna behind the shutters thrown open by the crone with her wax-dip, is not she perhaps the Victorious Lady?

Churches like these Seven Churches of Bologna (and probably whatever temples the subterranean cults of ancient times possessed) seem like the lairs, the hidden resting-places, where mankind has cowered in silence and darkness with its broken limbs and sores and fever visions, resting and healing itself between the real miseries of this world and the imagined terrors of the next.

How one does enjoy those fifteenth century Bolognese painters, mediocre to a man, after the over-gifted, over-strenuous Tuscans! They have the romantic, in a sense Spenserian, quality of mediæval poetry, and its preference for very young, almost childish, heroes in beautiful clothes. When one sees all these lovely beardless St. Sebastians and St. Georges, and even the

wicked Roman Emperors presiding over St. Cecilia's martyrdom, even the executioners heating the furnaces all so many curly Aucassins ready for Nicolettes, one wonders what the mentality of this provincial Renaissance can really have been. And only the more if one has been looking at the local tyrants, the family Bentivoglio portrayed by Costa in their own chapel, the rarest lot of half-fledged ruffians round a father looking like a renegade pirate.

Towards sunset there came a long and heavy shower.

The steps one goes down to the House of Pilate church and the little paved hole in which it stands deep below the level of the present city, were muddy and full of pools. The church itself was dark but for what came from the ill-lighted cloister within; and the great altar with its stairs and balconies, its look of being a temple, and a triumphal stage, and yet at the same time a pillory of some sort, loomed white in the dusk. At its foot, in an embrasure, flickered the only lamp, a glass cup with a night-light, flat on the marble slab. There, I felt, was *It. It.* What? The something whose white drapery hangs limp like a corpse over the arms of the cross on the top of that church inside a church. The whole place was full of *It: It*, a vague terror and sorrow.

But what frightened me was none of all this, but just a human being, a man, perhaps a tourist, standing still in the dusk before the altar. The sight of him almost made my heart stop. That is what much of religion must have been for primeval man; and this little Templar's church (or whatever in Italy takes the place of such) seems to be oozing with the mysteries of times long before Christianity, or even Paganism, was; the terror and sorrows of a nether world and of a nethermost soul.

The rain had stopped when I came out; and the sunset made the bricks of San Giacomo very rosy and lovely and put delicate shades upon the colored walls and white colonnades. And against the pure washed sky I noticed for the first time that the two leaning towers, which one thinks of as frowning dark, are really of an unsubstantial rose-color, weathered lilac, a color like that of the leafless woods on the Apennines above Bologna, bare just now, but already quickening under their delicate bark.

I sat for a long while, waiting for the rain to stop, in San Giovanni in Monte, where Raphael's St. Cecilia still hung when Dr. Burney visited Bologna in 1770. This church also was dark; but the round windows with Cossa's fine John on Patmos was like a set out of jewels, colored, luminous, blazing.

A few people came in. It is extraordinary how soothing and solemn an empty church becomes at this hour: the worshippers felt rather than seen, their poor personalities obliterated, themselves turned into the mere shadowy embodiment of the sadness and hope and fear and consolation one imagines them to bring and to carry away.

Again, at evening in those Seven Churches, their very names, *Atrio di Pilato* or *San Sepolcro*, wonderful; all those innumerable nooks and corners and gratings with a shrine, a Dead Christ, a Mater Dolorosa, something mysteriously suffering, hidden away. And in the little cloister with damp-green pavement in the shadow of the high walls and the belfry, you come upon a column with Peter's Cock; no barn-door fowl, but a sort of bird-divinity, like the winged sphinxes and sirens which the ancients set on pillars at Delphi and elsewhere. That nightlight at the foot of the great balustrade and staircased altar between the symbolic ox and eagle of the Evangelists, flickered in its marble embrasure, lighting the side of the time-polished slabs as a fire with its last flare might do at midnight.

As I was returning from my last regretful look round Bologna, there suddenly came, from the beautiful tulip-shaped belfry of San Pietro, a volley of bells, and (the most unexpected occurrence in Italy) actually *chimes*.

Their sound seemed to add to my old, or rather my childish, love of Bologna my more recent love of Oxford; the emotion special to that aristocratic swept and garnished English Past enhancing the emotion inspired by this Lombard city, so venerable but still so nobly alive.

VERNON LEE.

THE ENGLISH SENTIMENTALISTS

BY JOSEPH WARREN BEACH

I

One of the most significant facts of the year is the importance attributed by American critics to the imported "work of art" (to quote the loudest voice among the college professors) known as *If Winter Comes*. It goes without saying that the American critics who hailed it with greatest enthusiasm were not those who have welcomed the American novels which have made the past year a kind of *annus mirabilis* for us. If this novel had been produced in America it might have been overlooked or given its right evaluation. Such seems to have been its fate in England, where they still have a Galsworthy, a Conrad, a May Sinclair, to set a standard in style and honesty of thought. And yet, curiously enough, the sentimentalism that has given Mr. Hutchinson his great vogue is rather an English than an American product; it has found at any rate its most distinguished exponents in England. It has flourished side by side with the stronger plant of English realism. It will no doubt be charted eventually as a reaction from the hard-headed school of Meredith, Hardy, Gissing, Moore; its origins will be traced in the novels of Mrs. Humphry Ward and the mystic musings of Mr. A. C. Benson. And its first great triumph will be attributed to the imaginative genius of Mr. Hugh Walpole.

The most pretentious element in Mr. Hutchinson's book is the Great War, the public interest which is associated with the private fortunes of the hero after the recipe of Mr. Wells. Only in the case of Mr. Wells—in *The New Machiavelli*, in *Mr. Britling Sees It Through*, in *The Research Magnificent*—we more readily see the connection; the public interest is embodied in the person of the hero, and we understand the theory, the doctrine, the programme, which he embodies. In Mr.

Hutchinson we simply see that Mark Sabre is a hysterical type of nationalism, and a type of that war hysteria of almost a decade past, which all sensible men have agreed to leave to oblivion, or at least to give its scientific description. England was in trouble, but all was bound to come out well, how or why we cannot say. And when it does come out well, we are wiser than we were. Sadly wise, with an obscure wisdom vaguely reminiscent of Ruskin. It seems to have some religious basis; but when we ask for specifications, we get nothing more novel or enlightening than "God Is Love". That we have long known, but what we want to know is how to apply that principle to the present state of things, how to tap that river of healing. Mark Sabre has no more to give us than the nearest Bishop. (There is something about the selfishness of profiteers, and we gather that Mark Sabre would have the Bishops instructed to admonish the profiteers and ask them to be good.)

Rather more germane to the story, perhaps, is Sabre's doctrine about conventions. "In their application they're often unutterably wrong, cruel, hideously cruel and unjust, but when you examine them, even at their cruellest, you can't help seeing that fundamentally they're absolutely right and reasonable and necessary." Such absolute validity for even conventions is a little hard to admit under the present reign of relativity and evolution. It is as if we had no proverb, "Circumstances alter cases." It is as if there had been no study of anthropology, as if Fraser had never written *The Golden Bough*, or the word *tabu* had never been called in to clarify our thought. But Sabre examines these conventions (the English ones), and finds them reasonable and necessary. There is the convention about the girl with a baby, who must be taken into no one's home. "You can't help seeing that the convention is fundamentally right and essential. Where on earth would you be if girls with babies could find homes as easily as girls without babies. . . . You'd have babies pouring out all over the place. See it?" How many see it? The logic is simple.

It is the violation of this very convention, as it turns out, which makes the most trouble in the private life of Mark Sabre, but which also makes possible the happy ending to which the

author is pledged by his title. That and the war. The girl with the baby takes care of Mrs. Sabre, and the war takes care of Lord Tybar. Such is not, to be sure, the language of Mr. Hutchinson or of any of the characters in his book. They never descend to such plainness of statement. For the whole story is guided by the well known sentimental principle, generally converted by experience and common sense, of Eat Your Cake and Have It. Make all the sacrifices of a Christian martyr, and become a prince of this world. Play for years the rôle of abused King Mark, and have your Iseult like any Tristram. Take all the vows, like St. Francis, and end up in purple and fine linen. This is a well-known formula of fairy tales and has received its romantic apotheosis in *The Winter's Tale*, where the Elizabethan lover of romance was offered the two highest gratifications possible to one plot. It was very delightful for Prince Florizel to fall in love with a mere shepherd's daughter, to flout his royal father, and assert the eternal equality of prince and peasant in their souls. But it would hardly do to leave it so for the subjects of Queen Elizabeth, or King James, who were hard-headed even in romance. So after every thrill had been expressed from that piquant situation, a new set of thrills was furnished by simply revealing that the shepherd's daughter was really a princess and fit mate for a king's son. We have had plenty of stories in which lovers athwart the law have made a noble sacrifice to honor, good faith, convention or compassion,—*The Age of Innocence*, *An Autumn Sowing*, *Le Gentleman*, *The Duchess of Wrexe*. Mr. Hutchinson is of the more generous tribe of romancers who, when the lovers have chosen his right hand, heaps upon them the contents of both, honor and happiness at once.

If Mr. Hutchinson is one of a tribe, he has leaped at one stride to its headship. No one since 1850 has so consistently sentimentalized every episode of his story, and yet succeeded in taking in the "highbrows". He has taken for his hero an amiable and long-suffering Christian gentleman such as we all like to think of ourselves as being, and set him in a world that does not understand him. In every outward encounter with life he is defeated; his feelings are lacerated almost beyond endurance by things which less sensitive beings take more stolidly; but he keeps his

spirit clear. And he saves from worldliness the spirit of his soul-mate unhappily married to a devil. In this he is greatly assisted by the war. Lady Tybar was on the point of declaring her independence of the cruel, cynical, unfaithful man to whom she was married. But as soon as he goes to the colors, he is "my man to stand by in this". The sentiment is one that does her credit; but the grandiose gesture! the nauseating phrase! Sabre at least had no great reason to be concerned over the fate of the man who had caused so much suffering to the woman he loved; but the news of Tybar's death makes him nearly faint away with grief. It "came careering and headlong, as though malignity, bitter and wanton, had loosed a savage bolt". And later he learns from the weeping wife the circumstances of her husband's death. On his deathbed he was gloating over the message conveyed to her which let her know of his continued and cynical unfaithfulness. "Poor Tony! . . . He died like that . . . Marko, you know I'm very glad he just had his old mocking way while he died. . . . He was just utterly untouched by anything all his life, not to be judged as ordinary people are judged, and I know perfectly well he'd have wished to go out just his mocking, careless self to the last. He was utterly splendid. All that was between us, that was nothing once the war came." Never has been carried to such extreme the Roman motto not to speak evil of the dead. As for the war, it seems to have been a universal solvent of all natural feelings and standards of judgment. For myself, I cannot imagine how, with such sentiments for poor Tony, his widow could ever have consented to be another's wife.

Mr. Hutchinson can be trusted to take advantage of every form of sentimentalism which followed in the wake of the war. And so we have added to the pudding that death-bed scene inspired by Sir Oliver Lodge, in which Mark turns medium and brings to dying Mrs. Perch the spirit of her dead son Freddie. Dickens was a master of pathos, and of death-bed scenes; but his time would not admit of this particular bit of theatricality. And it comes now, one would suppose, at least a year too late.

Only a little less absurd is the fit of hysteria which seizes Mark Sabre when he learns that his wife is suing him for divorce.

He has long ago known, if words have meaning, that she regards him as an adulterer, and that her opinion is shared by the whole community. He is a man who, in a dozen contingencies, has shown himself willing to flout general opinion when conscious of being right. He is a certificated doctor in the philosophy of convention, and ought to understand its ways. His wife's action will leave him free to join the only person who has ever understood his sensitive soul. And yet the news of it comes to him as another "bolt" loosed by the powers of darkness. Then follows the intolerable melodrama of Effie's murdered baby and the coroner's inquest, with our broken-down hero totally incapable of uttering a word except his childish, reiterated "Look here".

Such fools for heroes we do not find even in the mystic narratives of Dostoievsky. A man who, without an effort, allows himself to be crowded out of a business in which he has an hereditary interest. A defender of convention who has no more sense than to take into his house a girl with a baby which his wife believes to be his own, as if humanity could find no other way of meeting the situation; and who, taking her in, has no more sense than to let the servants go. A person still deeply concerned with the feelings of his wife, and what she and the world may think of him, who has not the sense to keep the letter that proves his innocence, and save his wife from the shame of his supposed unfaithfulness. One is again reminded of Dickens and his fondness for helpless innocence in the clutches of designing evils. But it is with children and inexperienced women that Dickens works his natural pathos. If Sabre is to be the object of pity like Little Nell and Paul Dombey, well and good. But then he must not claim our admiration for a strong man in the toils.

II

Mr. Hutchinson is merely the most prominent, this year, of those who lead the cult of feeling for feeling's sake. I do not refer to the underworld of writers who take their inspiration from *East Lynne* and its kind, in whom the emotion is really proportioned to the experience it accompanies, writers who do not hesitate to give us the melodramatic stuff of tears. Towards the

end of the book, indeed, Mr. Hutchinson does enter into competition with these honest folk. But in general he belongs to the school of those (like Mr. Walpole) who derive their thrills from the more ordinary matter of experience, whose people are more highly sensitized than the rest of us, and who register as "frightful" or "unbearable" what the rest of us register as sad or distressing. These people are, like schoolgirls, frankly out for experience; and we feel that, like schoolgirls, in their solemn self-consciousness they make epoch-making experiences at every opportunity. All stories have now become adventure-stories. Soon after he was married Mark Sabre "had a sudden sense of the poignant and tremendous adventure on which they were embarked together"—he and his wife. Well, that is a common experience. Marriage is no joke. Traveling in Europe is no joke. Matthew Arnold wrote sadly of "fighting the battle of life with waiters in foreign hotels". When Isabel Archer left Albany to try life in London, Florence and Rome, James tells us, what interested him most was the spiritual adventure which she was destined to undergo He does not call it a poignant and tremendous adventure. This language has come in since the time of James. You will find it strewn all over the novels of the last decade both in text and title. In Mr. Walpole's *The Captives*, when the hero says to the heroine he's glad she has come, the heroine's "heart thundered in her breast. She felt as though she were at the beginning of some tremendous adventure—an adventure enthralling, magnificent—and perilous." Mr. Wells holds, I believe, the original patent on this formula.

Mr. Walpole's people, like Mr. Hutchinson's, keep careful record of the moments that make epochs in their lives. Something is forever happening to change the whole current of lives hardly yet started. Maggie in her bedroom says she must get away. . . . "That moment . . . altered for Maggie the course of all her future life." That was in 1907. The story closes, as near as I can make out, in about 1910. So we realize how long a course of years was affected by her momentous decision! But we have at least two more recorded moments of equal importance. "Everything had been changed from that moment when Martin pressed her hand in the theatre. Every-

thing!" That was one occasion; and then, at Borhedd "when, in after days, she looked back to that quiet half-hour the fire she saw that it was then that she had passed from g hood into womanhood." And as for the hero, he too has notched stick or calendar of events, which he can even predict advance. One time, "he went upstairs with a feeling that was on the eve of events that would change his whole wo . . . he was conscious, as though it had been shown him a vision, that he was on the edge of some scene that might sha for him the whole course of his future life."

Mr. Walpole is of course a writer of great power and char He can handle plots, create atmosphere, invent characters a make them live as few novelists can do on either side of the Atl tic. He abounds in interesting stuff. And *The Captives* is by means his finest work. But it is thoroughly characteristic, a it serves as well as any to illustrate the feeling one always has reading him of a certain sentimental insincerity or confusion. is nothing so obvious as the sentimentality of Mr. Hutchins Mr. Walpole is sentimentally clever. Like everybody else wants to be "different". Some achieve difference throu witty cynicism; that is a part of the formula of Mr. Cab Mr. Walpole's line is a *recherché* subtlety in interpreting t mysteries of life and of human nature. He must have an en mous influence over writers less original and less critical, an am inclined to hold him partly responsible for many false strol in the work of writers like Mr. Hutchinson.

One characteristic symptom of English sentimentalism in t day is the tendency to make the sympathetic characters pers at odds with the established order, persons who demonstr their own fineness and "difference" by the degree of their n conformity, and, in a practical unsympathetic world, th inefficiency. Of course, to a certain extent, this is almost t universal stuff of romance; and so sober and responsible an art as Mr. Galsworthy has given us a whole portrait gallery of ser tive women married to Philistines of one or another social cla But Mr. Walpole, following in the wake of his Dostoievsky, h gone much farther and has fully developed the formula used Mr. Hutchinson for Mark Sabre. His Maggie is a kind

foolish Percival destined to find the Grail by virtue of her very simplicity. She is as awkward and inarticulate as Sabre, making a failure of her life with her aunts, with her husband, finding her blessedness in love for a rotten fellow; the rotten fellow, equally inept, seeking perversely some strange holiness, renouncing Maggie because of a conviction that he injures everyone he touches. The theme of the story, as given in the title, is that of misfits, "captives in a strange country, trying to find the escape, each in his or her own fashion, back to the land of their birth."

And it is explicitly stated by Mr. Magnus, the interpreter of this philosophy, that these glorious "adventurers", these "treasure-hunters", are always people out of joint with the world. "It seems to be a solemn fact that you aren't a treasure-hunter until there's something wrong with you, until you've got a sin that's stronger than you are, or until you've done something that's disgraceful in the eyes of the world." And so the list includes Uncle Matthew, drunkard and sensualist and embezzler; Mr. Toms, the madman; Grace, because she is stupid and unimaginative; Paul, because he is split between his amorousness and his love of comfort; Thurston, the religious fakir; and the aunts, who look confidently for the Second Coming of Christ. There is, of course, a kind of romantic Christianism about all this—publicans and sinners—a kind of Whitmanism that appeals to a world of readers who want to find nobility in their own weakness. We all like to feel ourselves superior to an unseeing and conventional world and to feel, like Miss Toms, that "the world's view of anyone is never the right one".

The main difference between these treasure-hunters and Mark Sabre is that he is a combination of Joseph Andrews and Mrs. Grundy as well as being inept and unappreciated.

Like him, and like us all, Mr. Walpole's Captives love to feel that their fight to realize their own vaguely conceived "different" is the fight for God. Mr. Walpole is, like Mr. A. C. Benson, a very emancipated son of a Bishop. Any particular form of religious belief seems in his view to be mistaken, some of them illusions caused by illness and underfeeding; and the Church means nothing. But, following William James, whom he

quotes on the title page, Mr. Walpole holds there is *something* in religion; there is a great and real fight to redeem the world, in which the chief champions are the freaks and misfits—they are those seeking the Grail.

The flattering mystery of life is pleasantly kept before us in *The Captives* by a constant provision of vaguenesses of feeling, unexplained reactions, and psychic intimations. Maggie has great difficulty in bending down to kiss her Aunt Elizabeth. She "had a strange feeling that her bending down would break some spell". Mr. Walpole is very fond of "strange" feelings and of the mysterious suggestions conveyed by the indefinite adjective "some". "She must have felt, in that instant, that she was making some plunge into hazardous waters." Throughout the story, something is always seeming to tell someone, or a voice seems to say something; and the characters are always having swift intuitions or strange superstitions "that this was Destiny now", etc.

In Mr. Walpole's books, too, the private fortunes of the characters are likely to be bound up in some mysterious way with the great events in the political world. Mark Sabre's somewhat tenuous social philosophy of the post-war period has its counterpart in *The Duchess of Wrexe*, with its use of the Boer War. *The Duchess of Wrexe* is a remarkable study in social types made familiar to us in Victorian days by Thackeray. But I was never able to understand the social revolution which came about within the covers of that book. If any social revolution has come about in England during the last generation, I suspect it is in the East End rather then the West, as Miss Sidgwick intimates in *Madam*, and that Sidney and Beatrice Webb are in a better position to explain it to us than any of the romancers. Again in *The Dark Forest* Mr. Walpole has given a vivid account of how certain Russian Red Cross men went, in the Great War, to their "rendezvous with death". We are ready since Dostoievsky to credit almost any craziness to Russian psychology; but, on cool reflection, we find it hard to swallow this tale of how two men raced each other to death, each in hopes of being the first to meet and woo in the other world the woman who had gone before!

III

The language of Mr. Walpole is more sober than that of many of his contemporaries; but it does betray his determination to work the springs of feeling for all they are worth. There is one passage in *The Wooden Horse* that shows up rather amusingly the neglect of sense characteristic of sentimental writing in general. We read of a certain young man that he had "an overmastering desire for a companion", and, since his desire is overmastering, and since in any case it is an innocent desire, we expect him forthwith to gratify it. But instead we read the laconic statement, "This desire he conquered." It is evident that Mr. Walpole did not really mean an overmastering desire, but a very strong one. There was a time in English fiction when words were used with some sense of their actual values. Exhaustion was exhaustion, implying in itself an extreme condition of weakness, such as might have been experienced by Robinson Crusoe after shipwreck. Robinson Crusoe, as a matter of fact, was not exhausted, but merely "excessively fatigued". Defoe would, in any case, never have spoken, like Mr. Walpole, of "*utter* exhaustion". The silence of a person meant, in the time of Scott, a complete abstention from speech; and he would never have felt it necessary to say, with Mr. Walpole, "For a moment they were *utterly* silent." All our romancers have been fond of good-looking heroes—handsome men, with white teeth, attractive mouths and piercing eyes. But not even Bulwer Lytton or Disraeli would have seen any point in making his hero, as does Mr. Swinnerton in *September*, "quite strikingly handsome," with "very piercing eyes", and "extremely attractive mouth" and "very white and even teeth".

There is probably no reason to suppose that the elemental passions are experienced in present-day England more violently than in the days of *Tom Jones* or *Jane Eyre*. And yet our very nicest writers describe the symptoms of passion in terms that would have caused Charlotte Brontë or Henry Fielding to turn a little sick. Mr. Walpole tells us twice on a page that his hero crushed the heroine to him in a grip so tight that we expect her to fall to the earth like a broken flower. Even Mark Sabre, a

model of propriety, was seized with "most passionate desire" to take another man's wife in his arms, "and on her lips to crush to fragments the barriers of conduct he had in damnable sophistries erected." In Mr. Hergesheimer we are not surprised at such brutalities of thought and act. He is dealing boldly with the elemental passions of unprincipled people, living in the wilderness. And the crushing of a lady, or the crushing to fragments of the barriers of conduct, is naturally the every-day occupation of Black Pennys. But Mark Sabre and Harry Trojan, people with whom we might any of us take tea at Cambridge or spend the week-end in the country!

The extraordinary thing, if I may borrow an adjective from these gentlemen, is that all this violence of feeling seems to go always with a singular refinement. In using the word singular, again, I use their own word; there is little in the feelings of these people which is not strange, or odd, or exquisite, or subtle, or singular; adjectives signalizing in every case their separation from the vulgar. They feel both more strongly and more finely (subtly is the word) than other mortals. They are the perfect realization of the Fine Shades and the Nice Feelings on which Meredith lavished so much irony in *Sandra Belloni*. The heroine of Mr. Swinnerton's *September* is a woman capable of a "frenzy of jealousy", of an "anguish of hatred", of a state of mind in which "every reserve and every reservation was torn away in this sharp naked venom of hatred"—that is the author's figure. And she is at the same time a woman of singular spiritual delicacy and insight, and is set apart in this story with one young man of equal fineness of nature. He was a pianist:

> Marian, sitting aside, realized *quickly* that some composers—especially those composers who reflected mood and reverie at their most *subtle*—had an *extraordinary* fascination for him. He played one study of Debussy's with an air of absorption that *deeply impressed* her. . . . Then Nigel played two pieces of Chopin's—a *Fantasie* (*sic*) *Impromptu* and the *exquisite Ballade in A flat*,—and for the first time for many months she was *moved beyond the power of expression*. Not alone the melancholy—the loneliness—of the music, nor the sadness of the memories to which it was the key; but a *quite singular perception* that through all emotion there runs the incessant current of bitter unhappiness, tinged her thoughts and made the evening a *poignant experience*. . . . It was with warm eyes of liking that Marian bade

farewell to her new friend. He seemed to strike a *note* in her *that had been unmoved* (an unmoved note?) for many years and that now vibrated with *exquisite* sweetness. . . . They were both *subtly* happy.

Mr. Hutchinson is much cruder in his indications both of the singularity and of the violence of feeling in his characters. Mark Sabre and Lady Tybar are as carefully set apart from the unfeeling souls as Marian and Nigel. Old Puzzlehead has a quite extraordinary perception of the mysterious and extraordinary character of life and death. But on the whole it is the violence that wins out over the singularity in the style employed. It is all adjectives, all superlatives, words expressive of the highest degree of feeling and suffering; and this on all occasions. Compared with that of Mark Sabre, the experience of Esther Waters or Tess Durbeyfield would seem tame, if we were to judge by the convulsive emphasis of the words in which his feelings are set forth. Nothing happens to him that is not terrible, frightful, or extraordinary, and the lowest degree of suffering to which he is liable is expressed as immensely poignant. Any doctor could diagnose his case at once as a weak heart.

IV

That is always the trouble with the sentimentalist. He has a craving to pass off his weakness for strength. He has an exaggerated view of the merit attaching to strength of feeling; and an uneasy conscience on the score of his own debility. He has two ways of saving his face. He can go in for subtleties, and he can go in for superlatives. The writer who ministers to the sentimentalist has a wide audience; for subtleties and superlatives are things within the reach of all who have been to school. But he will not last long, if we may judge the future by the past.

The noblest subject of literature is heroic suffering and the "tears of things". One of the most affecting and elevating passages in fiction is that in which Æneas discovers in the temple at Carthage the artistic representation of the great war in which he had borne his part. Since then he had lost his wife and father; he had been driven about by the malice of the gods; he had suffered shipwreck on a forbidding coast; he had lost the greater

part of his companions, and knew not what hostilities he was to encounter in this strange land. And here on the walls of the temple of the rising city of strangers he finds set forth those great and terrible events most worthy of all in history to be recorded, and he knows that he is in a land of art, a civilized land where noble deeds are prized, where men have tears for things worthy of tears, and mortal sorrows touch the heart.

En Priamus! sunt hic etiam sua præmia laudi,
Sunt lachrimæ rerum et mentem mortalia tangunt.

JOSEPH WARREN BEACH.

THE GARBAGE CAN

BY ELIZABETH ROBINS PENNELL

If Main Street stretches from San Francisco to New York, I know, without seeing, that the way is marked not by milestones but by garbage cans. For my experience is that of the American street, short or long, the garbage can has become an indispensable feature. It no longer hides itself in alleys or slums, but in the highly respectable quarter of the highly respectable town it makes a public exhibition of what would have been called "slops" in primitive days when "slops" were not thought fit for public gaze. I have counted as many as eleven neatly ranged before a stately private residence, as many as twenty-five in front of an eminently correct hotel, and, appalled, I ask myself what must be the number reached on his daily rounds by a policeman given to statistics. Sometimes they are grouped on the curbstone, sometimes more modestly by the area railing, often in the middle of the pavement, a trap for the unwary; but always, morning, noon and night, somewhere in full view, providing for the observant man the opportunity to learn who feasts on lobster or fasts on cabbage, who runs up big bills for flowers or economizes on coal. Occasionally the garbage is collected, but by dumping it into uncovered carts from which it blows right and left, through open doors and windows, back into the houses and so straight into the cans again, our sanitary authorities have arranged that the garbage can is today as permanent an ornament of our streets as the letter box or the lamp post.

It is an ornament that old-fashioned people scarcely think desirable, and, personally, I would rather learn inside a man's house whether lobster or cabbage is the more frequent dish at his table, would rather judge by the fragrance and warmth of his rooms how many flowers he buys and how much coal he burns. But the younger generation must be of another way of thinking, for if the garbage can were to them the offense it is to me, they

would have invented long ago means of getting rid of it. In my London flat, if mine were not promptly emptied and promptly returned, up four flights of stairs to my scullery, by ten o'clock in the morning, somebody as promptly wanted to know why, and surely we are not such centuries behind the English as not to have found out how to do what they manage without trouble. Nor can I believe that custom, marvelous as are the miracles it works, has turned the garbage can into a thing of beauty in young America's eyes, or that chance, for all its usual perversity, should have hit upon it as the sort of symbol tea was to our ancestors—the breaking point in our endurance of oppression. Still meek as lambs, we accepted the Eighteenth Amendment; but interfere with our garbage, and then—!

However, the more I think about it, the less I find that anybody else does. Nobody is disturbed or pleased by the presence of the garbage can, because everybody is blind to it. And as nobody cares one way or the other, there it remains at everybody's door, a symbol, after all; not of national independence, however, but of the easy national indifference with which we fall into the easy national habit of slovenliness.

No one expects the great nation, any more than the great man, to be great all the time. But the great nation has not the great man's privilege of privacy for its slippered ease. It must wear its slippers—if it wears them at all—in public, no matter how down at the heels they are, or how out at the toes. That America, as a nation, has intervals of greatness it has not waited for me to discover—modesty is not our predominant fault; that it has also its intervals of rest and enjoys them in unspeakable untidiness, is as little of a state secret. In fact, to flaunt this untidiness in the public's face seems part of the enjoyment. Certainly, the Government is at pains to set the example at national headquarters. If it was at its greatest when it built for our President and our Legislators houses as beautiful in their dignity and simplicity as Democracy is reputed to be and never is, it has remained ever since at its most slovenly in the street that joins them together. It had the chance to make of Pennsylvania Avenue an American Champs-Élysées; it has made it instead a colossal national garbage can filled to overflowing with shanties,

odds and ends of Chinatown, cheap lunch counters, dilapidated hotels—all the refuse of the nation's capital. And, in these matters, the country flatters Washington excessively by excess of imitation. New York, feeling its responsibility as our biggest town, does so in the biggest way. Nowhere else is the contrast so sharp between America's achievements in moments of inspiration and America's neglect in moments of relaxation. A few years ago, necessity and architects contrived to transform it into a city of palaces—a glorified Genoa or Florence—and to group those palaces in unbelievable beauty just where they command the most unbelievably beautiful harbor in the world. Almost at once, necessity becoming less rigid and the city government discovering the zone law, sky scrapers with no palatial pretense were built, destroying scale and sky line, knocking the composition all to pieces. Fifth Avenue, as a street, is no less impressive than the Upper Bay as a harbor. But if its splendor is unrivalled, so also is the squalor of the near slums where our aliens multiply. Here and there, at some special corner of its vast length, architect and sculptor have worked together for an effect that the stateliest of the stately old towns of France or Spain or Italy could not disdain. But, nobody apparently caring, the most effective of these corners has been quickly overshadowed by a gigantic arrangement of brick bandboxes, with a gilded cock set up on top as if to crow in insolent derision.

Americans with eyes to see, when they come home to New York straight from Paris, will tell you that on landing it shocked them as hideous beyond endurance. But New York is not hideous. Paris is not without architectural calamities; only, as a genius for order is the greatest of the great gifts France has given to the world, even architectural calamities there are kept within restraint. The modern French architect may and does go astray in a building, but his mistakes are seldom allowed to destroy the design of the street or the town of which they are a part. He modifies where we, in our easy-going way, exaggerate the discord.

Whatever our object, whether beauty or utility, our greatness gives out before the end, too often at just the wrong moment; but used as we have become to discord in everything, we no longer mind it in anything. New York builds a subway which

is the admiration of engineers everywhere, and fills it with noise that threatens Blackwell's Island as the end of the journey. American trolley cars are models for the nations of the earth, and on the richest streets at home we let them grow filthier and filthier, day by day, until the most powerful hose and biggest scrubbing brush could not wash off the grime. And in both subway and trolley, we push and elbow and fight our way through masses of perspiring humanity, priding ourselves on our civilized system of transit and, in our complacent ignorance, pitying the poor foreigner for those cars marked "Horses Eight, Men Twenty-Four," of whose use we have not the most remote idea and have never troubled to ask.

Our parks are our glory, and their trees, transported at great cost, perish for want of the right care; their bushes and flowers planted with great pains are at the mercy of winter's skaters and summer's loafers for want of the right regulations. Our main roads have been improved almost incredibly since pre-motor days, even the old tumble-down fences making way in places for hedges of roses and honeysuckle, and at every turn we deface them with billboards, the curse of the country. We import fine cart horses from the north of France, and in our large cities they and their progeny do their work in a condition and with harness that would disgrace the sorriest hack of a backwoods town. Our money draws the most renowned singers in the world to the Metropolitan Opera House and, in our costliest clothes, we listen to them from boxes and stalls in urgent need of the upholsterer's attention. We are so generous with our Post Office that it earns a deficit, and yet its officials, in carrying a book so short a distance as from Brooklyn to Manhattan, will mangle the corners beyond repair. Our shops are models of arrangement, and the carelessly done up parcels they send out would fill the Paris or London shopkeeper with confusion.

But to the accumulation of examples there is no end. Politics alone would supply a chapter—a volume—a library— requiring an army of officials a lifetime to compile. In all that is important, as in all that is insignificant, the same bewildering contrast presents itself. Ask any American who has lived long out of his own country what strikes him most on his return, and,

if he is truthful, he will answer: The extraordinary luxury side by side with the more extraordinary down-at-the-heel shabbiness. We can build up but we cannot keep up; and national untidiness has come to seem as inevitable as national enterprise.

To criticize one's own country is, by the American who wears his patriotism upon his sleeve, held to be a crime; in his belief, I suppose, that the great thought of ourselves, if persevered in, will achieve greatness for us. But some wise men teach that only by the search for evil—the daily examination of conscience—can evil be got rid of and, as our greatness is reserved for rare intervals and our slovenliness is with us every day, their teaching is at least worth putting to the test. Certainly, if we go on much longer as we are going, there is no telling where we shall end. Already our eyes are so shut to the prevailing slovenliness that it is not creeping, but leaping by bounds into the essential things of life. Nations decay and perish; towns and all that is in them vanish. The most refreshing political fruits of today wither and rot over night. Art, and art alone, survives the passing generations and what they call their civilization, and upon art the national untidiness is intruding—not only art in the usual more limited sense, but art in the broader definition that includes spoken and written language as well as painting, sculpture and engraving, architecture and music.

Our greatness in all these branches of art, if measured by our means to attain it, would be prodigious. How fantastically unreal the number and wealth of our schools, colleges and universities would have seemed to students of those earlier ages when education was for the few, and the few had to work hard to get it! But how amazing the puny mouse that is all the marvelous mountain of education has so far been delivered of! And how incomprehensible the new methods—mental discipline, once the chief end of education, subordinated to marks, examinations, diplomas; children playing their way into their studies and directing the play themselves; grammar a back number and parsing as extinct as we fancied the plesiosaurus until yesterday; subjects that require effort to master comfortably dropped; thought a superfluous accomplishment; the most pleased-with-themselves scholars fast drifting from the old foundations and throwing

overboard the old standards as they go! We can see for ourselves the results of our intellectual slovenliness everywhere. Students may crowd the lecture hall; they may fill an astounding assortment of examination papers; they may come out of school or college or university laden with laurels; but they cannot speak or write decent English. Their language is the language of the comics. In voices they have never been taught to control or modulate; they "gotta go" and they are "gonna do it," and they sprinkle their talk with such gems as "watcha" and "gotcha" and similar vulgarisms, barren even of the humor or vigor that makes real slang amusing and sometimes eloquent. As they talk so they write, their respect for the written no deeper than for the spoken word—anything to save time and trouble—*thru* for *through*, *program* relieved of the extra *me*, *cigaret* of the *te*, *catalog* of the *ue*, *humour* without a *u*, *labour* as ill-used; innumerable other desecrations as horrible—almost everywhere space-and-time-saving abbreviations, until it looks as if presently books and papers will be printed in shorthand. Where there is no feeling for the beauty of language there can be none for the beauty of literature. We have Professors of English by the legion, and how many writers or critics of distinction, how many readers of discernment or appreciation? If the critic, the leader, fights shy of work done the day before yesterday, if he rejoices in his escape from the leading-strings of Greek and Latin, if he differentiates between the English language and the American, if he boasts of emancipation from the traditions that are the heirloom of modern literature, can we wonder at the quality of the "best sellers" and the cheap magazines on our bookstalls—at the demoralizing amount of second-rate work, applauded in second-rate reviews, devoured by a second-rate public—at the demoralizing mess of stuff that fills America's literary garbage can to repletion?

The case of the art of the sculptor, the engraver, the painter, the architect, is, if possible, worse. Probably the people of no other country spend so much on art, talk so much about art. The American dollar is capturing the treasures that Europe cannot afford to keep. The American museums are becoming what European museums were before the war made Europe

unsafe for anything that can be turned into money. American towns, no matter how large or small, build spacious galleries—sham classic temples now scattered over the land. American art schools are no less numerous, and rich endowments, oftener than not, are theirs for the asking. American students are almost as countless as the sands on the shore, and scholarships almost many enough to go the rounds. Art is a fashionable toy, an instrument of reform, an aid to the uplifter of humanity. And what comes of it all? When our museums have captured the world's masterpieces, how do the people profit by them? What technical training, what practical preparation, do the schools supply for the students? And what do the students see in the schools save a factory to "produce" get-rich-quick artists as fast as possible, to point the way into the short cuts to success, to teach the trick of evading the labor without which great art never yet was and never can be? We have done and occasionally still do great things in art as in literature. In architecture we have triumphed. But I am speaking of the rule, not the exception, and what the rule is can be gathered from the present tendency of artists to take to the "isms"—to the short cuts as readily as ducks take to water; from the eagerness of the public for the sensational or the slipshod in painting, and the willingness of too many painters to play down to the preference; from the indifference to sculpture, except when women can see in it an insult to their sex or the reporter a good "story"; from the popularity of illustrated magazines that are the despair of illustrators, wood engravers and printers, who remember a not distant past when the illustrated American magazine was a work of art; from the tendency of architects to rest in commonplace after their triumph. Artists are left who love art too well to dishonor it; but what do their achievements mean to the public, whose eyes have ceased to be offended by the garbage of art?

Music fares as ill, and every sensitive ear must shrink from the proofs. It has become no less fashionable than politics and philanthropy, more fashionable than art. Music schools and music teachers are as plentiful as art schools and art teachers, and the students they attract and scholarships they offer as numerous. The weekly, the daily, concert brings a horde of wealthy sub-

scribers to the front door, a queue of impecunious amateurs to the cheap entrance around the corner. Not to go regularly to the opera is to write one's self down an outsider. The favorite singers, in the size of their incomes, rival the "movie" stars. There is no polite eating without music, no polite receiving without music, no polite summer holiday-making without music. And with innumerable chances to hear good music, what is the music the people really love—the music to which they would sacrifice all the grand operas and symphony orchestras that ever were, had they but the courage? If the choice lay between Wagner or Debussy and Jazz, between the playing of Heifetz or Rachmaninoff and canned music, can there be any doubt of their decision, save for the shame of it? Put a mechanical piano or a talking machine on the stage, make it the fashion, and see if the same horde, the same queue, would not besiege the doors of Carnegie Hall and the Metropolitan! The ear has been debauched by machine-made music. Music-making machines are amazing as machines, but what they produce is the machine-made, not art, and the people do not discriminate between them. They welcome every latest mechanical substitute for music, as they welcome the latest "isms" of untrained artists, the latest camera-made drama of the picture theatre, the latest journalese of the writer who has thrown tradition to the winds. It is so much easier for the easy-going not to rise to the intellectual or emotional demands of art.

The large majority, since education has been theirs, have always been the easy-going in these matters. There is nothing new in their attitude, but there is ever-increasing danger. The citizen who takes the garbage can at his front door for granted might end by overlooking its presence in his parlor; so the man of learning or taste who grows accustomed to the majority's slovenliness in the important things of life, may finish by thinking it inevitable and have his own senses blunted in the process. But, as in the case of the garbage can at the front door, the more I think of the menace to art and all art means, the less I find that anybody else does. Slovenliness, I am assured by those to whom I have carried my uneasiness, is unavoidable in a Democracy. Respect for art is no more to be expected than tidiness in a land where the people rule; a disturbing doctrine to one

brought up to believe in Democracy as the origin and dispenser of all good. If the people make the laws, then the laws must give them what they want, and if slovenliness is what they want, then they want the wrong thing. Either they are qualified to rule and ought to know better, or they do not know better and therefore are not qualified to rule; a dilemma out of which I see no possible way. And my uneasiness grows when I consider how our rulers, the people, have allowed the country to be flooded with undesirable aliens who add their foreign methods of untidiness to our own and, as the citizens they quickly become, have the right to inflict them upon us. Customs that do no special harm in wind-swept villages on Italian hilltops, when imported into our crowded slums can do all the harm in the world. Customs that make the Russian-Jew quarter a horror everywhere in Southeastern Europe, are more likely than not to flourish furiously in the Ghettos now encouraged or condoned in the democratic American towns.

And we accept it all, as satisfied with our easy-goingness as the British with their muddling. Not until our country was in the clutches of the objectionable immigrant did we set a limit to immigration; we waited until the Eighteenth Amendment was part of the Constitution to protest against Prohibition; and so, no doubt, art will have been submerged in slovenliness before we wake up to the truth that life without art is not life at all—indeed, that life itself should be an art. The very suggestion would startle or distress the progressive American who measures success in life by the big business he does. America is a commercial country, "the business man's country, not the artist's," the business man informs us. "The artist lives in our midst by sufferance, not by right." If this is what we Americans honestly believe, may God help us, for it is too late to help ourselves! Why, even the "heathen Chinee" we despise knows better. If he declines our offer of a share in our commercial darkness, it is because, as he has courteously reminded us, he understands how dearly bought is progress when it leaves a nation neither time nor inclination to cultivate the art of living.

ELIZABETH ROBINS PENNELL.

THE BIG DRAFT

BY MARGARET PRESCOTT MONTAGUE

I SUPPOSE I must begin by explaining what a Draft used in this sense signifies. I have had occasion before this to attempt its definition, and in the effort have applied to dwellers in The Big Draft to assist me, but without much success. With us a draft is a draft, "An' ef you don't natch'ly know what that is, why then, dog-gone it! It's mighty hard to say *what* it is!" But for those who don't "natch'ly know", I may say that a draft is not quite a valley, nor is it exactly a gap. Perhaps it is a mongrel bred of the two, fathered by a gap and mothered by a valley, and is possibly what they speak of in the Tennessee mountains as a "cove". I am aware that this definition smacks somewhat of the Biblical one, "Now an omer is the tenth part of an ephah," which is helpful no doubt if you happen to know how much an ephah is, but if you do not is as cryptic as "How old is Ann?" Well, for those who do not understand the fine points of distinction between valleys, hollows, drafts, coves, gaps and narrows, I will say that a draft looks so much like a valley that only the true mountaineer is aware of the difference. So the average reader may think of it as a valley, and not be far wrong.

We have in our vicinity many drafts, such as Morning Draft, Monroe Draft, and Tuckahoe; but it is with The Big Draft that I am especially concerned. Truth, however, compels me at this point to confess that though I now hail from The Big Draft, I first saw the light in Tuckahoe Draft, and though I moved from there at the early age of one year, nevertheless it was cast in my face in my youth that I was born "up Tuckahoe". The Big Drafters hold the dwellers in other sections in derision, and especially they sing—

Go for to milk, an' milk it in a gourd,
Set it on er bench, an' cover it with a board—
That's the way they do
In the Tuckahoe crew!

I have a dim recollection of having met this snatch in print somewhere, applied to some other locality; so, though I am familiar with it here, it is probable that it is not entirely original with us, but is a classic bit of criticism, employed in other places. Perhaps indeed, the Athenians sung it of the Spartans; but if so, I do not doubt that the Spartans retorted with a "come back" of their own.

The Big Draft lies in the Alleghanies west of the Blue Ridge, and as in New England they treasure spinning wheels and the like that "came over in the *Mayflower*", so we in our county point with pride and say, "That's the first clock that ever came across the Blue Ridge," or "This was the first silver spoon to come across the Blue Ridge." One inevitably visualizes the first clock and silver spoon, hand in hand, adventuring forth across the Blue Ridge, all unattended by human escort. The thought makes a unique and alluring picture, more unusual than Washington Crossing the Delaware, and one abandons it regretfully to realize that as the spinning wheels did not navigate the *Mayflower* all alone, so the clock and silver spoon were accompanied by ancestors of the present generation. I may remark in passing that the spoon in question is marked with a large S, it having been a wedding present to a dead and gone bride named Charlotte, the engraver of that period being under the impression that Charlotte began with an S. I am tempted to believe that this amiable mistake must have been perpetrated by an ancestor of my own. Certainly from some source I have inherited an unusual mode of spelling. It is only comparatively lately that I have given up spelling polite, "polight". I still think it is a more dignified and courteous looking word, more expressive of its best self, spelled according to my way, than it is in its more common or garden usage. However I bow to the autocratic habits and customs of the dictionary, and return to the habits and customs of The Big Draft, with which indeed I am more at ease.

With clocks and silver spoons, and ancestors, the tide of emigration flowed westward over the Blue Ridge and filled the valleys and drafts, and even surged up to the tops of the mountains. Most of the early emigrants were of the sturdy Scotch-Irish

variety, who had hand to hand encounters with Indians, bears, and wolves. The Indians went early. There are no living inhabitants of The Big Draft who remember them. But the wolves and bears belong to a past still fresh. "Yes," says one friend of mine, a woman not yet sixty years of age of good mountain stock, "in the old days most any night on the mountain you'd be waked by the pigs squealing 'cause the bears was after 'em. An' wolves, too—you could hear 'em howling all round. If they got too close, my old Dad 'ud go out an' blow his hunting horn, an' that always drove 'em away. The next time you heard 'em holler it would be 'way off on a far ridge. That's the reason, I reckon, they's all gone now—they can't stand the sound of the whistles on the trains an' in the lumber camps."

There came on the heels of these first settlers another wave of emigration, made up of people whose forbears had been the early settlers of Virginia. These brought into the mountains the tradition of "Old Virginia"; so much so that one small boy, descendant of this stock, when asked in his Sunday-school lesson where Joseph took Mary and the Young Child when he fled from Herod, answered faithfully, "Back to Old Virginia."

But the Blue Ridge was not all. The Alleghanies were the next barriers confronting the westward tide of humanity. But it flowed across them too. One of the little stations on the railroad east of us is called "Backbone", because when they got the tracks laid as far as that the engineer in charge said, "Now, the backbone of the Alleghanies is broken."

So the pioneers crossed the Blue Ridge, and broke the backbone of the Alleghanies, for when humanity has definitely made up its mind to accomplish anything, nothing can stop it. And, as the negro preacher says, "Right here, brederen an' sisteren, I takes my text"; and in illustration of this truth I would point to our celestial visitor, which alighted suddenly among us to show The Big Draft a new form of conquest.

It came to us, this great battleplane, on the wings of a thunder storm; gray rain and swirling clouds late in the afternoon making it dangerous for it to cross the next range of mountains, and so bringing it to rest in The Big Meadow, right in the heart of The Big Draft. There it lay, this monstrous creature of man's

invention, on the green grass of the meadow for our amazed eyes to gaze upon. Even as I write the words, the picture of it flashes back upon me, rejoicing the "inner eye" with a thrill of delight, and I wish that my pale description might make the reader feel something of the excitement that the advent of this battleplane brought to us of The Big Draft. Some of us had never even seen an airplane before, and those of us who had, had seen them passing remotely overhead, in the strange places of the sky, which, although it has roofed us all our lives, is still an unknown country to us; or else we had seen them at aviation fields very far from The Big Draft. To have one—and it so huge a battleplane—swoop suddenly to rest there in that familiar meadow, surrounded by mountains we knew so well, brought the astonishing things of life into our midst, and laid the miraculous there at our very doors, making us amazingly aware of what human nature is capable. A little distance away winked the pond where wild ducks and geese sometimes alight on their way north; up the hollows and along the tops of the mountains are log cabins, from which looms and spinning wheels have only lately disappeared, none of which things prepare the mind for flying machines. But unless the amazing in the familiar pricks your fancy, you cannot understand what the advent of this celestial visitor meant to us, nor how it opened our eyes and our imagination.

The Draft stopped all its usual activities, and declared a holiday. If you wished to see any of your neighbors, you called upon them in The Big Meadow, and there you found them gazing upon the airplane. Mothers and babies came; grandparents with strings of small descendants; lovers, and young married couples; and little boys. Oh, yes! little boys were everywhere! Young men and maidens, old men and matrons, they were all there; the matrons casting anxious glances back toward home and household duties. And well I know that for many a day to come the bitterest complaint voiced by those who feel that Fate always singles them out for affliction, will be, "I didn't even git to go to the flying machine when hit was here!" Not to "git to go" is one of the tragedies of The Draft. All who came laughed. It was a laughing crowd. I think the strange and unusual nearly always provokes us to mirth.

The first morning after its arrival saw us all assembled. We sat upon the grass before it, waiting to see it fly. While we waited we gossiped, and heard "the news from nowhere"—for the sky is almost nowhere to the average person—and learned the history of our surprising visitor, how it had been on its way to the coal fields west of us, and how the thunder storm had forced it to alight. We were all there in time to see it toss off its morning coffee, which consisted of a hundred and twenty gallons of gasoline, partaken of in two huge gulps of sixty gallons each. This sustenance, sent up from the village, was borne by an arrogant truck, which snorted and galumphed over the uneven meadow, as who should say, "Make way, ambrosia for the gods!" while all the little flivvers backed humbly out of its path, watching with blank and doubtful eyes the disappearance of so much gasoline, and no doubt "'If this should stay to tea,' they said, 'there won't be much for us!'"

Fortified by the gasoline, the battleplane started all its engines, the whirr and stutter of which roared across the valley from ridge to ridge, while we stood back with stopped ears and caught breath, and waited to see it rise. Talk—or rather shout—went round that it had to attain a speed of a hundred miles an hour before it could leave the ground. Could it do it? Was there room for it to rise? Big as the Big Meadow seems to us mountain folk, where for the most part the fields look hardly larger than tablecloths spread upon the hillsides to dry, it was crampingly small for this great visitor's take-off. There lay a stretch of grass before it, and then there came a patch of corn ripening gently to its harvest. There was also a plump haystack in the way. Already upon its landing the flying machine had chewed up much corn. Had it acquired a taste for roasting ears, and would it take another mouthful as it went? And was the haystack safe? One could not but feel that the neighbor whose corn had suffered was playing in unusually bad luck. Nobody else's corn had been so much as touched all summer by flying machines! If this hitherto unheard-of disaster to crops is to become common, what amazing and monstrous scarecrows we shall have to devise for our protection!

The engines roared and roared. Little boys played about in

the blast of wind from the propellers, and grown people were massaged from head to foot by the shudder of them. We watched the corn, we looked upon the haystack, we waited. Then slowly the roaring died, the great propellers whirled to repose, and word was passed about, "Engine trouble—they'll not git off to-day." With that The Draft went home to take up work fitfully, but with ears pricked for the sound of engines in the Big Meadow.

The engine trouble, that complaint so essentially modern, persisted for days, and a smaller machine was sent to the aid of our great monster. This was a gay little ladybird of an airplane that came down in the Meadow, and frisked across the grass with a lightness and vivacity that exhilarated the heart, and which appeared to be epitomized in one of its crew. He was blond, and care-free and mirthful. He sat in his machine above our heads, and laughed down into our respectful faces. He was friendly and young; the blue sky was over him, and the green grass all about; he exuded health and well-being, and a certain mirth which he did not seem able to communicate to us terrestrials. After that for several days the ladybird came and went on errands of mercy for its big disabled companion. The way in which it ate up space astounded us, provoking us to amazed laughter. "Why," we said, "it'll fly fifty miles just to fetch a monkey wrench!"

But its ministrations were not immediately successful, and our celestial visitors lingered there in the Big Meadow from day to day, affording me time to think back into the past, and remember my first introduction to flying machines. That was long ago, when I was of so tender an age that our delightful old rector, the first person with whom I ever associated flying, never talked to me about it but down on all fours played bear with my small brother and myself. That was in the old days when The Draft was so remote that during the winter we had church only when there was a fifth Sunday in a month. Now fifth Sundays are so rare that a collector of days would be interested in them as specimens, and because of their rarity, when I was small, church-going was not a bore but an event. On fifth Sundays our old rector came from twenty miles away to preach in the little log

schoolhouse of The Draft, to play bear with us children, and to discuss the Order of Melchizedek and flying machines with the grown-ups. All would be quiet in our little sitting room, when suddenly the rector would leap up, and jumping on the seat of a low chair, would take a visiting card, and knocking it off a book watch it plane slowly to the floor. In the sight he saw marvelous things, for he had invented a flying machine—a flying machine that flew! Long before the Wrights were in the air, our old rector had flown. Unfortunately, however, he flew with clipped wings, his wife having forbidden him to experiment with his invention anywhere save in the cellar. Now for a flying machine that is going to fly, a cellar is about the worst place in the world for its initial flight! Imagine the cruelty of fate that hatched such a denizen of cloud and space in such quarters! It flew, indeed, but it hit the ceiling with prompt and disastrous results both to itself and to its inventor. But it had flown and flying was coming—was indeed already on the way. So even in my childhood I had heard the fluttering of wings; and now here was this great battleplane to testify to our old rector's wisdom, and to the tremendous fact that when human nature once makes up its mind to accomplish a thing, *nothing* can stop it. To attain its end it will rive "the rocks, and swim the sea," cross the Blue Ridge, and break the backbone of the Alleghanies.

The little ladybird machine continued to come and go on behalf of the battleplane, making all our necks feel the severe strain of sky gazing. I suppose in ten thousand years Nature may adjust the human muscles to an upward glance, but in the mean time we of the present must suffer many a stiff neck. It was a relief when the small machine was on the grass. Yet there is something about flying machines alighting, and taxi-ing across the ground, that always gives me, for one, a queer shivery feeling, a thrill of hysteria, of revulsion, of wild mirth, and—and—well, just of *queerness!* Can it be that long ago ancestors of my own were clawed by flying dragons? I do not know. I only know that when I think of dragons, half flying, half wriggling dreadfully across the grass, and see an airplane thus intimately on the ground, I seem to touch a dim rudimentary instinct that responds with a grotesque revulsion.

But at last the great day came, the battleplane flew, and all the inhabitants of The Big Draft were there to see it. Oh, trust us for that! Hadn't we almost taken our little porringers and eaten our suppers with it daily in fear that it might get off without us? The babies, the lovers, the grandparents, the young couples, the small boys, were there—we were all there!

Willing helpers pushed it up to the furthest corner of the Meadow, and a chain of men tugging at the propellers cranked it successfully. It roared gloriously, no engine trouble now! The pilot put on his coat and mounted to his nest; one daring little boy, to show off before the girls, took a last run in front of it, and as he did so the engines changed from a muffled roar to a full blast of sound, and that little boy thought his last hour had come! We looked upon the haystack, we prayed for the cornfield. The battleplane moved, it started, it began to run across the Meadow, faster and faster; oh, very fast indeed! All at once it had left the ground, and was in the air! For an instant its gray spread wings were outlined against Greenbrier Mountain; the next it was in the sky, safe in its element, high over our heads, beautiful and remote—in the catch of a breath gone from the known into the unknown, out of our world forever.

As for me, I shall be dead and in my grave when I cease to respond with an ecstasy of delight to that instant when a flying machine leaves the ground for the air. Not when it is in the sky, not when it is on the ground, but just at that fleeting moment of ascension, hardly glimpsed before it is gone—that is the miracle, the ecstasy! When I saw that great battleplane rise against Greenbrier Mountain, in all that familiar scenery, something clutched me by the throat, tears leaped in my eyes, a door within opened, and I said, "There is nothing the human mind cannot accomplish if it thinks over it hard enough and long enough!"

Perhaps I had known this before, but I never knew it so hard or so certainly as I did in the fleeting instant that that great airship sailed out of the Big Meadow. Here it was in all our well-known surroundings one moment, the next triumphantly gone into space. It was the amazing in the familiar that burst open the door, and filled me with astonishment over humanity's incredible resignation. We do not have to stand anything if we

do not choose to. Individuals may have to, certainly; for often it requires more than one generation to work out salvation. But the race working collectively through the years can have what it wants, can set itself free of any evil, can conquer the sea, the earth, and the air. Certainly we of The Big Draft ought to know this with the history of our conquering pioneer days still so fresh in the mind, with the Blue Ridge crossed, the backbone of the Alleghanies broken, and now the mastery of the air demonstrated for us here in our Big Meadow. If humanity makes up its mind to have anything, nothing can be denied to it. Why then should we sit down tamely under any affliction? What have all the lazy people of the past been about that we should still have to suffer such evils as famines, wars, pestilence, insanity, blindness, and cancer? And how hard are we of the present—also lazy people—caring to deliver the next generation from these agonies? Not very hard, certainly, or we should be free of them. With such God-given capacities as we possess, it is only our amazing and supine indifference that keeps us where we are.

But how curious is the human mind! Why do certain generations care for certain things? Why, for instance, does the average man of the present take a more burning interest in automobiles than he does in a cure for cancer? Why does this generation care so passionately to annihilate space? I do not know. I only know that we do, and in consequence we whiz with incredible speed from place to place, for what we want we get. And now we fly. What spirit went abroad to prod us up into the sky? To trouble humanity so at this time that the earth could no longer satisfy us, but we must adventure into the clouds as well? A spirit so ardent that even our old rector caught the contagion, and flew, albeit only in a cellar; and now airplanes come down in the Big Meadow where heretofore only the wild geese and ducks alighted. For once the past and present met vividly before our eyes and showed us what humanity can do with the "arrows of desire", pointing us to the way of conquest:

> Bring me my bow of burning gold,
> Bring me my arrow of desire;
> Bring me my spear; O clouds unfold!
> Bring me my chariot of fire!

Well—the little ladybird machine ran skippingly across the grass and jumped into the air, and presently was up there with the battleplane, circling high over our heads. For a few minutes they tarried, and then they turned, and swam swiftly away to the south, away from The Big Draft, over our familiar hills, over Kate's Mountain and White Rock, away and away, until the distant sky swallowed them from view, and they were gone out of our horizon and knowledge forever.

And we of The Big Draft took our eyes down from the heavens, we rubbed our weary necks, and we said, "Well now, *ain't* that a sight!" And then we went home to pick up once more our everyday affairs. But for a space we had associated with the gods, we had entertained a celestial visitor, we had extended our vision, and had caught a glimpse of the conquering power of the mind of man.

MARGARET PRESCOTT MONTAGUE.

THE FOUNDING OF MAIN STREET—II

BY STANLEY T. WILLIAMS

THE LETTERS OF CHARLES DICKENS

A DECADE after sharp-tongued Mrs. Trollope left America, "Schnüspel, the distinguished novelist," to echo Carlyle's ironic phrase in *Past and Present*, was here. Rather, "Boz" was here. He arrived on January 22, 1842, and remained until June 7 of the same year. It would be idle to contrast his point of view, his opportunities in America, or the circumstances which surrounded him, to the conditions attending Mrs. Trollope's visit. No two literary apparitions could have come more differently than did these two: Mrs. Trollope unregarded, Dickens the darling of the nation during every instant of his stay; Mrs. Trollope thrown on our worst, Dickens fêted by our best; Dickens introduced formally to every phase of our social system, Mrs. Trollope encountering, wherever chance travels led her, the ugliest aspects of this system. Yet who will say, for our comfort, that Dickens's six months here, in practically the same America, furnished a better opportunity for knowing us than the three and a half years of Mrs. Trollope? Or, if so, that Dickens's verdict was essentially more favorable? Which is more flattering, *The Domestic Manners of the Americans* or *American Notes*?

The notion of going to America had long been in Dickens's mind; Forster alludes several times to the prospective journey. I am cynically inclined to believe that the real motive of the pilgrimage is revealed in the fourteenth chapter of *The Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club*, where Tony Weller remarks to Sam: "Have a passage taken ready for 'Merrika . . . and then let him come back and write a book about the 'Merrikans as'll pay all his expenses and more, if he blows 'em up enough."

Dickens's itinerary, beginning at Boston, included Worcester, Springfield, Hartford, New York, and "a place called New Haven". He then visited Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Richmond, Harrisburg, and various western cities, among them Louisville, St. Louis, and Cairo, Illinois. Certainly, during this tour, Dickens needed a slave in his chariot to remind him that he was mortal. Levees were held in every city. As he sat at breakfast, a sculptor made a bust of him. Never before or afterwards did an English man of letters have such a reception as Dickens. "A triumph," Mr. Ticknor wrote, "has been prepared for him, in which the whole country will join. He will have a progress through the States unequalled since Lafayette's."

In the light of later acrimony, the letters which describe the mutual good-will of America and Dickens are pleasant. Dickens was moved by the universal kindness. In one of his first letters from America he writes:

> How can I tell you what has happened since that first day? How can I give you the faintest notion of my reception here; of the crowds that pour in and out the whole day; of the people that line the streets when I go out; of the cheering when I went to the theatre; of the copies of verses, letters of congratulation, welcomes of all kinds, balls, dinners, assemblies without end? . . . I have had deputations from the Far West, who have come from more than two thousand miles' distance: from the lakes, the rivers, the backwoods, the log houses, the cities, factories, villages, and towns. Authorities from nearly all the States have written to me. I have heard from the universities, Congress, Senate, and bodies, public and private, of every sort and kind.
>
> "It is no nonsense, and no common feeling," wrote Dr. Channing to me yesterday. "It is all heart. There never was, and never will be such a triumph."

This sweetness was to change to gall. A time was to come when Dickens would exclaim: "I *am* disappointed. This is not the republic I came to see. This is not the republic of my imagination." No guest is so welcome, supposedly, as he who comes to be pleased with his hosts. It was generally believed, and rightly, that "Boz" thought of America as a place where equality and freedom were strongly rooted; where oppression hardly existed. Little Nell would have lived happily in the United States, and Fagin would have been tarred and feathered. As one patriot put it, Dickens had now come to the land of his dreams. Dickens

was a sentimentalist, and the letters show that he did feel something like this. It is, then, unpleasant disillusionment to see how the tone of the letters changes. His serious attacks upon our institutions Dickens reserved for *American Notes*. But his letters to friends in England contain plenty of sneers at our blessed democracy.

These are the more frequent because Dickens went out of his way to get beneath the surface of American life. He was always escaping his bland guides and losing himself in some prison. The professors—"noble fellows", he christened them—who piloted him through literary America often found him more interested in murder cases. He studied the slums of New York, and in the South he talked to poor whites about slavery. Perhaps it was not strange that he came to the conclusion that America was all "swagger and bombast", and that the great democracy was nothing, after all, but "a puddle of mixed human mud".

But a real picture of America through this Victorian's eyes may be had from Dickens's letters dealing with our manners. We know from a thousand records what has been the development of our institutions since 1825. The history of our culture, our manners, our ways of life, is subtler, more elusive. The remark of the British colonel during the war to an American officer is suggestive: "We thought the Australians crude till we met you." It throws a certain perspective over the whole question of our culture; it ought to make us wonder about the origins of our crudeness; about the beginnings of Main Street. What Mrs. Trollope had noticed, Dickens also saw ten years later. In Dickens's letters the story of our culture becomes more vivid, and helps us to understand ourselves better to-day. They give us vignettes of American parties, table-manners, diction, and even of Harvard students.

These last, together with "the young men of Boston", gave "Boz" his first American party, a Brobdingnagian dinner of seventy covers, commencing with a brass band and a blessing at once solemn and appropriate, and ending with a blast of speech-making. On the dinner committee were James Russell Lowell, Samuel Parkman, Jr., Oliver Wendell Holmes, and Josiah Quincy, President of Harvard University. Here Dickens met

for the first time the professors who were such "good fellows", and here he formed a lasting friendship with Felton, "the heartiest of all Greek professors." Boston had "Boz" in his happiest mood. He was still illusioned about America; yet unstunned by the thousands of "bores" who were to become his chief recollection, socially, of America.

With the departure from Boston for Worcester, Springfield, Hartford, and "a place called New Haven", began the observations on American travel, American hotels, American expectoration, which were in the main excluded from *American Notes*, and which make the vital interest of the letters. After two hours and a half by boat from Springfield to Hartford—"queer traveling," Dickens avers—he undertook a bold venture—the train journey to New Haven. This was completed speedily in three hours, and Dickens was again in university life. But alas for Yale! Whereas the young men of Harvard University had yearned as one man to sit under the novelist as a teacher, these others, more carnal, craved no intellectual manna. Instead, they sang to him—yes, sang to him, under his window at bedtime. And unsuccessfully. The Yale students, declared the *Atlantic Monthly*, in the dear, familiar phrase, "were there in force". Dickens's amazement at this custom was not wholly pleasurable. "And when," he says sadly, "at last we got to bed and were 'going' to fall asleep, choristers of the college turned out in a body, under the window, and serenaded us! We had had, by-the-by, another serenade at Hartford, from a Mr. Adams (a nephew of John Quincy Adams) and a German friend. *They*," says this cutting novelist, "were most beautiful singers."

From now on the privacy of Dickens vanished. His despair is comic. He says:

> I can do nothing that I want to do, go nowhere where I want to go, and see nothing that I want to see. If I turn into the street, I am followed by a multitude. If I stay at home, the house becomes, with callers, like a fair. If I visit a public institution, with only one friend, the directors come down incontinently, waylay me in the yard, and address me in a long speech. I go to a party in the evening, and am so inclosed and hemmed about by people, stand where I will, that I am exhausted for want of air. I dine out, and have to talk about everything, to everybody. I go to church for quiet, and there is a violent rush to the neighborhood of the pew I sit in, and the clergyman

preaches *at* me. I take my seat in a railroad car, and the conductor won't let me alone. I get out at a station and can't drink a glass of water without having a hundred people looking down my throat when I open my mouth to swallow. . . . I cannot go down Broadway for my own portrait.

Such vulgarities became accumulative. Things got worse. He saw Main Street in the making. He was stifled by American newspapers, American vanity, and the American language. He adds:

The public prints report that I am a very charming fellow (of course), and have a very free and easy way with me; "which," say they, "at first amused a few fashionables"; but soon pleased them exceedingly. Another paper, coming after the ball, dwells upon its splendor and brilliancy, hugs itself and its readers upon all that Dickens saw, and winds up by gravely expressing its conviction that Dickens was never in such society in England as he has seen in New York, and that its high and striking tone cannot fail to make an indelible impression upon his mind. For the same reason I am always represented, whenever I appear in public, as being "very pale"; "apparently thunderstruck"; and utterly confounded by all that I see. . . . You recognize the queer vanity which is at the root of all this?

Dickens ridicules in the letter no peccadillo of the Americans more than the language. Like Mrs. Trollope, the words "fix", "fixing", and "fixin'" have a secret fascination for him. And sometimes he likes to lapse into the vernacular of the States. In describing the struggle of a steamship in a heavy sea, he suddenly says:

Add to all this . . . that she has no boats . . . and you may have a pretty con-sid-erable damned good sort of a feeble notion that it don't fit nohow; and that it a'n't calculated to make you smart, overmuch; and that you don't feel 'special bright; and by no means first-rate; and not at all tonguey (or disposed for conversation); and that however rowdy you may be by natur, it does use you up com-plete, and that's a fact; and makes you quake considerable, and disposed toe damn the ĕngĭne!—All of which phrases, I beg to add, are pure Americanisms of the first water.

As Dickens met choice individuals of the new country, his dismay at foibles of manners and language deepened into consternation. The man who had steeped himself in the slums of London threw up his hands before the city of Cincinnati, the city, it will be recalled, which Mrs. Trollope had celebrated. But unlike Mrs. Trollope, Dickens found no compensation in the

natural scenery of the West. The widely-famed Far West, he writes, "is not to be compared with even the tamest portions of Scotland or Wales."

The brave battle of American civilization in the West was lost on Charles Dickens. What he noticed in this work was the number of "bores" who were carrying it on, and he says nothing of the Mississippi compared to his denunciations of that national art which so tormented Mrs. Trollope.

I spare the reader another picture of hog-ridden Cincinnati, the Queen City of Ohio. Here the "bores", of another kind, were very thick indeed. In fact it was here that Dickens met "*the* most horrible bore in this country". "And," he adds, "I am quite serious when I say that I do not believe there are, on the whole earth besides, so many intensified bores as in these United States. No man can form an adequate idea of the real meaning of the word, without coming here." In Cincinnati the bores had not only quality; they were in quantity, hordes of them. At a dinner party Dickens met, so he writes, "one hundred and fifty first-rate bores, separately and singly." Even the youth of America afflicted him. On the roof of the coach from Harrisburg lay a small boy. "Sir," Dickens writes Forster, "when we stopped to water the horses, . . . this thing slowly upreared itself to the height of three-feet-eight, and, fixing its eyes on me with a mingled expression of complacency, patronage, national independence, and sympathy for all outer barbarians and foreigners, said, in shrill piping accents, 'Well, now, stranger, I guess you find this a'most like an English a'ternoon,—hey?' It is unnecessary to add that I thirsted for his blood."

Sometimes the bores had never heard of "Boz". In Baltimore the usual crowd gathered, but a market woman could not understand the cause of the excitement:

> Calling to a friend who was standing by, she loudly asked, "Say, John, what is it?" "Why," answered the man, looking over his shoulder, "they've got Boz here!" "Got Boz?" said she; "What's 'Boz'? What do you mean?" "Why," said the man, "it's Dickens. They've got him here!" "Well, what has he been doing?" said she. "He ain't been doing nothin'," answered the man; "he writes books." "Oh," said the woman indignantly, "Is that all? What they should make such a row about for, I should like to know?"

The second visit of Dickens to America—from November 19, 1867 to April 19, 1868—is more flattering to our sense of breeding and social position. Dickens liked us better. Boston is no longer "a black swamp". Some of our cities are as fine as Leeds and Birmingham. Why, there are handsome women in Baltimore! But we are still "press-ridden". The newspapers are as hard on the great Victorian novelist as they were on thirty-year-old "Boz". If, twenty years before, they had cooed over the young man's glossy, black curls, now they wrote broadsides on the lecturer's waistcoat, brilliant scarf, and heavy gold watch-chain. "Sometimes," writes Dickens, "I am described as being 'evidently nervous'; sometimes it is rather taken ill that 'Mr. Dickens is so extraordinarily composed.' My eyes are blue, red, gray, white, green, brown, black, hazel, violet, and rainbow-colored. I am like 'a well-to-do American gentleman', and the Emperor of the French, with an occasional touch of the Emperor of China, and a deterioration from the attributes of our famous townsman, Rufus W. B. D. Dodge Grumsher Pickville."

For Dickens is now a dramatic reader. He does the murder in *Oliver Twist* with indirect lighting, and reads of Tiny Tim till a young lady faints with the pathos of it all, and is carried out of the hall. And meanwhile the ideal of the English man of letters bids fair to be realized. Dickens sends shiploads of money to his English bankers. On the day before he leaves he sends word that he is making a clear profit of £1,300 each week, and is receiving, at the lowest, £430 each night. Who, under such solace, could be implacably angry with America? Certainly not an English man of letters. Moreover, there are old friends to meet, and Dolby, with his walking contest to Boston, is an excellent manager, and amusing. He gets through New Haven, Connecticut, Dickens notes with approval, without a row with the mayor. Utica is a frightful one-night stand, and Syracuse looks as if it had been "knocked together", but this time, although he reads to forty thousand New Yorkers, he keeps somehow his privacy. In the quiet of his room he has his first cocktail, a "Rocky Mountain sneezer", made of brandy, rum, and snow. American crudenesses on this second journey seem less horrible, and funnier. In St. Louis an old man submits a

paraphrase of the entire book of Job. He wants to read it aloud to Mr. Dickens and get his opinion of it. A letter comes from the South asking for an original epitaph for the tomb of an infant. Another Southern lady solicits an autograph copy of the lines by Mrs. Leo Hunter to an "expiring frog". But in these State competitions New Jersey bears the bell. A lady offers to submit a record of all the funny things which have happened in her family during the past one hundred years. Out of this material Dickens is to create a novel, and share the profits with the aforesaid lady. What could be more delightful? On the railroads the engineers artistically "bang" the cars together, breaking every suitcase possessed by the Dickens party; in New York there are disturbing fires every night and the independent American ushers strike, and spoil a lecture or two. But still—well, there are those checks. And one wonders whether "Boz" is not a little older and a little kinder than during the first visit.

At any rate he went home "brilliantly paid", as he phrased it, in spite of the competing interest of a presidential impeachment and some hostility because of *American Notes*. The newspapers still saluted him as "Charlie", and Main Street was not the Strand; but after all, there was improvement, and we were done with the hated institution of slavery. Dickens had—he himself would have admitted it—hopes for us.

STANLEY T. WILLIAMS.

AFFAIRS OF THE WORLD

BY WILLIS FLETCHER JOHNSON

ALTHOUGH declination was a foregone conclusion, it was worth while to have the United States invited to participate in the *réchauffage* of Genoa at The Hague, for the sake of the replies which were given. Mr. Hughes in his letter to Mr. Child again disclosed the workings of a mind approximating Huxley's ideal of "a clear, cold logic-engine" in his impregnable and convincing exposition of the reasons why it was impossible for Republican America to have fellowship with Soviet Russia; reasons affected neither by the jingling of the hoped-for guinea nor by the glib camouflage of Moscow. Gladstone said that King Bomba had "erected the negation of God into a system of government". With equal truth it may be said that the Bolshevist oligarchs have formed a system of government out of aggressive negation of civilization and of humanity itself. Such a Government America cannot recognize; with it she can have no dealings. It may be too much to hope that the infatuated despots at Moscow will realize that fact; but surely the civilized Powers of Western Europe must now do so. In bringing them to that state of mind the Secretary of State has performed for them a service of the highest order; from which France seems inclined to profit by aligning herself with America. As for the suggestion which some have made, that America might well go to The Hague because the Conference there is to be purely economic, and not political as was that at Genoa, it is quite empty and futile. It was announced in advance that the Genoa Conference was to be exclusively economic, just as positively as the same announcement is now made about its adjourned session at The Hague. If that rule could not be enforced at the one place, there is no assurance that it can be or will be at the other.

An admirable complement to Mr. Hughes's presentation of the political aspects of the case was provided by Mr. Hoover in his discussion of its economic aspects. His address before the Chamber of Commerce of the United States was solicitous and sympathetic, with a sincerity which nobody in Europe or America will question, and it was also inspiringly optimistic. He expressed a fine faith in the integrity and stability of civilization despite the delay of some nations in the work of rehabilitation after the war, and he gave adequate reason for that faith by pointing out the incontrovertible fact that all the lately combatant States on the Continent save only Russia have in the more than three years since the Armistice made very definite progress toward normal restoration. The mere fact that they can say, with Sieyés after the Reign of Terror, "We have lived!" is proof of the virility of their institutions. Mr. Hoover's mention of the fact that Russia alone has made no such progress is by implication a damning indictment of Sovietism, and a confirmation of Mr. Hughes's wisdom in declining to enter a Conference in which Soviet Russia participates; the economic incompatibility between that country and America being no less marked than the political and ethical. Finally, in his "five points" of rehabilitatory policy for Europe, the Secretary of Commerce displayed a constructive genius and rendered a constructive service at least commensurate with his criticisms.

The transfer of the Conference from Genoa to The Hague inevitably arouses suggestive and instructive memories of former international gatherings at that capital. The two great Peace Congresses, whose work is not to-day as dead as many seem to imagine, were due to the initiative of Russia, but it was not Soviet Russia. The chief obstructive force, which defeated some beneficent proposals and seriously impaired others, was Germany; and while it was not the Social-Democratic Germany of to-day, it was one little removed from it in spirit and purpose.

The decision of a United States court that the California alien land law does not conflict with the Constitution or with any treaty made thereunder is of great interest to other States than

the one for which it is directly made. The law forbids the owning of real estate by aliens who are not eligible to citizenship in the United States. It is, of course, aimed at the Japanese, and may prove effective for debarring them from realty holdings. There has never, we believe, been any question of the competence of a State to forbid land ownership to unnaturalized aliens. Various States have done this, and the United States Government has done so, too, in the Federal territories. The new California law discriminates against those aliens who are debarred from becoming citizens, and this, the court decides, is quite permissible. Of course it throws the onus of the whole controversy upon the Federal Government, which refuses naturalization to Asiatics — or at least to Chinese and Japanese. The grievance which the Japanese believe they suffer is, therefore, not that California will not let them acquire land, but that the United States will not let them become citizens. If the United States would admit them to citizenship, not California nor any other State could debar them from land-holding. We may soon have before us the interesting spectacle of aliens who are unnaturalized and who prefer to remain unnaturalized becoming the owners of real estate, while that privilege is denied to others who earnestly wish to become citizens but are not permitted by the Government to do so.

Mr. Elihu Root's condemnation of slanderers of nations should be taken to heart by all who have any regard for friendly international intercourse, and for the honor of their country. "More quarrels," he truly said, "have come from insults than injuries;" and that is doubtless true. Burke declared that he did not know the method of framing an indictment of a whole people; but there are unfortunately many who know and practice the method of slandering and insulting whole nations. Our journalism and oratory—even Congressional oratory—have for years been sullied with persistent propaganda against certain foreign nations, chiefly marked with gross untruth and with insult. It seems easy to "slang-whang" against other lands and their peoples, and is too often a means of acquiring or increasing political popularity. Obviously, it would be difficult to suppress or to punish all such brutalities, but it ought to be possible to discourage it and to

make it odious. *Punch* once portrayed two London navvies as discussing whether a stranger walking near them on the street was a "furriner", and finally deciding to "'eave a 'arf brick at 'im", on general principles. That is not a graceful nor an ethical nor yet a profitable attitude for one nation to assume toward another.

The Secretary of War declares that he is not, and that the President is not, in favor of granting immediate independence to the Philippines. That means that they are opposed to granting the demand of the Filipino mission to this country, which is for immediate and absolute independence. This decision of the Government is based, of course, upon the report of General Wood, which shows public affairs in the islands, and particularly economic and financial affairs, to be in a wretched muddle, almost if not fully threatening collapse. It will be time enough to discuss independence when the insular Government is restored to integrity and efficiency. Whenever it is discussed, moreover, it should and doubtless will be borne in mind that the cutting off of the islands from our national domain would be a performance at once unique, gratuitous, and potentially embarrassing. Since our acquisition of the Louisiana Territory we have made several additions to our domain, but never have we in any way alienated so much as a single acre of land. Where the flag has once been raised in token of sovereignty, it has never been hauled down. It would be a gratuitous act, because we placed ourselves under no obligation whatever to perform it—but on the contrary proclaimed to the world our purpose not to do it, but to hold the Philippines in perpetuity. It will not do to cite the case of Cuba as analogous. The two cases are not only unlike but are aggressively different from and opposed to each other. In the making of the Peace Treaty in 1898 Spain strove hard to get us to annex Cuba outright; but we refused. She strove even harder and longer to get us not to annex the Philippines; but we refused. So it was written in the treaty and proclaimed to the world that "Spain relinquishes all claim of sovereignty over and title to Cuba", and that "Spain cedes to the United States the Archipelago known as the Philippine Islands". Precisely as in the latter case it had long before been written and agreed that "The First

Consul of the French Republic doth hereby cede to the United States the said territory" (of Louisiana), that "His Catholic Majesty cedes to the United States all the territories known by the name of East and West Florida", and that "His Majesty the Emperor of All the Russias agrees to cede to the United States all the territory and dominion now possessed by his said Majesty on the continent of America". That is to say, we acquired the Philippines just as absolutely, unconditionally and permanently as we did Louisiana, Florida or Alaska. The world so understood it, as did our own citizens, and acted upon that supposedly assured basis. If now or at any time we should reverse the policy of our entire career, there would arise an interesting question of our moral responsibility to all who might be injuriously affected by such arbitrary repudiation of a formal treaty which they had taken as the basis of their dealings and enterprises.

Sir James Barrie's rectorial address at St. Andrews University was worthily reprinted in full in this country, and commanded current attention from the public scarcely less than that given to the latest unsolved murder mystery or salacious divorce suit. We shall not be surprised if it outlives in grateful memory any other item of news of the same week, or month. For gentle but compelling humor, for graceful but forcible English, and for high, brave, noble principles of life and conduct, it deserves rank among our best modern classics. One passage, which commentators with one accord found it comfortable not to exploit, deserves to be drummed into the ears of those who were at Genoa and will be at The Hague; though Sir James probably had no particular purpose of injecting it into current politics and diplomacy. "Another sure way to fame," he said, "is to know what you mean. It is a solemn thought that almost no one—if he is truly eminent —knows what he means. Look at the great ones of the earth, the politicians. We do not discuss what they say, but what they meant when they said it. In 1922 we are all wondering, and so are they, what they meant in 1914 and afterwards. They are publishing books trying to find out, the men of action as well as the men of words." That is quite true, and it is a truth that should sting more than one or two eminent men as a whip of scorpions.

American relations and interests are involved in the reëstablishment of the independent Kingdom of Egypt, because of the old system of extra-territorial jurisdiction. Before we became a participant that system had long been in effect. The Christian Powers of Europe refused to let their nationals be tried by the courts of Mohammedan or other non-Christian countries, and insisted that they should be subject only to the jurisdiction of their own consular courts. The United States first adopted that principle when Caleb Cushing, in President Tyler's time, negotiated a treaty with China. Of course it was also adopted in our treaty with Japan, but that Power soon began to chafe against it as putting upon Japan a brand of inferiority, and efforts were made to have it revoked. The United States was willing to abandon it, and negotiated a new treaty to that effect, to go into effect as soon as similar action should be taken by the Great Powers of Europe. As they did not take such action, the treaty was held in abeyance for some years. In the Chinese-Japanese war, however, Great Britain was moved to grant Japan's demand for treaty revision in that respect, and immediately our treaty was brought out of its pigeon hole and put into force. In Egypt the system of separate consular courts for each country was abandoned in favor of a general International Tribunal, with judges from the various interested nations. The United States took part in the creation of this court, and maintained an American member of it. But now the new Egyptian Government thinks that the International Tribunal should be abolished, and that all foreigners should be subject to the ordinary Egyptian courts. It cannot, of course be maintained that the change of status of the Egyptian Government cancels former obligations. The "capitulations" under which the tribunal was created are still valid. The new Government inherited them from the old. The real question is, whether the new Government is entitled to any more confidence and respect than its predecessor.

NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

WARFARE IN THE HUMAN BODY. By Morley Roberts. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

There is no reason why a technical book should not be interesting—this has been said again and again. It would be truer to say that nowadays every book that is profoundly interesting must be in some degree technical. There is nothing in the nature of things to prevent a novelist from writing a deeply suggestive work on biology. In fact, imagination—a faculty in which novelists are supposed to excel—is credited with most great advances in science, though it is not at a premium in the work of the present-day scientific specialist. To drop loose generalizations and come to the point: Mr. Morley Roberts, a novelist, has written a biological discourse that seems to promise new discoveries.

Whatever turn expert opinion may take in regard to this work, the lay reader, one believes, will generally welcome it with something akin to enthusiasm. If there be such a thing as the instinctive recognition of originality, as apart from irresponsible difference, one seems to find that precious quality here. Mr. Roberts's explanations really appear to explain, and they have in certain instances that paradoxical clearness which often seems to advise us that we are in the presence of a truth the simplicity of which has hitherto eluded us.

It is a point in Mr. Roberts's general conception of his subject that scientific research tends to an undue narrowness; the biologist, the physiologist, and the pathologist not only work in strictly separate fields, but tend to be somewhat hostile in their attitudes. Real advance, the author holds, is likely to be made when men in different lines of investigation are able to compare notes and to work on common hypotheses—and this seems merely reasonable. One remembers in this connection how Metchnikoff, a biologist interested in the study of the lowest forms of life, originated the theory of intracellular digestion, and one thinks of the opposition he encountered from the pathologists.

Mr. Roberts, however, in justification of his method goes much further than insistence on the value of comparing notes. As interesting as anything else in his book is his defense of *analogy* as a means of investigation. Science, he appears to suggest, is in some danger of becoming enslaved by its own laborious inductive system. Is it possible that Bacon's method is tending to develop into a new scholasticism? However this may be, it is certain that Mr. Roberts's reasoning gives one an unusual sense of freedom. "Universal laws," he pregnantly remarks, "are indeed universal." The inference is that if certain evolutionary principles hold good in the social organism, the results

attained in this latter field may actually throw light upon some obscure questions of biology. Why depend wholly upon the microscope when a *macroscopic* view is obtainable? If analogy is a weak reliance, its evidence can scarcely be more doubtful than that of the microscope in extreme cases.

All this is rather exciting; it really seems that new paths may be opened up by the use of the freer method of analysis which the author advocates. It must indeed be admitted that in some cases the analogies actually seem, if not far-fetched, at least to some extent dragged in; they do not invariably appear to be integral parts of the process of discovery—yet they are in every case suggestive.

However arrived at—and they could not have been reached except by a mind unattached either to a system or to a school—many of the conclusions are striking and seem likely to prove fertile. Especially remarkable is the whole chapter on "Repair in Evolution". At first blush, nothing would seem more improbable than that the conditions we call abnormal are the very causes of evolutionary progress, yet the proofs are very striking; and as one reads, one becomes more and more convinced that Mr. Roberts, with his singular independence of thought, is at least weaning us from a rather stupid prepossession. The *mere* "survival of the fittest" is an obviously insufficient explanation, and as one considers the matter one becomes increasingly aware of the nicety with which the function of repair fits into the whole scheme of things as *vera causa.* At last one is fully prepared to accept the strange statement that "physiology in the sense of perfected action is an ideal of living structure, and no sooner seen than lost, while a morbid or semi-morbid condition due to over-stress and the reactions of repair, is the true norm of evolution."

Underlying this idea and all else in the book is the conception of life as the result of a "hostile symbiosis". The component parts of an organism—the tissues of a living body, and men in society—do indeed peacefully coöperate, yet there is in all cases a suppressed mutual hostility. This hostility is not merely a destructive force (though it is potentially disruptive) but acts normally in its various forms as the necessary stimuli of the conjoint individual. This conception is used in a somewhat surprising manner to explain the phenomena of malignancy and those of immunity. Even nutrition, the author points out, is but a case of immunity.

On the whole, this book tends in a fascinating way to enlarge one's view of the universe. One is inclined to endorse the opinion of Professor B. J. Collingwood, who says that the work contains "some suggestions that are closely allied to genius".

THE NEW IDEALISM. By May Sinclair. New York: The MacMillan Company.

Unlike science, philosophy appears to be justified not by its immediate results, but rather by the fact that minds of a certain kind and degree of

development must have their fling at it. From the earliest historic times men have philosophized, and if philosophizing could somehow be prohibited, the results would no doubt be as calamitous as if we should try to abolish poetry or religion. Possibly Mr. Morley Roberts would call philosophy a social catalyst or enzyme. In plainer language it seems to be a powerful stimulus tending to awaken and activate minds. Though the actual advantages derived from metaphysics cannot be very exactly pointed out, one would not be surprised to find that the total disuse of the metaphysical function would lead to a mental or moral overgrowth somewhere or to the lapse of some necessary activity. Be this as it may, Miss Sinclair's book is unquestionably stimulating. The author's extraordinary liveliness and her occasionally remarkable lucidity have enabled her to write a treatise which anyone not hopelessly repelled by the subject matter can read with enjoyment.

Substantially the major part of the work is a criticism of the New Realism. Now the New Realism is a formidable thing; it is wise with the wisdom derived from modern science and from all past failures in epistemology. Nevertheless, even this theory is, like all philosophy, a thing in the making. One should not, therefore, be unduly pained or surprised if one appears to discover in it incongruities of inconceivabilities fatal to its complete acceptance; nor need one exclude the probability that by proper emendations, or by methods analogous to the addition of epicycles, the theory may be made to survive the seemingly fatal criticisms. What one can expect from a discussion of this kind is mainly a better ordering of conceptions, a discipline promotive of the clearest thought—not final results. If not pursued too far such an exercise is rather exhilarating—and Miss Sinclair hardly carries it beyond the limit of human tolerance.

In the New Realism, however, are found certain ways of thinking of which even idealism must take account—notably the time-space or space-time idea as developed by Professor Alexander. But this apparently is something that idealism can accept since it is not inconsistent with the immanence of spirit. "If Space-Time," writes Miss Sinclair, "can evolve a universe, why drag in God? And, instead of dragging Him in at the end, since dragged in He must be, 'to satisfy the religious consciousness,' why not drag Him in at the beginning, assume that energy is essentially spiritual and that God is the spiritual being of Space-Time, and satisfy the metaphysical consciousness as well?"

The main points in Miss Sinclair's defense of idealism rest upon two distinctions. The first is the distinction between mind as an element in the universe and the individual mind. The realist objection that *being* and *knowing* cannot be the same is susceptible of proof only as regards the latter; it is good only against solipsism, which nobody takes a bit more seriously than the realist does. As regards the former element, it is mere assertion. There is nothing to show that in the ultimate consciousness being and knowing *may not* be the same.

The second distinction is that between primary and secondary consciousness,

and here lies Miss Sinclair's real, original contribution to the defense of idealism. Professor Alexander says: "I am aware of my awareness as I strike a stroke or wave a farewell. My awareness and my being aware of it are identical. I experience a tree as I strike a man or wave a flag." To which Miss Sinclair replies: "My experience of a tree is my awareness of the tree. Quite obviously, mere awareness *is* awareness, and it is not a tree. Awareness of awareness has no content but awareness; and in this logical sense the two are identical. They are, that is to say, identical in essence but not in existence, for the two awarenesses are numerically distinct."

It all sounds tremendously mediæval and scholastic: yet there is an interesting point here. In effect Miss Sinclair accuses her opponents of an error in introspection. What they say of consciousness is true of secondary consciousness, but not of primary consciousnes, and so *being* and *being known* may after all be the same.

To the layman it seems that the process of endeavoring to get at reality by an analysis of thought inevitably involves a final definition of *consciousness*, and that consciousness very probably cannot be defined. But so far as the book under consideration is concerned, one may well regard the game as drawn—idealism being at best a permissible way of thinking. In many cases, Miss Sinclair seems to have made out a case sufficiently strong to shift the burden of disproof from her own shoulders to those of her opponents. But even this appears to be a considerable gain. It would be rather awful, one cannot help thinking, if the mind could really be bound down to any of the theories of knowledge that have been advocated. Miss Sinclair's criticism resists a kind of scholastic tendency in the new philosophy and in this way strikes one as a liberating work. What is more, her defense of idealism has provoked the author to think certain thoughts about the nature of Deity and the mystery of evil, which, though not of course final, are hopeful and promotive of life. Surely a way of thinking which, not being demonstrably false or ultimately harmful, does enable one by its provisional acceptance to feel better adjusted to the universe, is a pure gain. Such pragmatic commendation Miss Sinclair's work appears richly to deserve.

A Glance Toward Shakespeare. By John Jay Chapman. Boston: The Atlantic Monthly Press.

Mr. Chapman's little books seem generally to be more desirable than other people's big books. Indeed, one sometimes wishes that there were more writers nowadays who understood the art of saying much in little. Mr. Chapman is one of the few moderns who can write aphoristically and yet express something worth while. Not even Samuel Butler in his *Notebook* is more compactly suggestive than is this writer, or succeeds in producing stronger conviction—without argument.

So felicitous are Mr. Chapman's sayings that one is constantly tempted to

quote him. "The use of great men is to bind the world together"—this, the first sentence that greets one upon opening the volume is in itself worth an essay, so fraught with significance is it for anyone who has studied the effects of literature and who is at all familiar with modern speculative thought. And again is there not a satisfying and practically irrefutable philosophy of literature in this comment?—"One cannot define pleasure, or name the difference between imaginative literature and realism; but it is easy to tell them apart. Imaginative work leaves us happy. But Ibsen and Tolstoy, and the modern heavy hewers of fiction, by whatever name they may call themselves, cloy the mind. . . . The true artist gives us brain-spun realities which have no function but to be apprehended by the brain."

Besides his gift of cogent generalization, Mr. Chapman possesses a faculty, more common in the style of to-day, of vigorous and opportune plain speaking, of concrete vividness. Who has better characterized the Elizabethan drama in a few words—"a furious, riotous, tatterdemalion kind of drama"? Thus the author never allows attention to become wearied, and artfully keeps a stream of images flowing before the mind even when he is dealing with abstractions, or rather with subtle distinctions.

Unlike the majority of critics, he is not merely imaginative and susceptible, but also penetrating; that is he discovers and expresses things that one feels to be certainly a part of the experience of reading Shakespeare, but has never separately thought of. A case in point is his observation that "the best points in Shakespeare are sometimes not made by the actors at all, but fall *between* the cues"—a statement well illustrated by the moment in *Romeo and Juliet* when the Nurse advises Juliet to marry Paris. But the book is full of good things of a like nature—statements which one not only approves but applauds.

Perhaps the most general merit of Mr. Chapman's criticism is the vivid realization it imparts of the two qualities always present in Shakespeare—the literary and the dramatic—and the subtlety with which it distinguishes them.

The book, however, is somewhat more than an analysis. More than most other critics the author is successful in teaching one how to "take" Shakespeare—and this without imposing his personal tastes upon his readers. In so doing he seems to enlarge one's mind, or rather to help Skakespeare to do so. So clear and persuasive are his ideas that, unless they encounter some sort of prepared opposition, they are likely to slip at once into one's own thought system and immediately to begin functioning.

Arabic Thought and Its Place in History. By De Lacy O'Leary, D. D., Lecturer in Aramaic and Syriac, Bristol University. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

The general value of this treatise is not, of course, that it emphasizes any highly distinctive contribution of Arabic science or philosophy to the modern

world, but rather that it adequately treats of the Arabic culture as a link in the development of European thought, and thus enables one to see as connected in time and space phases of life which, until properly studied, seem detached and remote.

Virtually the whole story is that of the transmission of Greek culture through various sources to the Arab world, and of its development, its offshoots, and its further transmission. The narrative, as that of "the most romantic history of culture drift which is known to us in detail", has a considerable fascination. There is no small satisfaction of curiosity, for example, in learning how Hellenism reached the Arabs through Nestorian Christians, through Monophysites, through the Zoroastrians of Persia, through the Pagans of Harran, and through the Jews. Each channel produced, of course, certain characteristic modifications, but the great lesson which one deduces from the whole study is the curious sameness of the essential order of ideas that prevailed everywhere throughout the period treated. The real line of demarkation seems to lie not between the Arabic and the Christian world, but between mediæval and modern times. What we have to deal with continually in this narrative is essentially some version of Aristotle's teaching more or less modified by Neo-Platonism.

In order to appreciate the significance of this general truth, one needs the help of the truly historic point of view which Dr. O'Leary continually brings to bear upon it. "It is futile to maintain," he makes clear, "that the history of Arabic philosophy shows a lack of originality in the Semitic mind." The fundamental truth which the whole book rather remarkably illustrates is hat "until the methods and material of modern natural science came to be applied to psychological research, there was little, if any, advance on the psychological theories of the ancient Greek investigators, and the only point of difference in later schools was as to which particular aspect of ancient research would be selected as a starting place."

Again, mediæval philosophy occupied the place of science in the modern world, conditioning all thought as scientific principles do now. It was next to impossible for any man to escape from its influence. The author's interpretation of problems as they appeared to the mediæval mind, and his sense of the reality of these, are as admirable as the scholarly exactness with which he traces through various schools, periods, and civilizations the progress of the Hellenistic impulse.

Historic imagination gives vigor to Dr. O'Leary's discourse, and enables one to see the connection of Arabic thought with early Christian philosophy, with the work of the European Schoolmen, and with the pagan reaction in Northeastern Italy, as part of a vital and interesting process. The points of divergence between Arabic and Christian philosophy are as carefully treated as the ideas common to both, but the latter are perhaps more striking. The whole work thus has somewhat the same sort of interest as a comparative study of religions.

PRIME MINISTERS AND PRESIDENTS. By Charles Hitchcock Sherrill. New York: George H. Doran Company.

The main point of emphasis regarding Mr. Sherrill's well-informed and highly readable book should be, it appears, the fact that with adequate analysis of political conditions and problems, the treatise gives a very human and hence sanely favorable and reassuring view of the men in power in foreign countries and thus indirectly of the peoples whom these leaders more or less exactly typify. Although the political comment is not very systematic, and though some of the portrayals are brief and not very memorable, the book has exceptional value as employing intimate knowledge in the service of good sense. On the whole, it is extremely persuasive.

The best portraits are those of Lloyd George and of Briand, who are painted full length; but there are other sketches that seem to bring one face to face with real human beings. Particularly notable is the author's study of the German leaders, Wirth, Rathenau, Stinnes, and others, whom we seldom see represented or even alluded to except as figures representative of a recalcitrant Germany. "These men," writes the author, "personify Germany's new position since the war, and perhaps if we sit down with them for a while, we shall rise with the conclusion that this group incarnates a spirit of better national promise than could ever have been expected of the men around and influencing the Kaiser." It is even so. Possibly sufficient circulation has not been given to Walter Rathenau's remarkable statement that "we have no right to decide the destinies of the world, for we have not learned to guide our own destinies. We have no right to force our modes of thought and feeling upon other civilized nations."

Similarly in his chapters upon Holland, Scandinavia, the countries of the Little Entente, Austria and Hungary, Greece, and Japan, the author by introducing us to real men, by initiating us in some degree into their problems and points of view, gives us impressions that seem, as far as they go, unusually sound and wholesome.

It is notoriously difficult to convey to the people of one country a true conception of the inhabitants of another; formal and diplomatic history are hardly more effective than are controversial or propagandist literature. In this delicate business Mr. Sherrill, through his method of putting us in touch with representative men, seems much more successful than most writers on European topics. Real knowledge, a gift for pointed characterization, a sane judgment that balances a capacity for enthusiastic appreciation, all help him to produce an impression which, though not optimistic on principle, is as acceptable as it seems genuine.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

LET US SPEAK UP FOR FRANCE

SIR:

I must write to express my approval of the article in the May number of your periodical, *France in the Dock*, by Stéphane Lauzanne.

I have been wondering why some American has not spoken out in behalf of France, when we hear that "Germany cannot pay what has been demanded," and at the same time, "France is trying to get out of paying her debts."

France has larger debts than Germany, and has suffered the destruction of much of her means of securing wealth—at the hands of Germany. Let *us* speak up for France.

NANCY VIRGINIA AUSTEN.

New York.

THE MYSTERY OF HAMLET

SIR:

Of course an Editor is not responsible for the sentiments included in a contributed article, but the sentiments of Prof. Thompson in the article on *Hamlet* in the current number of THE REVIEW are so adverse to my own that I must here and now enter my protest against it. If the play of *Hamlet* had been written under the conditions and for the purposes named in this article, Prof. Thompson ought to know that the play would not have been allowed to be acted, nor could it have been registered for printing. He should further have known that if either of these had been accomplished a Star Chamber Proceeding would have been instituted immediately, and I think that a Star Chamber Proceeding should now be instituted against such unmitigated slanders as are contained in this article. It seems to me that it is time to throw aside the Baconian lunacy, and the anti-Stratford negations, and have the truth told by the Professors of English in our Universities in America. This article is much more objectionable than any Baconian doctrine that ever was advanced which refutes itself because of its absurdity, and University Professors are supposed to tell the truth, and not advocate through means of criticisms any plain palpable misconstruction.

I do not mean any of the above statements as the slightest reflection upon your part in the publication of the article by Prof. Thompson, but I do protest against the continued misrepresentation of the poet and all of his plays.

S. S. ASHBAUGH.

Washington, D. C.

SANE VIEWS OF IRELAND

SIR:

I have just read *The Irish Free State* by P. W. Wilson. It is gratifying to a Canadian to find in American literature such a sane, impartial review of the situation. It is a real treat to read an American publication of such moderation and saneness as your March number. I am afraid I have read all too little of it in the past.

JASPER HALPENNY, M. D.

Winnipeg, Canada.

ENGLISH IN NEBRASKA SCHOOLS

SIR:

In the May number of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, Mr. Willis Fletcher Johnson, commenting on *Affairs of the World*, speaks of "the decision of the Supreme Court of Nebraska, upholding the constitutionality of the law prohibiting the teaching of foreign languages in the public schools, at least below a certain grade". Mr. Johnson is in error. The constitutional right of the State to prescribe a course of study to be pursued in the public schools, and to exclude foreign languages therefrom, has never been questioned in the Supreme Court of Nebraska, and it is doubtful whether there is a lawyer in the State who would have the temerity to question it in that court.

The law which Mr. Johnson refers to prohibits the teaching of any subject in any language other than English, in any "private, denominational, parochial or public school", and the teaching of any language, other than English, in any such school, to any pupil below the ninth grade. It contains a proviso to the effect that it does not apply to schools held on Sunday or some day of the week observed by the patrons as the Sabbath, but that it shall apply to all schools held at any other time. (*Laws of Nebraska*, 1921, p. 244.)

The question involved in the case upon which Mr. Johnson comments was, whether it is within the police power of the State to prohibit denominational and parochial schools, which give a full course of instruction in the public school branches, including English, from giving religious instruction in a foreign language, or teaching a foreign language to pupils under the ninth grade, when such instruction is given at such times and under such circumstances as not to interfere with the regular course of study prescribed by law.

Again Mr. Johnson, after stating some considerations in favor of the law as he assumed it to be, says: "This consideration is reëmphasized by the notorious fact that most of the opposition to the Nebraska law comes from an alien element which has insolently proclaimed its purpose to remain permanently alien and to rear its offsprings as aliens; and which demands that American citizens shall provide and maintain schools for that delectable purpose."

We are not ready to accept that statement. We have a large proportion of the "alien element" in Nebraska. So far from having "proclaimed," in-

solently or otherwise, its purpose to remain alien, it has been swift to adopt our manners and customs, to identify itself with our institutions and to educate its children in English.

I. L. ALBERT.

Columbus, Nebraska.

[The regrettable error first noted in Mr. Albert's letter was due to misleading news dispatches. That the majority of Nebraska citizens of alien origin have been prompt to accept American institutions and to educate their children in English, is most readily and gladly to be believed; but that at least an active minority sought to resist the latter course seems quite obvious from the fact that the law in question was disputed all the way up to the Supreme Court. That a certain faction of aliens there and in other States has loudly proclaimed a purpose to remain alien in speech and spirit is too well known to admit of controversy.—W. F. J.]

Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

AUGUST, 1922

JUDAISM AND WORLD RESTORATION

BY THE REV. DR. JOSEPH SILVERMAN

THE paramount problem of to-day is the restoration of the world to normal conditions. It is a vast, complex problem involving political, economic, social and moral issues of a national as well as international character, and requiring for its solution the concentrated efforts of the best minds in various domains of thought and action. No one, who has made even a cursory study of these issues and the many new questions constantly arising, will undertake dogmatically to offer a panacea. The treaties that ended the late war, the League of Nations, the International Court, the Washington Conference resulting in a partial limitation of armaments, the Genoa Conference, and the forthcoming Hague Conference, while not affording a specific cure for the world's evils, present certain practical remedies for the most pressing needs and justify the conviction that the consummation of universal peace and prosperity is within the range of possibility. If this note of optimism will swell into a general chorus of radiant hope and dissipate the dismal croakings of despair, it will aid in the speedy recuperation of nations and their subsequent coöperation for the welfare of humanity.

While many agencies, political, industrial, capitalistic, educational, etc., are contributing their theoretical and practical measures towards an elucidation and solution of these great world perplexities, it is pertinent to ask, what part Religion can and will take in the rebuilding of the world. That Religion is

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vitally interested in the salvaging of humanity is self-evident, but whether it will become an active factor in resurrecting the dead bones of our civilization and investing them with a new body and soul is a mooted question.

Religion has often failed the world in a great crisis such as the late war presented. The great religions lost the opportunities of preventing the war, as well as of bringing it to a close. The war was an evidence of the impotence of religions to redeem mankind from sin and transgression. This fact cannot be successfully parried. The war lords who were responsible for the inception and continuance of the stupendous holocaust were members and supporters of the Church. They even claimed to be inspired by the Almighty to undertake the butchery of God's children. The Church stood aghast and helpless at such monstrous arrogance and blasphemy. As an organized institution for the moral redemption of mankind the Church failed.

The various religions, however, compensated in a measure for this egregious fiasco by using their best offices, at home and in the field, to assuage suffering and comfort the sick, the dying and the sorrowing. Such remedial ministrations, as well as the preservation of the morale of soldiers and civilians, saved religion from a complete collapse. The religions of the world still live, but they are again on trial. They could not save the nations from almost totally destroying one another. Will they be of valuable service in cementing peace, insuring prosperity, and restoring the joy of living?

This question can perhaps best be answered by inquiring why religions, or at least the organized churches of the dominant religions, failed to save humanity against itself. Because *these churches have been more interested in saving themselves than humanity.* In their platforms or creeds they professed to seek truth and human brotherhood; but in reality it transpired that they sought to establish their particular theology as the absolute truth, and their own group or sect as the elect and the basis of a universal brotherhood. Theology, not ethics, became the crux of human salvation. Men were judged, not by the purity of their lives, but by the particular brand of their theology. Men of the noblest ethical character were punished, tortured and even put

to death for so-called heresy with regard to their opinions and teachings about God. Theology became the rock on which humanity split. Sects multiplied because of variations in the creeds as to the nature of the Deity, as well as to the value and importance of certain rituals, ceremonials and Biblical interpretations. Sectarianism was substituted for religion and totally eclipsed the importance of moral teaching and exhortation. Churches preached love of man, but what they really meant was love for the man who accepted a particular ironclad form of creed and ritual. The same churches even sought to control educational institutions in order to bias the minds of future leaders in favor of a certain approved stamp or standard of religious belief and practice. The same churches, furthermore, endeavored to inject religion into government affairs, *i. e.*, into politics, in order to engraft particular class legislation upon state and national assemblies and thus use political power for ecclesiastical propaganda. Some churches sought also social control and endeavored to upset the equilibrium of the world by encouraging and upholding social revolutions, for the purpose of winning the radical elements as adherents of their particular church organizations and of thus weakening other faiths that held aloof from compromising with social and political movements. Some sects of the dominant churches busied themselves with the creation of missionaries who were sent forth ostensibly to save "lost souls" but in reality to wage an insidious campaign against other religions.

While the work of conscientious missionaries was productive of much good, the effect of even their activities left in the minds of converts a sense of superiority which prejudiced them against missionaries of other faiths. This prejudice, together with a spirit of rivalry among missionaries of various denominations, tended to create or intensify a clashing of the faiths. There is no doubt that disunity amongst the churches contributed to the impotence of religions in the world's great crises. Religions fought against one another instead of uniting against their common foes, to wit: materialism, atheism, sensualism, crass selfishness, human greed, overweening pride and combativeness. It has often happened that, while doctors debated as to the nature

of a disease and the best means of curing it, the disease gained time and power to kill the patient. So while the Doctors of Religion (Theology) quarreled and intrigued for selfish interests, Satan conquered the world. It has naturally resulted from the interference of certain churches with government, educational, social and political agencies, as well as with representatives and devotees of other faiths, that persecutions, riots, pogroms and even wars were fomented or at least encouraged and supported in the interest of militant religions.

Militant religions! The very thought is a paradox that would seem preposterous. Truth, however, beggars description of the many crimes that have been committed in the name of religion. Slogans, like "the end justifies the means", "burn the body to save the soul," were inspired by the vicious militancy of fanatic ecclesiasts. What with intolerance, bigotry and persecutions, to say nothing of social and political discriminations, instigated and promoted by authorized agents of the regnant churches during the past two thousand years, much time has been lost, untold monies and energies have been wasted, and the redemption of mankind postponed to a dim and distant future!

These conclusions are not mere sensational and unfounded statements, but matters of common knowledge founded upon historical records. Lecky's chapter on *Persecutions* in his *Rationalism in Europe*, Foxe's *Book of Martyrs*, Lea's *Spanish Inquisition*, White's *Warfare of Science with Theology*, the well known "murders of the Innocents", the massacre of St. Bartholomew, the Crusades, the pogroms of Russia, are only a few indications of the innumerable authentic reports of the churches' warfare against humanity; of the failure of the faiths to destroy crime, hatred, cruelty and war because they themselves resorted to those inhuman means to foster what they called religion. The inconsistencies of the devotees of the Church, the incongruities between their profession and practice, have in great measure been responsible for the failure of the churches to prevent or to stop war. Men have instinctively pursued the course indicated by Shylock's natural resentment in the words: "The villainy you teach me, I will execute, and it shall go hard but I will better the instruction."

The irresistible inference from the logic of history constrains us to the conviction that, if the Church is to play any part in the world's restoration, that part must first include a reformation of church methods. Insistence upon an ironclad theology and ritual and a literal Bible, with the resultant militant sectarianism, pernicious missionarizing, and interference with government, politics, education and other religions, must be abandoned. For in those directions of religious militancy lie continued failure and the ultimate break up of civilization. The churches that will not heed the lesson taught by the recent disappointment of humanity at the impotence of Religion to make good its claim as a Vicar of Heaven for the salvation of mankind, must bear the responsibility for a return of the Dark Ages.

Judaism fortunately is free from the aspersion cast upon religion in general because of its recent failure, for Judaism is a minority religion and therefore could not be expected to exert that great influence and power necessary for holding in leash the wicked, rebellious and combative forces of nations. Judaism has itself suffered from the intolerance, aggressiveness and cruelty of militant churches and is a living witness of the curse of religious prejudice and persecution. For over two thousand years Judaism has been the butt and sport of religious fanaticism and misguided evangelical efforts at forcible conversion. Judaism has, however, not executed the villainy it was taught, but has studiously refrained from "bettering" an instruction it did not approve. Judaism has persistently stood aloof from religious intrigues and militant propaganda. It has refused to become a missionary religion, in the ordinary sense of that term, because it has believed and taught that every man has an inalienable right to interpret God according to his best lights and to worship his God according to the dictates of his own and not another's conscience.

If Judaism is to take a part in the world's restoration, and there is no reason why it should not, it will not be as a missionary or militant religion, but as an educational and moral agency co-operating with other similar agencies for the upbuilding of a higher civilization. It may appear heretical to some religious zealots that I call religion, particularly Judaism, an educational

and moral agency. They have assumed to regard themselves as commissioned by God to convert men to their own faith peaceably if they could, but by fire and sword if necessary. Judaism denounces such methods of conversion as blasphemy. It is legitimate to teach one's cherished principles in private and public. It is even a duty for one to promulgate what he conscientiously regards as the truth which would redound to the benefit of humanity. It is also proper for one to create certain religious, social or other activities that would convey, in concrete and attractive form, the lessons or principles that one regarded as necessary for man's salvation, and it is furthermore in keeping with the eternal fitness of things to invite men to participate in such activities with the hope that they may be spiritually benefited by them. It is, however, not only false but heretical for anyone to claim that he has a divine charge to force upon the world a revealed version of God and religion. Revelation, so-called, is often but a misnomer for a personal opinion.

Judaism will hasten the world's rehabilitation if it can succeed in placing all religions upon the high and equal plane of educational and moral agencies. All ministers, priests and rabbis would then be regarded as teachers of God and His law. And as teachers they could use only approved educational methods which have discarded all punitive and coercive measures.

Taking a positive stand, then, as an educational and moral agency in the world's upbuilding, what has Judaism to teach and what practical means can it propose for the rehabilitation of nations and the restoration of universal confidence, peace and prosperity?

Judaism has the same ethical lesson to teach to-day which it taught over three thousand years ago at Sinai, and which the world has not yet completely learned or practised, namely the categorical imperatives of the Decalogue: Unity of God; Spiritual Worship; Holiness of God; The Sabbath; Filial Devotion; Sacredness of Life; Sanctity of Marriage; Right of Property; Truth; Purity of the Spirit. (See *Exodus*, XX). The Ten Commandments, giving mandatory expression to these principles, constitute an ethical religion sufficient in

itself to reform mankind. They inculcate an absolute standard of right with a divine sanction; the only sanction that is, without question, proof against sophistical distortion or peremptory appeal. A utilitarian philosophy of ethics is untenable, but the injunctions to safeguard the unity, spirituality and holiness of God, the Sabbath, the honor of parents and the home, as well as life, property, truth and the purity of the soul, are as sound as the laws of gravitation, heat, light and electricity. The latter, as well as the former, are the laws of God. On and for these ethical laws, Judaism stands uncompromisingly. In addition to the Decalogue, Judaism espouses liberty in all its applications; for it teaches, "Ye are the children of God and cannot be slaves to any man." It preached the first form of democratic government when Moses enjoined the people to select judges over thousands, over hundreds, over fifties, etc. But Judaism, not content with mere laws for the preservation of right relations between man and man, commanded "Thou shalt love thy fellow man as thyself". (*Leviticus* XIX–18). And as basis for such human brotherhood we can point to the words, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, soul and might." (*Deuteronomy* VI–4).

We have learned that Judaism is not merely a religion of theories, but of ceremonies; not merely of ceremonies, but of laws; not merely of laws, but also of love. Law and love combine to make Judaism a unique ethical religion which the prophet expressed succinctly in the words: "He hath told thee, O Man, what God requires of thee, but to execute justice, love mercy and walk humbly before thy God." Here is a summary of Judaism, its irreducible minimum, expressed in the terms, Justice, Mercy, Humility. Had the war lords of Europe been guided by these three great fundamental principles or ideals there would have been no war. They sought not justice, but only their selfish supremacy; they were not permeated with mercy, for they butchered men, women and children in cold blood to achieve their purpose; they had no humility, for they strutted forth with insolent arrogance as long as they were protected by guns and ironclads. Judaism, by insisting on justice, mercy and humility and inducing the world to accept this minimum, will go very

far in redeeming mankind from the error of sin and false beliefs. And when men have learned to practice justice, mercy and humility, they will appreciate the great prophetic ideal, "Have we not all one Father? Has not one God created us all? Why then shall we deal treacherously, every man against his brother?" Here is the basis for a common Brotherhood of man growing out of a common Fatherhood of God. If we believe in one God, then all men are his children; then humanity is one family; then why all this intrigue and treachery? Why brother against brother? Why? Only because Religion, through its false application thus far, has been a great fiasco. Churches have preached brotherhood, but they have divided man into hostile sects, denominations, factions. They have split hairs about theological speculations and religious casuistry instead of proving that the divine rights of man are superior to the so-called divine rights of kings and false priests. Judaism would call a confused, misguided and mistreated world back to first principles and demand a universal brotherhood or a united world, that shall acknowledge the God of truth, justice, love and peace as the only King.

A united world is the great optimistic vision of Judaism, and to attain that end the prophets of Israel, thousands of years ago, preached absolute disarmament in that sterling utterance, "They shall beat their swords into plough-shares, their spears into pruning-hooks; nation shall not lift up sword against nation, and they shall learn the arts of war no more." Judaism has throughout the ages endeavored to maintain that ideal of total disarmament on the part of all nations as a requisite for the abolition of war. Since the days of the Prophets it has never undertaken or sanctioned war for conquest and has never resorted to or encouraged religious persecution. Had the other religions upheld the prophetic ideal of disarmament, much good might have resulted. The late war has proved that ecclesiastical edicts have been ineffective for the creation of world peace. And they have been ineffective because the militancy of the churches contradicted and neutralized the peace professions. Nations would not heed the peace offers of religions that themselves were aggressive and militant. Judaism has taught, "These are the laws which you shall keep, in order to live through them." That holds

good for nations as well as individuals. The salvation of the world, according to Judaism, depends on laws, rightly conceived and justly executed. In other words, the world can be redeemed by means of the Ten Commandments, the practice of justice, mercy and humility, the love of God and man, liberty, equality and fraternity for all people, a government of laws and not of men,—save as they represent the laws through democratic choice,—the abolition of war, and the substitution therefor of a universal Supreme Court.

Those principles and ideals can however not be carried out by Judaism or by any other faith alone. What is needed is concerted action on the part of religions—a League of Religions, that will overlook points of disagreement and unite for the promotion of those principles and ideals on which agreement can be had. As a rule the points of disagreement relate to theology, ritual, Biblical interpretations, sacraments, which concern only devotees of a particular faith and might well be held in abeyance in a consideration of problems for the establishment of world peace. A League of Religions founded on a broad platform of the Ethical Reformation of Mankind could formulate plans for the general welfare without infringing upon the autonomy of constituent religions. Such a League could unequivocably endorse the Ten Commandments, agree upon abandonment of aggressive and competitive missionary efforts, emphasize the total separation of Church and State, denounce and oppose all forms of religious prejudice and discrimination, and advocate the complete disarmament of nations. Such a League could militate against religious competition and unite churches in combating the common enemies of religion and humanity, namely falsehood, injustice, crime and war. It could create a sound public opinion throughout the world on behalf of international amity and peace that would be irresistible. The word of the ancient prophet of Israel, "Have we not all one Father? Has not one God created us all? Why shall we deal treacherously one against the other?" would then be heeded by all men. The League of Religions would thus become the precursor of the Brotherhood of Man.

JOSEPH SILVERMAN.

THE ILLUSIONS OF GENOA

BY DAVID JAYNE HILL

After the Conference at Washington for the Limitation of Armament, international conciliation seemed to be a very simple process. There the Great Powers had met and made important agreements, involving so great a question as supremacy at sea and other vital matters. Why, it was thought, could not Europe by the same procedure be pacified, united, and started on the highway to general economic prosperity?

The Prime Minister of Great Britain believed this could be accomplished. It was a noble aspiration, prompted by a sense of dire necessity. The Italian Government, happy to be associated with its powerful ally in so notable an enterprise, accepted the ingenious formulas of conciliation elaborated at London, and invited the European and some non-European nations to a general conference at Genoa, to be convened in April, and the world centered its attention upon this new convocation as a source of hope if not of promise.

One fundamental difference between the Conference at Genoa and the Conference at Washington deserves to be noted, for it is upon that distinguishing quality that, from the beginning, the fate of the adventure at Genoa depended. At Washington all the nations assembled confessed their allegiance to common principles of business and international morality. Differing widely, as they did, in power and in national interests, they were nevertheless one in their respect for the rights of individuals and of nations as fundamental to modern civilization. They recognized without dissent the same basic principles of human justice and the same postulates regarding the responsibility of governments to one another and to the people they represent.

At Genoa it was not so. There opposite conceptions of human and national relations were not only brought face to face but were of necessity pitted against each other in open conflict,—

a conflict which was recognized as existing in the very terms in which the Governments calling the conference invited the Russians, and even the Germans, to the consultation. There was not merely a divergence of interests to be harmonized by mutual concessions, there was a conflict of incompatible principles that had to be fought out, and in which one side or the other had to accept the rôle of the vanquished, unless the conference was to end as a drawn battle.

It is upon this inherent hostility between two groups of political and economic conceptions that the whole interest of the Genoa Conference turns. It was, from its essential nature, a combat between hostile conceptions that was there engaged; for the terms of the invitation made it clear that there was an opposition of policies in which compromise would be a confession that neither contestant was strong enough to dominate its opponent.

To proclaim publicly that Europe cannot exist without Russia, is to admit that Europe, in some sense, cannot survive without accepting Russia's terms. The advantage afforded to Bolshevism by this admission was clearly understood by the Soviet delegates. To reinforce this advantage, they declared, on the one hand, their desire for universal peace and their readiness to disarm,—a patent appeal to the confidence of the lovers of peace everywhere,—but, on the other hand, this announcement was accompanied by Trotzky's instruction to the Communist army to be prepared for war, and followed by a stubborn insistence upon the acceptance of the Bolshevik conception of absolute control, not only over the property of Russians but over that of all foreigners in Russia, whether affecting the confiscations of the past or the concessions of the future. To make a compact with the Moscow autocracy it was necessary, as a first step, to make peace with the principles of Bolshevism. That was Lenin's price for restoring Europe.

And what is Bolshevism? It is a destructive, retrogressive movement, initiated and perpetuated by violence, which has placed in the hands of a few desperate men the destinies of a vast empire. Having destroyed the motives as well as the machinery for the multiplication of the means of well-being and

happiness in Russia, it operates only by the division of the little that remains. It has no plan of its own for restoring the capacity of the nation for production. It simply appropriates the proceeds of the past and aims to extend its area of expropriation. It takes all, but gives nothing. It is Nihilism translated into practice.

Having failed utterly in the area of its present control, Bolshevism seeks aid from the outside. Having ruined Russia, it appeals to Europe. Having already exhausted the treasure extorted from its possessors by bloodshed and terror and harvested from the sacramental vessels of the Church, this oligarchy of brigandage and assassination is now endeavoring at the same time to revolutionize the rest of the world through its propaganda and to wring from the civilization it would destroy not only an admission of its legal authority but the material means to carry on its procedure.

That Bolshevism entertains a desire to aid in the reconstruction of the Europe it has endeavored to destroy is incredible. Such a reconstruction is, on the contrary, an achievement it purposes to prevent by weakening Europe through division. For this purpose it is ready to enter into economic partnership with the rest of the world, or more precisely with portions of Western Europe, in order that by creating rivalries and jealousies it may the more effectively destroy it. The ultimate failure to derive profit from so inviting a prospect as that offered by the natural resources of Russia, and the frauds upon innocent investors that would be encouraged by the formation of bogus stock companies for exploiting concessions, could have no other effect than to discourage the adventures of capital everywhere.

It is impossible to believe that Bolshevism, definitely based on the destruction of capital and the annihilation of a capitalist class, in now proposing a close association with industrialism, which it has succeeded in abolishing in Russia, loyally intends to give capital a victory anywhere. Can any one suppose that a system distinctly founded on violence and hostility to the possession of private property will, when it considers its enemy in its power, refrain from a further resort to violence? And it is worth while to remember that violence, as exercised by the Bolshevists,

is not the progeny of the dire material necessity which sometimes inspires robbery, but is deliberately conceived of as the legitimate and effective instrument for the annihilation of one social system in the interest of another. As employed in Russia, violence is the offspring of an intense hatred of individual success; and it is this hatred of superiority on its own account that inspires the whole Communist movement.

It is, of course, possible for the theory of the Russian Soviet system to change, but it is not probable that it will change so fundamentally as to favor and promote with sincerity that which it exists to destroy.

Lenin proclaimed the destruction of the State as a form of centralized control only so long as the State was in the power of those he opposed. Why, he asks, should we destroy the State when it is in our power? Having imposed and being able to continue the authority of our will, why should we, although confessedly a minority, cease to control, and consent to surrender to the mass of the people acting through their chosen representatives?

Thus, not more than five or six hundred thousand members of the Communist party, so far as any single power exists in Russia, impose their will upon all the others; and this party is under the control of three or four desperate and irresponsible heads who shrink from nothing to retain their personal supremacy.

How vain it is, then, to speak of the "nationalization of property" in Russia! Even the land has not been nationalized in any real sense. To appease the peasants, it has been divided among them, but rendered unprofitable to them through the ruin of the medium of exchange and the means of transportation. The Russian nation does not possess the property ascribed to it. It is detained, and to a certain extent can still be disposed of, by a small numbe of self-constituted holders who have acquired possession by violence and retain it by intimidation. By right it belongs, in part at least, to the dispossessed living and the plundered dead.

Nothing is truly "nationalized" where there is no organized expression of the national will. As Lenin candidly said to a delegation of Socialists: "We have never spoken of liberty. We

practice the proletariat's dictatorship in the name of the minority, because the peasant class have not yet become proletarian and are not with us. It will continue until they subject themselves."

We do not need to examine more closely into the origin, aims, history, and results of Russian Communism, in order to show that there is no common ground on which Western Europe, whose economic system is based on the right of the individual citizen to acquire, possess, enjoy and defend by legal means his private property, can negotiate with the emissaries of Bolshevism, the very foundation of which is the denial of this right.

The wonder is that any one should have found it possible to believe that real advantages could be secured by negotiation with the representatives of the Bolshevik régime. The attempt to negotiate was in itself a revelation of a desperate sense of need on the part of those who were willing to proclaim that without Russia Europe could not be reconstructed. From the very outset the Bolshevik leaders regarded the proposal as a capitulation.

In the statement made by Mr. Lloyd George to M. Briand at Cannes, on January 4, 1922, he said:

> In order to trade with Russia, certain assurances and guarantees are essential.
>
> It should be pointed out that while nations can claim no right to dictate to each other regarding the principles on which they are to regulate their system of ownership, internal economy and government, foreign capital cannot be made available to assist a country until foreign investors are assured that their property and their rights will be respected, and the fruits of their enterprise secured to them.

Mr. Lloyd George, no doubt, believed that the Bolshevik régime, in its extreme need of a foreign loan, would offer such assurance and guarantee by recognizing all public debts and obligations, with compensation for past confiscations, and would establish a legal and judicial system by which commercial contracts would be impartially sanctioned and enforced. He based his faith on a reported change of policy in Russia, contained in Lenin's speech of Nov. 1, 1921, in which he was reported to have confessed, as Mr. Lloyd George interpreted it, the complete failure of Communism.

Founded upon this error, there were created many high hopes for the Conference at Genoa. Repentant Russia, it was believed, was ready, for her own sake, to join in the noble task of reconstructing Europe.

Unfortunately, there was in the Cannes programme a concession that gave the Bolshevists renewed confidence in their power and importance. It may be true that recognized and responsible governments possess "an unquestionable right to regulate their system of ownership and internal economy in their own way", without dictation by other nations; but are there no standards regarding the character of a régime in the management even of its internal affairs?

The attitude of the Cannes programme recognized that the Communist system was no bar to complete international intercourse, so long as it was not applied to foreigners; as if such a distinction could be made.

This unexpected concession was fatal to any hope of change in the Bolshevik position. Moscow felt that it was morally recognized, and rejoiced in the belief that Europe's necessity was even greater than its own. From the arrival of the Russian delegates at Genoa their objective was the payment of tribute to the Soviet system.

The Bolshevik despotism found itself intrenched behind an impassible bulwark. The Communist system was to be conceded the same right as any other. There being no common law to harmonize the right to the possession of private property and the denial of it, the issue became one of unregulated will and determination. It made Lenin the master of the situation, not because the statement regarding sovereign control within a given area is not in some sense sound, but because the inclusion of this statement in an original proposal implied that the conference was one of perfect equals. This concession virtually said to the Russians: However arbitrary you may be, we shall still negotiate with you! Diplomatically, it was a surrender in advance.

With such an initial advantage, which it was desired to emphasize, the course of the Russian negotiators was plain enough. After the pose for peace, the Treaty of Rapallo. Thus, in the midst of general negotiations, the Russo-German Treaty was

made public, following the fraternization of the delegates at Berlin and the presentation of the former Russian embassy to Bolshevists.

So far as any firm purpose had been entertained to bring either Russia or Germany to terms, the Genoa Conference was already on the rocks. The Rapallo Treaty was an affirmation that, if any one believed there were culprits at Genoa, it must be admitted they were too strong to be treated as such. But it meant much more than that. It signified that Bolshevism was not really aiming at a united but a divided Europe; and, if the nations desired to avail themselves of the natural resources of Russia, they must not expect to come as a body to employ their massed weight to impose their own terms, but singly and modestly to receive what each was willing to pay for, at Russia's price.

It was a distinctly tactical error, at a moment like this, for the advocates of Genoa to magnify the reluctance of France to discuss the whole European situation there and to condemn her disinclination to permit existing treaties to be revised and rewritten by those against whose aggressions they had been framed. Such a course indicated the dissolution of the Entente and favored the preponderance of the Russo-German compact. It was a time rather for the former Allies to stand closely and firmly together.

Unhappily, there has been for a long time a tendency to isolate France, to make her appear obstructive of European interests, and to condemn her instinct of self-protection, as if it were a calculated purpose of militarism. That France stood apparently alone as respects Genoa, except as Belgium held a similar position, is no doubt true. After the conversations at Cannes, M. Briand fell; and M. Poincaré promptly declared his want of faith in the negotiations with Russia and his reserve toward the whole project of Genoa. Very judiciously, considering the composition of that conclave, he positively refused to throw into the melting-pot all the engagements won by the war. Were Germany and Russia to have the opportunity of destroying the Treaty of Versailles and dictating a new peace? Defective as the Treaty of Versailles may be, it was not at Genoa that it should be revised.

And so France seemed to stand alone. But if France was temporarily isolated, it was not that she had in any manner

changed her position since the last solemn pledges had been exchanged. While France was thinking of agreements already made in common, others were wandering in new paths and seeking other agreements more to their advantage. There was nothing dishonorable in France's sitting alone, where they had left her at the trysting place. If she was alone, it was because she was deserted.

I shall enter here upon no controversy regarding a passing incident, but it is evident to all observers who have closely followed the course of events that, perceiving that the Genoa Conference might fall short of the hopes that had inspired it, there must be someone to bear the blame.

It was France that was selected for the rôle of the scapegoat. If Genoa proved a barren fig tree, it was because France had poisoned the roots by her refusal to open every question, to let an assembly of the Nations debate upon the issues of life and death, and to substitute for the moral obligation of previous agreements the principles of expediency.

The diatribes published in the American Press against the President of the Council of France, M. Poincaré, by foreign correspondents, were as venomous in spirit as any propaganda made by any nation against any other during the war. He was described as possessing a "pre-war mentality", as a "militarist", as an "obstructor of peace", and as a "wrecker" of the reconstruction of Europe. The reason of this bitter attack was that the French Premier, doubtful from the first of the wisdom of the proposed association with Russia as a basis of European reconstruction, was indisposed to place the destiny of France absolutely in the hands of the men assembled at Genoa.

Finding herself deserted by the new intimacies of Genoa and feeling the reproaches emanating from the Conference, M. Poincaré felt pressed to state at Bar-le-Duc, on April 24, once for all, the unalterable attitude of France. An exaggerated interpretation of his speech on that occasion undertook to complete the moral isolation of France by raising the slogan "*Poincaré c'est la guerre*".

The speech of the French Premier was not a threat, it was simply a reminder. It was, in effect, merely this: "We ardently

desire, on this capital occasion, the assistance of our Allies, but we shall defend the French cause in full independence, and we shall not relinquish any weapons given us in the treaty."

If there was no one else left to defend the cause of France, could she do otherwise than defend herself? And if she was to defend herself, could she relinquish any weapon given her in a treaty which the Allies had signed and ratified? It was to a treaty, let it be noted, that M. Poincaré appealed, and to nothing beyond it. Was that also "a scrap of paper"? Even supposing it to be impracticable, did that authorize its repudiation, or its forcible revision without the consent of France?

It cannot be truly said that France has ever refused to consent to an expert examination of the actual possibilities of fulfilling the reparation clauses. She has only insisted that the provisions of the treaty should be observed. To the illusion regarding the possibility of advantageous negotiations with the Bolshevists, must be added the illusion that France could be intimidated into the renunciation of her treaty rights by the creation of an ecumenical assembly at Genoa before which she was cited to appear, but by which she refused to be judged. It was vexatious to those who had insisted upon it that M. Poincaré should appear at Genoa, but he was entirely within his right in avoiding the commitment his presence there would imply. In this respect the Secretary of State at Washington was of a similar mind as regards his country.

Now that we know the true reason for the futility of the efforts made at Genoa to secure the restoration of European peace and prosperity, we can assess at their true valuation the diatribes that were resorted to for whipping the reluctant into line and compelling an assent to a factitious understanding.

It was the Bolshevists themselves who caused the miscarriage of the conference; and incidentally, perhaps, saved Europe from the humiliation of sacrificing the two great principles upon which modern civilization is based: the right of the individual person, because he is the only free and responsible being in the world, to possess, enjoy, and control the results of his labor and his enterprise; and the principle derivative from it, that nations, because they are composed of free and responsible persons, are also bound

to respect one another's rights, to refrain from mutual injury, and to repair as far as possible the wrongs they may inflict.

Bolshevism knows nothing of all this. To recognize Bolshevism is to deny those principles, and to declare that for doubtful material advantages great civilized nations may unite to sustain and strengthen a system in which robbery is a vocation and assassination an incident to the pursuit of it.

There are, I know, those who hold that international transactions are based wholly upon expediency, that morality has nothing to do with them, and that the character of governments does not affect the compacts made with them, if you can gain an advantageous bargain.

Confining ourselves for a moment to this point of view, in the Soviet reply of May 11 to the conditions of a transaction with that Government, the Russian delegates dismiss with a gesture of impatience the whole idea of the judicial settlement of any disputes that might arise under Russian sovereignty. "On this subject", runs the text of the reply, "the Russian delegation must call attention to the fact that in trial cases of this kind specific disagreements will inevitably end in bringing into opposition the two forms of property whose antagonism is taking today for the first time in history a real and practical character. In such circumstances there can be no question of an impartial super-arbiter." The whole idea of arbitral procedure is thus repudiated as an impossibility, because there is between Bolshevism and the system of Western Europe no common law. The suggestion of arbitration in the Memorandum can be explained, the reply proceeds,—

> Only as the result of a desire to satisfy a certain resentment of class or party, and not by any means as a result of an adequate knowledge of the state of things in Russia, to say nothing of the perpetual conflicts to which it would give rise between the claimants and the Russian Government and between the Russian Government and the foreign Powers. Far from creating between the Soviet régime and the capitalistic régime that mutual tolerance which is the condition of fruitful collaboration, it would tend only to poison their relations.

Here is a frank declaration that law and justice, as known and respected outside of Russia, cannot be applied successfully within its limits, or in dealing with Soviet engagements generally.

Could there be a more derisory conclusion of a conference in which this position was held than its adjournment to The Hague —the seat beyond any other place in the world of the legal side of internationalism?

And unless the Russian note of May 11 is withdrawn, what can be accomplished at The Hague, or anywhere else?

It is universally admitted that the chief purpose of the Conference at Genoa was to make accessible to exploitation by other nations the material resources of Russia. Let us imagine the conference completely successful in accomplishing this end. What would then happen when the nationals of the countries entering officially into a compact with the Bolshevists were forced to complain that they were defrauded? There being no possible court of arbitration, the only alternative, unless these rights were to remain undefended, would be the use of force on a scale that would be equivalent to war. And what nation wishes to make a business bargain that involves the probability of war to give it effect?

The historian will have no difficulty in showing, with the documents in hand, that, when all the pious professions with which it is customary to make doubtful adventures seem respectable are stripped away, the Genoa Conference was a market for the purchase and sale of stolen property. Germany, being kept sternly apart from the private conversations between the Allied group and the Bolshevists, began to suspect that the goods were being secretly delivered without consulting her, and demanded the signature of a treaty that had been for months under negotiation with the Bolshevists. The Russians, on their side, anxious to have at least one good customer, in order to prove that they could do business, were ready to sign, and did so at Rapallo. The Allied group, filled with consternation at this development, made an adventurous bid in which the Belgians and French refused to participate, because it sacrificed the rights of private property. The Bolshevists, preferring isolated deals to a bloc engagement which might ultimately unite the strength of Western Europe against them, rather insolently declined to accept this bid; and thus the one permanent positive achievement of the Conference of Genoa is the Russo-German Treaty of Rapallo.

David Jayne Hill.

THE PHILIPPINES AND SEA POWER

BY WILLIAM HOWARD GARDINER

THE purpose here is to suggest, in the light of that phase of history recognized particularly by students of sea power, that the policy of the United States toward the Philippines is pregnant with possibilities for good or evil that transcend any immediate Filipino or American interests—that it is fraught with contingencies likely to have a determining effect upon such ultimate adjustment as may be wrought out between our civilization and that of the Orient.

But in order to form an estimate of some of the external influences that the Philippines may have on their immediate surroundings and on world affairs, we should have in mind at least some of the more important features of the historical background of the archipelago and of its surroundings.

It should be remembered that, from about A.D. 200 to 1405, the Philippines were an outpost dependency of successive Hindu-Malayan empires and that, from 1405 to 1440, they were governed by China. Throughout these twelve centuries and more their many tribes had always been so antagonistic to each other that they never had been able to unite and strike back effectively at their successive overlords; nor had they been able to undertake any overseas adventures save as individual piratical marauders.

By contrast to this primitive and disunited condition in the Philippines, it was as long ago as the second century of our era that the Japanese Empress Jingo invaded Korea. For a thousand years thereafter there were aggressions and counter-aggressions between the mainland and the islands of Japan until Kublai Khan, grandson of the great Genghis Khan and founder of Pekin, made an elaborate effort in 1273 to conquer the Japanese, an effort that was frustrated by maritime disaster. From then on the native sea sense of the Japanese seems to have been quick-

ened; for by 1440 they had secured dominion over Northern Luzon while the fierce Moros from the South, rather than the Filipinos proper, broke the hold of China on the rest of the Philippines. But after the Japanese had held Northern Luzon for a hundred and twenty-five years, they were driven out by the superior arms of the Spaniards who arrived in force in 1565.

Less than thirty years thereafter the great Shogun, Hideyoshi, so impressed the Spaniards with the overseas might of Japan that the Spaniards in the Philippines paid annual tribute to the Japanese from 1592 to 1623; and it was this same Hideyoshi who started the great Korean-Japanese war of 1592 in order to conquer China, overrunning Korea with two hundred thousand men and being defeated only when the remarkable Korean naval genius, Yi-sun, at last succeeded in cutting the Japanese lines of communication with their homeland.

This brief outline of some of the major events of the earlier maritime history of the Far East has been given to mark how, from the earliest days of our era, the Philippines have ever been disunited and, consequently, subject to others while Japan, quite the contrary from always having been a hermit nation, has a record of brilliant overseas adventure that reaches back into the mythical dawn of her history. Korea and the Philippines were old battlefields to the Japanese long before their Empire entered on its hermit period from 1623 until 1853.

For the modern picture we should recall that Japan, after she had equipped herself with modern weapons, resumed her overseas career by her war of 1894 against China. While the principle objective Japan attained by this war was the breaking of the protectorate that China had exercised over Korea for many centuries, incidentally Japan acquired Formosa, a stepping-stone to her earlier domains in the Philippines. This led naturally to her taking a keen interest in the immediately ensuing efforts of the Filipinos to throw off the decrepit rule of Spain—and to equally bitter disappointment on the part of the Japanese when the Philippines passed into the stronger hands of the United States.

Somewhat as the Sino-Japanese war of 1894 had been fought to free Korea from China, so the Russo-Japanese war of 1904 was

precipitated because Russia was menacing Korea. Upon the outbreak of this war, Japan signed a Protocol with the Emperor of Korea which, among other things, said:

Article 3. The Imperial Government of Japan definitely guarantees the independence and territorial integrity of the Korean Empire.

After Japan's victory over Russia and after a protectorate over Korea had led to the installation of a Japanese Resident-General there, the following so-called treaty was forced on the Emperor of Korea in 1910:

Article 1. His Majesty the Emperor of Korea makes complete and permanent cession to His Majesty the Emperor of Japan of all rights of sovereignty over the whole of Korea.

Article 2. His Majesty the Emperor of Japan accepts the cession mentioned in the preceding article, and consents to the complete annexation of Korea to the Empire of Japan.

It had taken Japan but five years to pass from guaranteeing the independence and territorial integrity of Korea to annexing Korea as a subject province of the Japanese Empire—a transition worthy of notice by sincere advocates of Philippine independence.

Great Britain entered the late war against Germany on August 4, 1914, and Japan followed suit on the 23rd of the same month. The very next day Count Okuma is said to have sent the following cablegram to the United States—and the Filipino propagandist, Professor Kalaw, quoted it as lately as 1919 to support his argument that Japan has no imperialistic intention that might menace an independent but weak Philippine republic:[1]

As Premier of Japan, I have stated, and now again state to the people of America, and of the world, that Japan has no ulterior motive, no desire to secure more territory, no thought of depriving China or other people of anything they now possess.

Though very few would go so far as to contend that Japan has adhered to this policy as stated by her Premier, some maintain that, throughout the war, she did everything in her power to support Great Britain and the Entente. On the other hand, others point out that within five months of Count Okuma's above quoted statement, Japan presented her notorious Twenty-one Demands

[1] Kalaw, *Self-Government in the Philippines*, p. 166.

to China, upon most of which she has been insisting ever since. They point out that, excepting for tardy action against German raiders in the Pacific and except for convoying troops from Australasia, Japan did nothing of a belligerent nature during the war except to her own advantage in the Far East—and this in spite of the fact that the Entente was in dire need of troops and that Japan kept an exceedingly large army mobilized in the East during most of the war.

The point of interest here is not her subsequent acquisition of all of the former German islands north of the Equator, nor her consolidation of her hold on Manchuria, nor her seeming attempt to remain in Shantung, nor her still lingering in Siberia, but rather her failure to enter the war promptly alongside of her ally, Great Britain, and her failure to support the Entente in force after she did go in and when the Allies were in dire need of troops. This delay has been explained in many highly informed quarters by the statement that Japan spent the first three weeks of the war in trying to exact a special price from Great Britain for the promise of Japanese co-operation in force—a delay of inestimable value to the German raiders and Pacific Squadron. And Japan's failure later to co-operate in force similarly has been explained as being due in part to her failure to get her price and in part to developments in Europe ensuing from this situation. For reports from Europe, Asia and Australasia are to the effect that the Japanese asked of Great Britain the immediate and permanent cession to Japan of a string of local British possessions and naval base facilities extending from the Indian Ocean through the Straits of Malacca and up the China coast—as well as a certain position ultimately in Europe which does not concern us here.

It is not practicable to treat here in naval detail the results that might have been expected if Great Britain had acceded to the request attributed to Japan. To appreciate them in the merest outline it should be realized that a modern battlefleet has an effective operating radius of only about two thousand miles from its base through waters likely to be infested by submarines—this because of the necessity of maintaining the high speed essential as a protection against submarines which entails burning rapidly its very limited fuel supplies.

If Japan could have exacted from Britain's need of help in Europe this Hong Kong-Singapore-Ceylon chain of naval bases, it would have enabled Japan to mobilize her battlefleet even at Ceylon and would have given her the naval command of all sea communications from Kamchatka to India, incidentally cutting off British Australasia and the Dutch East Indies from their natural European lines of communication and support. And the transfer of these naval bases from Britain to Japan would have vitiated Britain's ability to express any great degree of naval power in the Far East, thus leaving the United States, with our rudimentary base in the Philippines, alone *vis-à-vis* Japan. If such prejudices as we may have do not make it impossible for us to admit the possibility of Japan's entertaining extensive designs of an imperialistic nature, then there is no need to elaborate the ultimate effects that this suggested transfer of naval bases might be expected to have on Dutch and British interests throughout the Far East and Australasia—effects that it is no guess to say have been considered carefully.

On the other hand, with Great Britain in possession of a string of naval bases all less than two thousand miles apart and culminating say at Hong Kong, and if the United States had a similar line of adequate naval bases across the Pacific and culminating in the Philippines, such a condition would be like stretching a *cordon sanitaire* from Hong Kong to San Francisco that would have debarred Japan from imperialistic expansion to the south of such a line—and this without in any way interfering with whatever peaceful commerce Japan or any other nation might develop to the south of such a line.

While on the matter of security in this region, it should be noted that advocates of Philippine independence assert that the Four Power Treaty developed during the Washington Conference makes the Philippines safe from external aggression. It should be realized, however, that that treaty applies only to the "insular possessions" of the participating Powers and that if the Philippines were to be given independence, they would cease to be an "insular possession" of the United States and, consequently, would no longer enjoy whatever security may emanate from the Four Power Treaty.

The Hong Kong-Singapore-Ceylon situation we have been discussing, in addition to suggesting a southward Japanese policy, has particularly important bearings on interests of the United States. For, failing to obtain command of a naval route to the South via British bases, it has become all the more important to Japan to again secure either direct control over the Philippines or indirect control over them through their government. One reason for this is that a Japanese naval base in the Philippines would flank the British line of communication from Singapore up the China Coast; and another reason is that it would give direct command over the extremely important oil fields of Dutch Borneo as well as access to Australasia through the Celebes. Hence the contemplated British project of a great naval base in New Guinea—a matter of paramount importance to Australasia if the Philippines ceased to be under the control of the United States.

As well as the strategic situation suggested, there is a more immediate commercial situation which should be recognized. For just as the Japanese archipelago blankets most of the northern part of the Pacific coast of Asia, both strategically and commercially, so the Philippines blanket the southern part of that coast; and furthermore, by the Philippines passes a great north and south trade which has no equivalent in the more northerly Japanese waters. The trade of Japan in 1920 with Siberia and Northern China was only about fifteen per cent of her total foreign trade, whereas very nearly forty-seven per cent of Japan's foreign trade flows to the southward and passes within a few hundred miles of the Philippines. Consequently, if Japan could control the Philippines, directly or indirectly, she could not only blanket the southern Pacific coast of Asia as she does its northern section, but she could assure the safety of her threefold greater southward trade. For in time of war, if another Power had an adequate naval base in the Philippines, it could cut off virtually half of the total foreign trade of Japan—a trade upon which she is becoming more and more dependent as her transformation from an agricultural to an industrial nation progresses. In fact it may not be too much to say that, by destroying both the southward and the American trade of Japan, she might be so reduced that she could not keep up a war.

The situation just outlined gives particular point to Article XIX of the Naval Treaty whereby the United States has agreed not to increase our inadequate and insecure naval base facilities in the Philippines. For it will be remembered that it was the Japanese who proposed Article XIX at the Washington Conference—and that they insisted on it as a *sine qua non* of their agreeing to the 5–5–3 capital fleet ratio that the United States proposed.

This strategic situation, when viewed in its entirety and in conjunction with the Pan-Asiatic movement, would seem to make it very difficult for politico-strategists not to recognize an intent on the part of Japan to crowd white influences out of the Far East and to consolidate Japanese dominance along that shore of the Pacific. And to minds which, through the habit of retrospecting in multiples of centuries, are given to prospecting at least in multiples of decades, the question naturally arises: What then as to the balance of the Pacific?

Time and again the evolutionary process of civilization has shown that the proper function of force is to protect moral ideals against mere physical strength, however intelligently directed, until such time as moral ideals shall have borne such fruit throughout the world that physical aggression no longer will be contemplated. Stated in more specific present day terms, the civilization of Western Europe, of which the United States is the greatest single outgrowth, is trying to give form and substance to a young and tender flower—the substitution of equity for force among nations. Until the morality of this shall have penetrated effectively throughout Continental Europe and Asia, the culture of this ideal must be defended by force lest it be trodden under foot and fail of effective purpose in the world for another cycle of centuries. In short, as far as one can see, the prospect is a struggle on the part of the civilization emanating from Western Europe to preserve and disseminate its idealism while all the time it protects this idealism, by force if need be, from being blighted by the backward materialism of Eastern Europe and Asia—and this, for whatever period may be necessary to attain the universal substitution of equity for force.

In the light of such considerations we should look on the ques-

tion of independence for the Philippines not as merely an insular matter. It is a matter of the broadest bearing on the ultimate adjustment to be wrought out between our civilization and that of the Orient under the probable leadership of Japan. Sincere Filipinos should mark carefully the history of Korea since Japan, with seeming disinterestedness, went to war with China to free Korea from her ancient suzerain—in order, ultimately, to absorb Korea as a dependent province of the Japanese Empire, a province not self-governed by its own elective legislature as are the Philippines, but governed by a Japanese military Governor General. And Americans should not be surprised if Japan most earnestly and intensely supports a movement ostensibly for the freedom of the Philippines; for it is not unlikely that Japan appears as playing a part toward them similar to that which the United States played toward Cuba under Spain—with a different intent.

Filipinos should realize that there is no real analogy between Cuba and the Philippines. Cuba geographically is under the very wing of the United States; and if any foreign Power were to attempt her subjugation, the whole American people would rush to the aid of Cuba—and to the defence of their own immediate security. But the Philippines are very remote and many Americans, sensing possible complications, in effect ask the question: How can we withdraw from the Philippines with a show of decency and let them fend for themselves, thus saving ourselves from Far Eastern embroilments? It is rarely that the man on the street has sufficient knowledge of strategy to realize that the ultimate security of the United States depends on the security of Australasia and on the stability of the Far East and that these, in turn, depend on the security of the Philippines.

Filipinos should realize that the one and single thing that would cause the American people as a whole to come to their aid is the fact that the American flag floats over them, protecting them while their capacity for self-government is being developed. Remove the flag—as the *independista* would do—and the future of the Philippines will be a matter of practically no interest to the mass of Americans unconcerned with world affairs.

But perhaps the most profound factor in the future of the

Philippines is the test it may put upon the moral fibre of the American people. It is no sign of a strong sense of righteousness for a guardian to grant the demand of a wayward child that he permit it forthwith to have its own way in the world. A higher sense of duty is shown by willingness to make whatever efforts and sacrifices may be required to defend and develop a dependent, however wayward. And the cycle of civilization after civilization has shown that when a once great people become so selfish and ease-loving that they lose their sense of duty to defend and foster their dependents, that is a sure index of moral turpitude which ends in their being overthrown as a nation by others who have not lost their virility. The policy of the American people toward the Philippines may indeed be the determining index of the future of the Pacific and of our civilization.

WILLIAM HOWARD GARDINER.

THE INDUSTRIAL REPUBLIC

BY JOHN CORBIN

STUDENTS of the advancing phenomena of our industrial life have observed, and often with disquietude, a tendency away from local self-government in the United States and toward national control. As early as 1906 Elihu Root gave a notable warning that if the States have any intention or hope of preserving their primal importance under the Constitution they must see to it that their functions are properly performed, and performed with regard to more than local advantage—with regard to the rights and welfare of neighbor States, and of the nation as a whole:

> It is useless for the advocates of State rights to inveigh against the supremacy of the constitutional laws of the United States, or against the extension of national authority in the fields of necessary control, where the States themselves fail in the performance of their duty. The instinct of self-government among the people of the United States is too strong to permit them long to respect anyone's right to exercise a power which he fails to exercise. Sooner or later constructions of the Constitution will be found to vest the power where it will be exercised—in the national government.[1]

The warning is not hopeful in tone and it has not availed. Nor is it easy to see how it can avail. Very few of our multifarious activities are held within the bounds of a single State. The Interstate Commerce Commission and the Federal Trade Commission are constantly, inexorably, extending their authority to affairs once wholly local. Nor are matters of merely personal conduct exempt. If a youth in Jersey City takes a young woman to the metropolis for immoral purposes, or if a wife in Hoboken receives instruction in birth control through the mails from Manhattan, both become grist for the stately mills of the Federal courts. The calendars are constantly clogged; there is a cry for more and always more Federal judges. Is the result to be a

[1] *How to Preserve the Local Self-Government of the States.* An Address at the dinner of the Pennsylvania Society of New York, December 12, 1906. Collected Works.

complete nationalization of our industrial and social life, the extinction of local self-government? If so, our institutions will be strangely, indeed tragically, transformed.

It is a fact not sufficiently recognized that, step by step with the decay of local autonomy in the territorial States, a new power has arisen, a new unit of the life of the nation, which feels the same desire for self-government, the same need of it, which the territorial States once felt. Viewing the State of Massachusetts in its present and actual rather than in its historic character, is it any more a "unit" of our life than the shoe industry or the textile industry, each of which, though it centres in Massachusetts, has a national extension? Is Pennsylvania in its territorial aspect one whit more an entity than the coal industry, the steel industry? New York calls itself, rather vaingloriously, the Empire State; but the empire of its port over the commerce of the nation is a thing very real and potent. The railways, narrowly local in their origin, have leaped over State lines as if they were abstractions and the several regional groups are now factors in the national life as distinct as any of the States at the time of the birth of our Constitution. The United States of the twentieth century are the great, vital organs of the body industrial. And to-day they are as jealous of Federal control as the territorial States once were, as eager to achieve autonomy as the States are now lax in defending it. The incessant resistance which our industries oppose to government by commission is an instinctive utterance of our racial instinct for self-government.

Is there hope of occupational autonomy? There is, at least, a fear. The theory of Guild Socialism is built on it, as is also the theory—not the practice—of Bolshevism. In our own country, many unions—textile workers, garment workers, coal miners, and railway employés—are increasingly conscious of the power of a self-governing industrial unit, and are bent on extending it, though the means to that end is a transformation of our Constitution. Once let them become a majority and, according to the doctrines of democracy, they have the right to rule the nation, not only politically but industrially. "Industrial Democracy," whether it spells progress or ruin, is a programme thoroughly feasible. But there is more than democracy in the wind that

blows to the future. Employers also have perceived this tendency toward the formation of industrial "States" and are already using it, though less intelligently, for the development of self-government on a basis that admits of private ownership, individual initiative. For a free people may live under a democracy or a republic as it wills.

In small local industries, employé representation has long been familiar, and for the most part successful. Toward the end of 1921, it was introduced into the Pennsylvania Railroad system and the "Big Five" group of packers—essentially national groups. In both cases old-time labor unionists fought the innovation, and in both cases ingloriously failed. The fact may well prove the opening of a new era in unionism as in organized industry, the beginning of republican self-government in the industrial group as a whole.

The *modus operandi* of employé representation is admirably autonomous, admirably effective. Thus, under the obvious necessity of deflating wages, employés of the packers were asked to take a reduction of approximately 10 per cent, though their wages had already been reduced some 17 per cent by a Federal arbitration. The decision was reached through a board equally composed of representatives of the men and representatives of the management. A clean breast was made of the condition of the industry and all members of the conference had access to the company books. The "representatives" agreed that a cut was warranted and the agreement was speedily accepted by the rank and file of the workers.

Only the outside trade union objected—officials who were not themselves workers, being professional organizers and labor leaders, and who saw no clear scope for their activities under a régime of employé representation and collective bargaining within the group. Though they deride the "company union", the "hand picked" union, they see in the industrial republic a potentiality to which those who have most reason to welcome it are strangely indifferent. They called a strike. The packers had discarded the machinery of arbitration set up in war-time under Judge Samuel Alschuler, a fact of which the pro-labor press made much. Technically they had a right to do this, the

term of the agreement having expired; but, taken by itself, the fact made no favorable impression. The fact was, of course, not to be taken by itself. It was a step necessary to the establishment of local autonomy. In place of Federal arbitration the packers and their employés set up, as a pinnacle of the system of representation, their own machinery for arbitration. Under the old plan, the arbitrators chosen by the men—outside union leaders—"represented" only the minority who were unionized, whereas under the new plan they were chosen by the workmen as a whole, unionized and ununionized.

Approximate figures were gathered by Mr. Sherman Rogers, himself a workman and a unionist before he became a speaker and writer on labor problems. The strength of the striking union was indicated in the fact that in the primary election conducted by the Armour plant 83 per cent of the employés voted, those who refused to vote at the behest of the union numbering at most 17 per cent. Between the primary and the election the union set on foot all the forces of intimidation, yet over 70 per cent of the employés voted, many of them being unionists who openly disobeyed the strike leaders. Of the final Conference Board thus elected, at least four of the five members wore union buttons. For this statement Mr. Rogers has the authority of several of the elected delegates of the workmen. When the strike call was issued not over 10 per cent of the workmen obeyed. These figures were given by packing-house officials. Mr. Rogers says: "I do not doubt them." In the early stages of the strike there was much vigorous intimidation and no little violence. This increased the number of absentees, but at no time was the output of the companies seriously curtailed.

In the case of the Pennsylvania Railroad the contest between the new unionism and the old was similarly unequal and the triumph of employé representation similarly complete. As the packers discarded the services of a Federal Arbitrator, so the Pennsylvania asserted its autonomy, defying a ruling of the Railroad Labor Board, and was loyally sustained by its employés.

The situation has its aspects of irony. No demand has been more persistently and vociferously urged by Mr. Gompers and his lieutenants than that workers should have "the right of

collective bargaining", through "representatives of their own choosing". The objection to this as hitherto practiced is familiar. Union leaders are not, in point of fact, of the "choosing" of the rank and file of workers. Elections are sparsely attended and often packed. An investigator of this phase of unionism asked a highly intelligent foreman printer why he and his kind, who might do so much to direct the labor movement, did not attend union meetings. "Sometimes I do," he answered, "but I generally find the meeting run by men I've had to fire—and we don't like that, either of us." Far too often control passes into the hands of a ring. Many strikes are called for reasons that have to do with the continuance in power of salaried leaders. Sometimes a group of radicals achieves control, sometimes a group of grafters. In all cases the bargaining union leader has little or no first-hand knowledge of the actual conditions with regard to which he claims the right of bargaining. Not to put too fine a point on it, the old-line union "representation" is subject to all the vices of national politics as currently practiced, and it exaggerates most of them. Intelligent workmen have long been aware that under the so-called collective bargaining they lose time and wages, while only their pseudo-representatives, whose salaries continue, "collect".

The most striking demonstration of employé representation is that made by Mr. Thomas E. Mitten in the Philadelphia Rapid Transit Company. Though long sustained and signally successful it is not altogether typical. Being narrowly local and affecting only some 10,000 men, the scheme of representation is rudimentary. But the experiment has a history of over a decade and has been inspired by a clear and abiding sense of the need of the republican spirit in industry. The question is not, as has been stated, whether capital shall hire labor or labor shall hire capital. That is the question of Industrial Democracy. As Mr. Mitten states the problem it is whether "men and management in coöperation" shall fix wages after a full consideration of the financial situation, or whether this shall be done by an arbitrary board of financial directors checked only by labor leaders, equally arbitrary, wielding the power of the strike. That

is the question of the Industrial Republic. Note also the principles that underlie this "company union":

First: The primary purpose of a public service corporation is to give public service, and without such service none but thieves can benefit. Second: The successful running of a railroad depends most upon the men who run the railroad, and these human beings are of more importance than dividends. Third: Capital cannot get an adequate return for its investment, it cannot in fact get any return, unless these principles are observed.

When Mr. Mitten took charge in 1911, the company was on the rocks, wrecked by predatory capitalism. There had been no dividends for eight years; the equipment was mostly fit for the scrap heap, and there was a deficit of some $1,500,000. The maximum pay of conductors and motormen was 23 cents an hour. The only remedy conceivable to the leaders of the workmen had been the strike, always the strike. Mr. Mitten made an appeal for loyal coöperation, a "union" within the plant. Under the joint influence of head and heart, the 23 cents an hour rose to 43 cents in 1918 and, at the peak of wartime wages, to 72½ cents. When the need of deflation became evident in 1921, there was an immediate reduction to 65 and then to 64 cents. Meantime there had been a steady increase of service and a resumption of dividends. In 1922 Mr. Mitten called a mass meeting of employés and proposed that, after a 6 per cent dividend had been paid the stockholders, there should be a "dividend for super-coöperation" to the men of 10 per cent on their wages. The Board of Directors resisted bitterly. Mr. Mitten appealed over their heads to the stockholders and got enough proxies to defeat the directors—including proxies on stock which the men themselves had bought, through their Coöperative Welfare Association, to the tune of a quarter of a million dollars. Note this: When men are represented in a way they trust, they willingly become stockholders. So far as is known, that block of employé-owned stock is the largest in existence.

There is a certain force in the criticism, widely voiced, that "the Mitten System" is not a system but a man. No mere paper republic, or paper democracy, could achieve such results. But without the system the man would be equally powerless, and the more widely our industries are integrated on a national scale,

the more important does the system become. As long as we continue to tolerate the reign of merely financial boards of directors, tempered only by the equally arbitrary reign of strike leaders, it is difficult to see how there can be an end of industrial anarchy—the senseless and ruinous strife between men and management. Under the plant congress, true representation becomes once more possible. Union meetings are fully attended. The "representatives" are themselves largely workers and are personally familiar with the needs both of the men and of the management—as the men and the management are personally familiar with them. To the management, as to the workers, employé representation means the substitution of local self-government for outside control.

Between the brute power of unskilled labor and the brute power of capital a buffer arises which is composed of the most manly and intelligent elements in both. Skilled workmen, known and trusted by their fellows, mingle and deliberate with superintendents, technicians, financiers. The anarchy of strike and lockout gives place to organized and efficient representation—due process of law. Incidentally, the worker finds a new interest in his industry, an incentive to understand it as a whole and to give it his loyalty. He has a new ambition—the possibility of rising to power. Where once the "international" labor leader, immersed in Federation politics, confronted the captain of industry in the traditional attitudes of labor and capital, worker and manager now meet about a table as partners to promote the industry upon which the fortunes of all depend.

The critics of employé representation see a likelihood that the men will eventually "want to run the whole establishment". To this Mr. Mitten answered: "That wouldn't be so bad—if the men knew how." Asked if this would not mean "the end of the employing class" he repeated, "That wouldn't be so bad." The point of all this lies in the reservation, "if the men knew how." The Industrial Republic gives the employé far greater facility in rising to power, but to rise he must make good. In the sense of being entrenched in special privilege, there will be no "employing class", but there will still be responsible employers. Without Mr. Mitten and the organization he built up about him

there would have been no stockholders' dividends, no wage dividends for "super-coöperation". His salary is $150,000 a year, and he owes his continuance in power to the stockholders.

The interplay of these coöperating principles of labor, management and ownership raises many delicate questions. In case of a deadlock there must be arbitration. Presumably a code of industrial law will evolve, with a court to interpret it. Folk with an eye to the future may well question whether the industrial court in the Kansas plan, operating within the territorial State, may not encounter a rival in the court within the industry—or whether we have not here the germ of two institutions destined to work together as State and Federal courts do now. Such questions are for a future doubtless far removed, but not so far as to be beyond the reach of thought and experiment.

In its quasi national developments, employé representation is rudimentary, inchoate and as yet on trial. In hard times employers are easily persuaded to open their books to wage earners; the real test will come in good times when the men are asking an increase. There is a similar question whether employers will loyally bow to the decisions of the impartial board of arbitration. The hope for employé representation lies in the evils it promises to cure. It presents the best machinery as yet devised for eliminating the radical "borer" and the self-seeking strike leader, thus reducing to a minimum the endless waste of lockout and strike. And it does this in a manner thoroughly republican, thoroughly American.

That this development of "State rights" within the industrial nation will spread among our basic industries and become organized as a system is at best a distant hope. But the need is ever present and the intrinsic advantages are far greater than has yet appeared in our practice. In England the famous Whitley Report outlined a system of local, regional and national "joint standing councils" in each industry, which in the aggregate establish a true industrial republic. Here again we find provision for self-government. The Report recommends that the State "give the sanction of law to agreements made by the councils". This, as Mr. R. M. MacIver points out in his *Labor in the Changing World*, gives to each industry a legislative power as

regards its own affairs and thus establishes institutions of occupational self-government quite comparable to those of our territorial-political State. Such legislation should of course be subordinate to Federal law. Doubtless there will be need of a wide development of administrative tribunals. The Interstate Commerce Commission has steadily grown in authority and power. The Railroad Labor Board and the Federal Trade Commission are straining forward along similar lines. A Federal Coal Commission is projected. At this rate, each of the basic industries will very soon have its official liaison with Washington.

Such a system could not fail eventually to make itself felt in the halls of national legislation. A Congress mainly composed of men elected from territorial divisions cannot truly "represent" a nation the organic and functional units of which are mainly industrial and have no definite correspondence with locality. If we regard Congressmen not as representatives but as mere delegates attentive to the will of their electors, they are even more manifestly futile, for their electors are a motley, ill-assorted, unorganized crew—laborer, capitalist, farmer, middleman, salaried worker. To which element shall the distracted delegate hearken? In point of fact, our parties being about evenly divided on major political issues, he is stampeded by some organized minority group—the one that makes the most noise—the German vote, the Irish vote, the woman vote, the prohibition vote. If he tries to follow his own best judgment, as some Congressmen still do, his case is scarcely better. The problems of government are industrial, commercial, involving highly technical factors—and he is, usually, a lawyer.

The essence of tyranny, it is said, is power without responsibility. Under our present organization, or lack of it, when a group procures legislation it exercises this power. But there is another menace to the freedom of a nation, equally great—that its elected representatives have responsibility without power. Thanks to the uncontrolled activity of groups, that is the case with even a numerically strong majority. Congress is fast becoming a mere rubber stamp for selfish, warring group interests. "Will the Republicans control the next Congress?" one politician asked another in the fateful months of 1922. "What difference does

that make!" was the answer. "It can't control this one." Harassed by multifarious machinations, even the "strongest" majority finds itself impotent to serve not merely the nation but—grim portent—its own political fortunes.

If anyone wishes to measure the superior compulsion of group interests when working upon Congress as now constituted, let him consider this: While they threatened merely the future of the nation, as they have done since long before the Interstate Commerce Act of 1887, they were ignored or dealt with gingerly. Our modern sense of the evil dates from the time, in 1921, when a certain political group, the Republican party, perceived that they threatened also its continuance in power.

Lord Bryce has noted the low standard of our national legislature, both in personnel and in the sum total of accomplishment, and has given many a shrewdly observed explanation of it. But he omits this one, that when men chosen on a merely territorial basis endeavor to "represent" the group interests of the modern world the result is inevitably a scramble of futility. And there is a shame beyond the fact that Congress is so largely composed of impotent or evil little men; it is that the abler men of the business world outside are equally impotent, and often equally evil. When a group or an individual is denied its salutary, normal functioning, what object in life remains but to seek the selfish gain, the illegal power? Lack of self-government by groups, and of group representation in Congress, has diverted many an able man, who would gladly have served his country, into devious ways—to the great loss of forthright national leadership.

The force of modern conditions has already placed in the Cabinet leaders of nation-wide groups—agriculture, labor, commerce. Where is this process to end? Is it wholly inconceivable that our national legislature also shall quite consciously and frankly be composed, at least in part, of the representatives of industrial groups? The creative leaders of farm bureaus, mines, steel mills and railways, of the commercial and banking world, would thus find a means of working for the country as a whole while they voiced their nearer interests—of voicing their nearer interests while they worked for the country as a whole. So also

would groups of professional men as such—lawyers, physicians, clergymen, educators. Cities might be represented in their capacity as ports and commercial centres, and the territorial States would doubtless still have representatives, though reduced in number. Such questions are much mooted and only vaguely thought out; one must not be insistent on details. No less than the thirteen States that came together under the Constitution, the units of our modern industrial life differ in magnitude and importance. They differ even more widely in character and in special interests. Some means must be found for insuring that Congress shall truly represent all the people. It would profit us little to exchange the inefficiency of the lawyer politician for a dominance by big business. But there is urgent need, which many to-day recognize clearly, that each and all of the great factors of the industrial nation shall have a full measure of occupational self-government and be represented in Congress by men who know their needs. The Senate might remain wholly "territorial" as at present—a chamber of nationally minded men, designed to act as a brake upon blind faction and visionary initiative; but the House would contain an adequate number of able specialists, each the chosen representative of some great organized unit of the national life. With basic laws passed by such a Congress, self-government in each industry, aided by a national Commission, would be a relatively simple thing.

At best, it is to be feared, there would be pulling and hauling in the "House" of these new "representatives". But at least the struggle would be brought out from the region of pork barrel, political fences and lobbying interests; it would be waged in the open by expert men under able leadership. The mind of the nation would receive new light, the blood of the nation flow red and warm. However problematic the details, this main fact is obvious; until our commonwealth has assumed some form more nearly respondent to modern needs there can be no genuine self-government, no really representative legislature, no true freedom.

One of the largest of the groups of which the nation is composed —the largest with a single exception—has failed to make itself felt at Washington; failed even to realize the necessity of doing so. They are those who have no union and never strike—in-

dividuals oppressed by inhibitions of dignity and respectability and timidity when they ask for a bit more pay. But of all groups in the nation the middle-class brainworkers are the most cruelly, the most ruinously, abridged of their freedom. When labor strikes and employer profiteers, when this bloc or that bloc works its will upon Congress, they suffer—and suffer without redress. Whence this familiar fate of the innocent bystander? They look back piously to the point of view of the Fathers, ignoring all that stands between—ignorant especially of their own impending fate. In this new form which our republic is assuming, they are declining in numbers and in power; and that is a matter of moment to one and all of those who care for their country and its future; for they are the brains of the nation, the repository and the guardians of all that is best in the racial stock, in the national tradition. They are slaves and, no less than organized labor or organized capital, they will search in vain for anything in the Constitution of the United States, in the Declaration of Independence, in the body of our law, which points the way to freedom.

Under the Industrial Republic, their case would be different. They are the right hand of capital; without their creative mind and administrative energy, our industrial fabric entire would decay and crumble. They are the right hand of labor no less, as has been abundantly shown in tragic experiments of late both in Russia and in Italy. In the industrial Congress as it seems likely to develop, they are, each in his unit or "guild", the natural representatives of employer, the natural representatives of employed. Out of the labor of day to day, able men of all kinds—skilled workmen, superintendents, technicians—would rise to positions of industrial power; the abler among them would rise out of their industries to the ultimate political power at Washington. In this new order it would go hard if the middle classes were so cramped in their living as men that they could not hand on to the future the rich endowment they have received from their fathers; it would go hard if they were not permitted to bring into our political life the high intelligence and the creative leadership that are to-day so conspicuously lacking. Blindest of all orders to their own needs, they are of all orders the most

essential to the nation. To labor especially they are indispensable. Only when the brain rules the economic body shall we be able to guard the less well-to-do against unemployment, to bring free living and spiritual advancement within the range of the multitudes of common laborers whose bodies are their only capital and are productive only when "invested" in a job.

Employé representation—the Industrial Republic—implies voting, and a voting that gives workmen power over property values which they own only in part. For the rank and file the chief interest in their industry lies in such equity as they have in the present and future of their jobs. The money ownership lies mainly in other hands. Here is a Gordian knot that the Guild Socialists have cut. As the masses control, in effect own, the political State, they say, so the masses must own and control the industrial State. It is high time to look equality in the face, beginning with its political manifestations. When asked what he thought of democracy, a philosopher said: "How can I tell? It has never been tried." When the balance of our party system is struck, this will have to be set down, whether as debit or credit, that it has consistently stood between the nation and the creed it professes. We have had an oligarchy of bosses and office holders hand in hand with a plutocracy that sustained them. We have now a tyranny of organized minority groups. But we have never had a democracy. There may be those who will say that we could not have been worse off. They will do well to remember that the logical end of pure democracy is Socialism—the postulated equality of Jefferson carried beyond the political sphere to its logical conclusion in the industrial sphere. That equality in the ownership and direction of industry is a feasible programme politically, to achieve which is well within the power of a majority, was shown in wartime when the political state quite generally "expropriated" the industrial fabric, even to such portions of individual wealth as it deemed needful. If the majority of American citizens ever really desire to bolshevize industry, due process of law will not be lacking. Now in an industrial nation the majority must always be unskilled laborers. Questions arise as to the qualifications for

citizenship—whether the doctrine of equality has not betrayed us into making the standard unduly low.

That the liberalizing movement of the nineteenth century was on the whole salutary, few will question. To the bitter hardship which the Industrial Revolution imposed upon the factory worker it opposed the Christian sense of brotherhood; and it is mingling with this, in ever increasing proportion, a sane regard for the racial health and vitality. Upon the humane impulse that so largely inspired the democratic revolution the world can never, should never, turn its back. But it is high time to realize that its theory and dogma are extreme—in effect, false. Men are not created equal. A very large part of our population, almost fourteen millions, are of alien birth, with little experience in self-government and often no aptitude for it. The army mental tests, though made in haste under unfavorable conditions and admittedly subject to revision, show beyond question that the average of our citizens is alarmingly low. Almost a quarter of the draft men (24.9 per cent) were, by any genuine test, illiterate—and, at least by inference, twenty-five millions of the American people. Over 47 per cent were technically morons, with a "mental age" under twelve years. "The only remedy for democracy," say the Socialists, "is more democracy and always more and more democracy." In plain terms, if a citizenship of literates fails, add the illiterates; if that fails, add the morons, the imbeciles, the idiots.

Even in its mitigated form as practiced to-day, democracy is not the yokefellow but the antithesis of freedom. It means lowering the standard of political thought, of political honesty, of independence and vigor in political leadership; it means a very real tyranny of the selfish and the base over generous and far-sighted patriotism. These people are, to be sure, still our brothers, with a claim upon our generosity very real and compelling. But we can no longer delude ourselves with the idea that political enfranchisement means political regeneration. There is a multitude of those who—quite aside from the effect on our institutions—are themselves only the more depraved in casting a vote.

If under the new order toward which we are tending this ignorant and degraded multitude were to exert their will, the

possibilities of organic group representation, otherwise so bright, could only be seriously dimmed. These people are the great liability, the great danger, of the republic. If only in order to preserve the resources which we devote to their care, the industrial fabric must be ruled by those who are literate, and have in their blood the instincts and the capacities of free men.

In the eighteenth century, and well on into the nineteenth, citizenship was not so much a right as a privilege, a responsibility; there were many qualifications, chiefly of property. It does not seem unreasonable that only those who have a stake in the country shall have a part in its government. But that idea was lost in Jefferson's "Revolution of 1800" and the coming of the Industrial Revolution. We live in a world of new values, new standards. The chief wealth of the major portion of our citizens to-day lies, not in that landed "property" in which Noah Webster saw the bulwark of freedom, nor in anything measured by money, but in their own character and training—their jobs. By what standard, then, shall the capacity for citizenship be measured? One word holds a vast idea—service. In wartime it was an idea familiar to all. Some served at the front and some at home: neither was more essential than the other. As it happened the rewards were very unequal. Some found glory and death in France; others riches at home and the ignominy of the profiteer. In a truly industrial Republic, truly patriotic, that would not be possible.

On the fourth of March, 1921, certain words were spoken which at the time passed unregarded and apparently uncomprehended. This was perhaps because the speaker was generally thought, and sometimes is, a backward looking patriot. These are the words:

> I can vision the ideal republic, where every man is called to the flag or assigned to duty for whatever service, military or civic, he is best fitted; where we may call to universal service every plant, agency or facility, all in the sublime sacrifice for country, and not one penny of war profit shall inure to the benefit of private individual, corporation or combination, but all above the normal shall flow into the defense chest of the nation. . . . Out of such universal service will come a new unity of spirit and purpose, a new confidence and consecration. . . . Then we should have little or no disorganization

of our economic, industrial and commercial system, no staggering war debts. . . . Envy and jealousy would have no soil for their menacing development and revolution would be without the passion that engenders it.

National service! Is it too much to expect that, in order to become a citizen, a man or woman shall be skilled in his job—trained to serve in office or factory, in navy or army, in hospital or government bureau, and shall have access through books and the press to the sources of sound judgment; that those who are not literate and have no capital of skill shall have no voice in government? Is there any better basis for citizenship than the ability and the willingness to serve? Only a nation of skilled citizens, free men in the practice of their craft and capable of sacrifice, can ever be truly a republic, truly free.

Who will oppose this limitation of the franchise? Not the trade unionists. They are "the aristocrats of labor". They are well paid, intelligent, having their own homes and bank accounts; they are eager as Americans to make good—and are sorely beset by the rising tide of industrial democrats led by the radical "borer". The middle class of brainworkers will be for a sane limitation of the franchise to a man. To achieve it, they need only organization, a programme, a slogan.

The word "republicanism" was familiar to the Fathers as it sounds strange to us. It embodies the idea which, however unconsciously, has shaped the development of our nation—the idea of common welfare and national good, avoiding alike self-centred individualism and tyrannical control. If such republicanism is to succeed, the right to vote must be very widely diffused—open to all who are qualified by their own sound character to know men, by their intelligence to judge of measures. But it must also be limited to those who have the ability, and accept the liability, to serve.

The vision far outruns the possibilities of the present, outruns all human capacity for filling in details. But what matters chiefly is that there shall be a vision. It will not be ignored forever, even though voiced quadrennially in the inaugural address of the President of the United States.

JOHN CORBIN.

COUÉISM

BY JOSEPH COLLINS

After light darkness, after activity repose, after war peace, after panic prosperity, after materialism mysticism. It has always been so, and it will probably continue to be so. It is the law of the eternal flux.

The war kept ruthlessly before our eyes the realities of life. It brought physical misery and spiritual desolation to countless thousands. The world over they are striving to combat the former by social and political reforms and adjustments called Socialism, Bolshevism, Nationalism, Self-Determination, Fascicism, etc., and to get surcease from the latter by appeals to and testings of supernatural phenomena, called spiritism, faith cures, mental- and auto-suggestion.

The latest of these, one that is on the way to be tried out in this country is called "Self Mastery by Conscious Auto-suggestion". It is the contribution of a chemist, formerly of Troyes, now of Nancy, M. Emile Coué, and the procedure has come to be known as Couéism. In the words of its originator, "It brings physical health to the sick, moral health to the neurotic and the erring, and puts upon the right path those who have a tendency to take the wrong one." In its application for righteousness it has "within reason" no confines. It is available for every ailment, whatever its nature, and whether its inroads be grave or slight. Organic troubles yield as easily as functional, and bodily disease is even easier to cure than nervous and mental. M. Coué obtains results in 98 per cent of his cases, and he would obtain it in all were it not that two per cent of his patients are of intelligence so low that they cannot comprehend the directions, or they lack the power of voluntary attention and cannot devote their minds to an idea even for a few consecutive seconds.

It behooves us errers, sufferers, priests, physicians, teachers, reformers, to lay aside all malice and all guile, and hypocrisies,

and envies, and all evil speakings, and inquire into this method and practice that has the capacity to lift from us the burdens of life, banish fear and disease, make us love our neighbor as ourselves, eradicate the greed for possession, and thus render wars impossible and the League of Nations unnecessary.

And first the method and the means. The subject is taught the A, B, C, of conscious thought by having him do a few "experiments" such as closing the fist and suggesting him to think that he cannot open it; to close the eyes and, standing stiffly erect save at the ankles, think that he will fall backward, the suggestion being made to him meanwhile that he will fall. After these and similar simple experiments he is "Ripe for the curative suggestion. He is like a cultivated field in which the seed can germinate and develop whereas before it was but the rough earth in which it would have perished". The subject is then instructed to sit down and close his eyes. He is then assured that every word he hears will fix itself in his mind, be printed, engraved and encrusted thereon, and that without his will or knowledge he and his whole organism will obey. He is told that he will feel hungry three times a day; that he will digest and assimilate his food; that he will sleep promptly, adequately and refreshingly; that he will shake off gloom, worry and anxiety; that unwholesome thoughts, apprehensions and aversions, temptations, grudges, will melt away and lose themselves as though in a distant cloud, and finally completely disappear. Next, he is told specifically that all his organs are functioning properly. If there should be any lesions in any of these organs he is assured they will get better from day to day and soon will be entirely healed. It is remarked, says M. Coué, that it is not necessary to know which organ is affected for it to be cured. Finally he is told that up to date he has lacked confidence in himself, but that now he will have confidence and that he will be able to accomplish with ease whatever he wishes to do, on condition that it is reasonable.

All the suggestions are made in a monotonous soothing voice, which, though they do not send the patient to sleep, make him drowsy. The patient is then told to open his eyes, which he does "always with a smile and an expression of well being and contentment on his face". Sometimes the patient is cured on

the spot, oftener the suggestions have to be renewed. But they are all cured, save two per cent. Tuberculosis of the lungs and liver, bunions and biliousness, epilepsy and eczema, paralysis and prolapse of viscera, club foot and varicose ulcer, homicidal obsession, kleptomania, organic disease of the heart that has resisted all medical treatment, yield to this apparently simple procedure. When the patient is not cured at the first sitting he is instructed to say on an artificial rosary, i.e. a piece of string with twenty knots tied in it, the following phrase: "Day by day, in every way I'm getting better and better". The word *every* must be emphasized, and all words must be articulated, though *sotto voce*. A fact that seems to have escaped M. Coué and his propagandists is that the transpirations of the first sitting are the result of direct suggestion: informative, imperative, argumentative (I may say even deceptive). It is only when he comes to "day by day in every way I grow better and better" that auto-suggestion begins to work.

"Remember I cure no one," M. Coué frequently repeats in his conferences and his seances. "I teach you to cure yourself. Each person carries within himself the instrument of his own well-being." So he does, but to tell him that he can use this instrument to avoid and to cure all disease is to misinform him, to delude him, to deceive him. He can use it to be the captain of his fate, the master of his soul, in the sense that Henley used it, but in no other. "This incalculable power which gives us such mastery of ourselves and allows us to escape, and to aid others to escape, from physical and mental ills, should above all be applied to the moral regeneration of those who have wandered from the right path." One cannot help regretting that this incalculable power was not available in M. Coué's country several generations ago, for it might have been brought to bear on Rousseau when he was planning the *Discourse on the Inequality Amongst Mankind* from which Illumism, Socialism, Bolshevism and the other fabrics of the plot against civilization have been woven; or on another of his countrymen, one Mordecai, known to history as Karl Marx, who pilfered from Rousseau, and popularized Babeuf and Blanc. It is vastly of greater importance now, when the world is so ill and her institutions so shaky, that those in possession of these power-

ful curative measures should apply them to this larger and more urgent need. I venture to suggest, in view of the fact that M. Coué assures us that it can be applied to the moral regeneration of those who have wandered from the right path, that, temporarily, he leave the problem of human disease with us who devote such intelligence as we are vouchsafed and such energy as we can engender to it, and that he concentrate on Lenin and the Babeuf mischief-makers the world over. Should he do the job well the medical field, as well as its trained workers, will welcome him with cheers and caresses.

To understand the phenomena of auto-suggestion, it is necessary to know, says M. Coué, that there are two absolutely distinct selves within us. Both are intelligent, but one is conscious, the other is unconscious. The former is possessed of a very unreliable memory, but the latter is provided with a marvelous and impeccable memory which registers without our knowledge the smallest events, the important acts of our existence, but strangely enough it is credulous and accepts with unreasoning docility what it is told. The unconscious presides over the functions of our organism, and over all our actions, whatever they are. It is this that makes us act, even against our will when there is antagonism between these two forces. For some unfathomable reason M. Coué calls this arbiter of our destiny, this shaper of our conduct, this supreme regulator of our mechanisms and functions, imagination. Why he should have selected a word that has a world-wide definite connotation, and a universal specificity of usage, is quite beyond comprehension. When he states that will always yields to imagination he means that in contest the subconscious always triumphs over the conscious. It is distressing to know that Original Sin must finally prevail. In view of the fact that Dr. S. Freud has been hammering away at this for more than a quarter of a century, it is nearly as difficult to understand why M. Coué claims originality for this idea as it is to understand his use of the word imagination.

There is a certain substratum of truth in his teaching, as there is in all errors and all false philosophies; just as there was in Rousseau's Socialistic teachings. If there were no truth at the bottom of false philosophies they would obtain no credence, and

thus be no menace to truth. However, M. Coué's psychology is not in conformity with the teaching of that science at the present day. About thirty years ago Mr. T. J. Hudson published a book called *The Law of Psychic Phenomena* in which the views that M. Coué is promulgating were set forth. The book, which supported the dual mind theory, had an enormous vogue but unfortunately it had no scientific standing. Neither has this last revival of it. All psychologists agree that the mind is a unit, and that man has but one mind. It has unquestionably a subconscious portion, but to speak of a subconscious mind as an entity is pure assumption.

Psychology is based on a few definite fundamental principles. These are, first, that the material world exists. Second, that there is such a thing as consciousness and that the relationship between them is mediated by the nervous system and more particularly the brain. That this relationship is a twofold one, a psychophysical and a psychophysiological one, need not concern us here. Third, that there exist constant uniform types of mental activity with definite relations that may be formulated into psychological laws. The term subconscious which is used so glibly nowadays as if it were an entity, narrowly to be defined and quite apart from the conscious, is in reality a concept that is wholly denied by some psychologists. Münsterberg for instance says: "The story of the subconscious can be told in three words: there is none." That there is a form of psychical existence which underlies, but it is not identical with, the personal consciousness cannot be denied. But to claim that this subconscious is the arbiter of man's destiny, the regulator of his functions, the supreme director of his life, is absurd and libelous. Man's conscious thoughts, deliberations, and resolutions, the result of instruction, example, experience, foresight and hindsight, constitute the man as he is, as he would wish to be. Were it admitted that the subconscious is the man, present day ethical teaching would be an anachronism and religion as taught a mockery.

The warp and woof of the Christian religion is that one can by taking thought determine upon a course of conduct that will be acceptable to his Maker and be rewarded by everlasting life. But if the only purpose of thought is to trick the unconscious into

doing something that it, in the pursuit of its natural course, knows has only a pragmatic or conventional value, then, the thing to do is to observe and study the laws of the unconscious and having learned them strive to administer them. These laws, so the fanciful theorists of the subconscious maintain, are less mutable than the laws of the Medes and Persians, and they are concerned wholly with our animal life. And now comes along M. Coué who says that they are the dominators of our spiritual life as well, for if the will and resignation are not synonymous with spiritual life what are?

The truth of the matter is, and it cannot be stated too plainly or emphatically, that the assumption of Dr. Freud and his co-workers and followers, and of M. Coué, that there is such a thing as the unconscious as an entity, is not founded in fact and is contrary to the teaching of the science of psychology. There is no more justification for many of their assumptions than there is for an oil-field salesman to assume that there is oil in a property that he is trying to sell that has never been drilled. He assumes that there is oil in it because oil has been found in an adjacent field; because it is the kind of soil in which oil is habitually found; and because certain geological formations of the soil are usually associated with oil. The prudent purchaser insists upon drilling before buying. No drilling of the unconscious to date has revealed it to be an entity, the dominator of the conscious, the arbiter of our somatic destiny, the captain of our fate.

M. Coué is at great pains to prove that his method is not hypnotism, and by that he means he does not put his patients in a state of hypnotic sleep before suggestions are made. He is also insistent that the "cure", or the "orientation" that results in 98 per cent of the cases does not flow from the suggestions that he makes to them when they are in a condition of quietude, the avenues of sense impressions being voluntarily shut off as far as possible, but from suggestions which they induce their tranquilized consciousness to make to themselves. This may be news to the novice in psychotherapy, but thirty years ago in the clinic of Bernheim of Nancy I heard similar statements, and in the years that have intervened during which I have been a witness of the "influence of mind over matter" I have not seen

it denied. So far as the potency of the "imagination" is concerned, and "the law of reversed effort", by which M. Coué means that so long as countersuggestion is at work conscious effort will act by contraries, that is, we must "imagine" right before we can "will" right, it is well to recall that a hundred years ago Bertrand, one of the first to approach the problems of hypnotism from the modern standpoint, maintained that the hypnotic state was brought about through the influence of the imagination of the patients acting upon themselves. Moreover Braid, who popularized the subject in England three generations ago, dwelt upon the value of reflective auto-suggestion. Attention is here called to these facts, not so much to show that the adage that "there is nothing new under the sun" has not been contradicted by M. Coué, but to suggest that Prof. Badouin has drawn the long bow when he claims that the "psychological and medicopedagological movement initiated by M. Coué is one of the notable scientific happenings of the present epoch."

Self-mastery by conscious auto-suggestion is a primitive thought revival. It is a survival of a thought that is as old as man. History is full of such survivals. In Porphyry's *Treatise on Abstinence*, it is related that a Senator, Rogatianus by name, was cured of an articular disease of eight years' duration "by negligence of terrene concerns and a contemplation and intuition of such as are divine". Plotinus, Porphyry and Iamblichus, the Neo-platonic trinity, formulated and codified the thought as it were and introduced it into the texture of psychology and philosophy in such a way that it has been impossible to take it out. It has gone through the history of medicine like a comet through the heavens, appearing every now and then with dazzling and threatening splendor.

The belief in a soul that is capable of influencing the body without mediation of bodily structure is one of the most important doctrines both of the Neo-platonists and of the Kabbala, which taught a secret and mystic doctrine of emanation, and of the mystics and alchemists of the middle ages. The belief in an "unconscious mind" that can be petted, cajoled, jollied into a state of righteousness, and which, in the pursuit of this righteousness overcomes such conditions as dislocation of internal organs,

abscess of the liver and other structural disintegration, is founded in a similar secret and mystic doctrine of emanation, and no use of terms like "the unconscious mind", or "the imagination" can confound the issue or befog the view.

Quite unwittingly M. Coué has accomplished something which no one heretofore has done. He has shown Shakespeare to be consistently in error about "The power and corrigible authority of our wills". Much time and labor have been spent to glean from the writings of Shakespeare not only a reflection of the scientific, philosophic and ethical teachings of his time, but a prophetic forecast of them. He emphasized, indeed harped upon, the place of the will in life and it is probable that most people still believe that he was right. But if Coué is right Shakespeare is wrong. Says Coué:

"When the will and the imagination are in conflict imagination invariably gains the day."

Says Shakespeare:

> What he will he does, and does so much
> That proof is called impossibility.

There is a widespread belief that doctors who employ serums and vaccines, cautery and scalpel, régime and discipline, in their combat with disease, are sceptical of the value of faith, hope, confidence, and suggestion. Nothing could be further from the truth, and there has rarely been a doctor wont to put his thought and experience in writing who has not testified to their profound, and often inexplicable potency. One of the first clippings that I made from a medical journal the year of my admission to the fraternity reads:

> We will even go so far as to affirm that a very large proportion of the ailing might and probably would be sound if only they were sufficiently strongly impressed to believe themselves to be so. The influence of the mind upon the body has been one of the strongholds of quackery from earliest times, and faith is as powerful a medium for good or for evil now as it has ever been.

That was thirty-five years ago and doctors the world over have been saying it tirelessly since. They welcome the advent of anyone or any movement that will disseminate this knowledge, that will carry this message to every actual or potential sufferer.

They resent only that it shall be based upon a theory that stultifies one's understanding to accept, and forfeits one's self-respect to believe.

Every generation has had one or more miracle workers in the field of therapeutics. It is to be hoped that we shall continue to have them. The science of medicine never received such an impetus to progress as it did from the existence and activities of Paracelsus who, in the sixteenth century, after returning from travel in the East and study under the priests of Zoroaster and the Gynosophists, boasted that there was more medical knowledge in his shoe strings than in the writings of his predecessors and contemporaries. And who is there to-day to deny that medicine benefited enormously from the advent and labors of Hahnemann?

It is strange how quickly mind and miracle cures are forgotten and how easily broken are the promises of those who have gained widespread reputation as healers. I venture to say that not one in a hundred could tell the story of the Bethsan Home, and yet in the early 'eighties the faith healing which it represented took England by storm, and Mr. Boardman of Rochester Square was talked of then as M. Coué of Nancy is now. His fame spread through England and over the Continent and to this country, and several Homes were opened in New York. There was scarcely a disease that he did not heal and pathological conditions universally considered incurable, and even unamenable to any kind of treatment, yielded as the mist of the morning to the rising sun. The Bethsan Healers believed that sickness was invariably the consequence of sin. Though itself an evil it may do good by driving us from it and from self and toward God. It is readily to be seen how preparatory this teaching was for one of the most widespread of all supernatural cures, Christian Science, which is still a great power in this country, and from which the medical profession has learned a great deal.

But nervous and mental diseases go on increasing. If the statistics of the hospitals of New York were reviewed it would likely be shown that there are one hundred per cent more nervous diseases than there were twenty-five years ago. This is due in large measure to their recognition, but it is also due to the fact that civilization, and whether it is progressive or retrogressive

need not detain us, entails them. The essential step in the control of infectious diseases was discovery of their cause and mode of propagation; after that it was clear sailing. And in such fashion the neuropsychoses, the fertile field of the faith curer, Emanuelite, Couéite or Christian Scientist, must be overcome. Their cure, as I have said elsewhere, is in the fields of mental hygiene, pedagogy, and eugenics. Until public opinion is cast and molded to accept this fact and the combined effort of neuropath or generations of neuropaths, physician and pedagogue is enlisted just as it was in the campaign against tuberculosis a generation ago, we shall not make very much progress. Meanwhile, waves of supernaturalism will sweep over us about once every ten years, and at one time the storm centre will be Boston and at another Colorado. In the former place, consonant with its culture and its traditions, a clergyman, a pupil of Wundt, the father of modern psychology, will be its mediator and exponent, but in the Rockies it is likely still to be a Schlatter.

If prophecy should become "bad form", or if writers could take something for it and be cured, it would be so much easier for the tolerant, credulous person to encounter and deal with these "epochal" discoveries in psychology and medicine and to bear with equanimity the disappointment that has, up to date, invariably followed their dissemination. The seeker after truth and enlightenment, accustomed to or tempted by psychological scent, will be likely to read Prof. Badouin's book, *Suggestion and Autosuggestion*, the book which paved the way for M. Coué's conferences in London last autumn, and M. Coué's pamphlet. He will not, however, be biased in their favor before reading them by such statements as "The teachings of the new Nancy School are destined in conjunction with the teachings of psychoanalysis to effect a renovation of psychology, medicine, and pedagogy. As supplements to Bergsonianism the two will probably achieve the renovation of philosophy as well."

Had I not such small esteem of prophecy I should be tempted to forecast the fate of Couéism.

JOSEPH COLLINS.

PRINCIPLES UNDERLYING PROHIBITION

BY WAYNE B. WHEELER

I HAVE read with interest the article in the June issue of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW by the Rev. John Cole McKim, entitled *Prohibition and Principle.* It seems to me that THE REVIEW is endeavoring to lay before the people the vital issues involved in this disputed question, in order that the sane, sober-minded, thinking electorate of America—and the world—may know the reason for the faith that is within them, whether they approve or condemn Prohibition in its present status. Believing this to be its purpose, and that I can be of assistance in this most laudable undertaking, I wish to make herewith a succinct statement of the principles on which the claim for the existence of Prohibition is based.

The right to secure and enforce Prohibition in any unit of government is based upon two fundamental principles which have been established by the decisions of courts of last resort in the United States. The first one is that the people have an inherent right to better their conditions whenever they proceed in a legal and orderly manner to accomplish that end. The right of the people to keep step with advancing civilization and to secure for themselves and their posterity the blessings of honest, clean government, and the pursuit of happiness, is inherent in the Government itself.

The right of a citizenship to protect itself against crime and misery is a law of nature enjoyed by citizens before constitutions were ever adopted, and is as fundamental as the right of self-defense in the individual. In the States the courts say that this right of the people is their reserve power called the police power and that "It extends to all the great public needs." Or, as the United States Supreme Court said: "It cannot be denied that the power of the State to protect . . . health . . . and

public morals . . . is a power originally and always belonging to the State not . . . directly restrained by the Constitution of the United States and essentially exclusive." Justice McLean, of the Supreme Court, expressed it as follows: "It is a power essential to self-preservation and exists in every organized community. It is indeed the law of nature and is possessed by man in his individual capacity."

Decisions might be multiplied proving that the people have this inherent right to protect themselves from vice, misery and crime. There is only one way by which it can be limited, and that is by the people themselves. This makes clear the responsibility of citizenship under a democratic form of government. If public morals and public health are essential to the perpetuity of government, and the people may destroy these essentials, it is vital that patriotic citizens see that public sentiment is so enlightened that this calamity shall not befall our country. It is not mere rhetoric or sentiment, it is the law of this land that public morals and public health must be safeguarded and protected if the Government is to endure.

That the liquor traffic is a menace to public health and public morals has been settled beyond controversy. The public health departments within the last two years have taken a position on this question that should convince any one who is interested in the question. The Public Health Department of New York City in its *Bulletin* said:

> It is no use for us to go on fighting disease and crime if we do not do something to abolish the chief factor in causation. . . . It is believed that diminution of the consumption of alcohol by the community would mean less tuberculosis, less poverty, less dependency, less pressure on our hospitals, asylums and jails.

Other public health departments have given expression to similar truths. It confirms what the courts have already said on this subject. The United States Supreme Court said:

> The injury, it is true, falls upon him in his health, which the habit undermines; in his morals, which it weakens; and in the abasement which it creates; but as it leads to the neglect of business and waste of property and general demoralization, it affects those who are immediately connected with and dependent upon him.

Accident insurance companies, industrial insurance companies and every agency interested in public health, have given indisputable evidence that the liquor traffic injures public health and shortens life.

That public morals are injured by liquor is shown by the records of every jail, prison, workhouse, public institution and home for delinquents. Or, to put it in the words of the courts:

> The statistics of every State show a greater amount of crime and misery attributed to the use of ardent spirits obtained at these retail liquor saloons than to any other source.

Or as Justice Harlan, speaking for the Supreme Court, said:

> We cannot shut out of view the fact within the knowledge of all that the public health, the public morals and the public safety may be endangered by the general use of intoxicating drinks.

The next important principle established by the court is that the beverage liquor traffic is so vicious in its influence and results that it has no inherent right to exist. The United States Supreme Court said (*137 U. S. 86*), after calling attention to the character of the liquor traffic:

> There is no inherent right in a citizen of a State or of the United States to sell intoxicating liquor.

The Supreme Court of Illinois in the case of *Harrison v. People, 222 Ill. 150*, said:

> It must be conceded that the business of keeping a saloon or dramshop is one which no citizen has a natural or inherent right to pursue. . . . No one possesses a constitutional right to keep a saloon for the sale of intoxicating liquor.

The Eighteenth Amendment was adopted by the orderly processes of government, by a larger majority than any other provision in the Constitution. Twenty-three twenty-fourths of the States ratified it, and forty-seven out of the forty-eight States have adopted State Prohibition codes to enforce it. It is undoubtedly the right of the people to change or repeal this Amendment. As long as it is in the Constitution, however, it should be obeyed by the people and enforced by public officers. To demand the enactment of statutes that will make it a farce

or leave public officials without effective laws to enforce it is just as reprehensible as an open defiance of the law.

It is a dangerous doctrine to advocate that the National Prohibition Act may be violated without just censure. In nearly every instance where this doctrine is advocated it is excused on the ground that a doctor needs to prescribe liquor and has no legal blank forms to supply liquor. It is no violation of the law to prescribe liquor without a legal blank, or for the physician to take the supply which he has under the law and prescribe it without a blank, *in an emergency*. All of this scarecrow material used by the opponents of Prohibition has no foundation in the Federal Prohibition Act.

It is indefensible to advocate that the individual can determine whether or not a law is a good law, and if he thinks it is not, that he is justified in violating it. No citizen has the right to choose what laws he will obey or disobey. If this policy were adopted we should soon face the chaos of anarchy. There would always be some people in every community who felt that their personal liberty was unduly infringed upon by every law on the statute books.

The principle underlying Prohibition in this respect is no different from that of other laws. The end and purpose of government is the greatest good for the greatest number. The law keeps pace with social progress. Modern inventions have made necessary regulations for the control of vehicular traffic. Speed laws are enacted for the protection of the public. A case might arise where an individual might be notified of a serious injury to a near relative. In his eagerness to reach the bedside, he might violate the speed laws. The circumstances would be most extenuating, yet the exceeding of the speed limit would be no less a violation of the law. It would be as justifiable to contend that all traffic laws should be repealed and speed maniacs be given free rein because such an unfortunate circumstance might arise, as to say that the Prohibition statute should be repealed because perchance a physician might, upon some occasion, be without a prescription blank. Frequently, during conflagrations in large cities, it is necessary to dynamite the homes of individuals in order to prevent the spread of the fire and thus to protect the

larger number of citizens. If we follow the reasoning of some opponents of Prohibition, such a course would be without justification. In the enactment of human laws, it is often necessary to fix arbitrary standards. It is frequently possible to argue from individual cases that such standards are improper, but these laws are based upon the good of the whole, and the minority must abide by them until they are changed by legal methods.

The final goal of the Church and of Christianity is to have a standard of Christian citizenship that will always do its duty. If every one were perfect and would do unto others as he would have them do to him, there would be little need of law. At least we should need but few statutes to guide human conduct. As long, however, as men and women are as far from being perfect as we find them, even in the best of our civilizations, laws are essential in order to protect people from the violence and greed and indifference of their fellow men.

It is the law which in its silent dignity gives protection to all. The mother cannot go by the side of her child on the streets always, but the law gives it protection at every street corner and from the brutal treatment of any bully on the way to school or to play. The law is the child's best friend. It is the best friend of the home. It insures us against the greed of the profiteer who would sell adulterated foods and underweight groceries. It protects the business man from the illegal methods of his competitor, from theft of his property, and in his property rights. It protects the professional man from libelous attacks upon his character and reputation. If we had no adequate law to protect our personal and property rights this nation would soon revert to chaos and to anarchy. Law is as essential to order this side of the millennium as breath is to life. Any excuse for the violation of law in the name of order is indefensible.

The first attack made upon the enforcement of the Eighteenth Amendment is found in the definition of intoxicating liquor. The uninformed at once reached the conclusion that if Congress could define the term "intoxicating liquor" it had the power to define the term so as to include liquor varying from five to ten per cent of alcohol. Fortunately, the Supreme Court has decided this question in part. It has declared that:

The second section of the Amendment does not enable Congress or the several States to defeat or thwart the prohibition, but only to enforce it by appropriate means. The decisions of the courts as well as the action of the legislatures make it clear . . . that a rigid classification of beverage is an essential for . . . effective prohibition of intoxicating liquor. A test often used . . . is whether it contains one-half of one per cent by volume. It is therefore . . . clear . . . that the definition provided by the Volstead Act was not an arbitrary one.

The reasons why Congress fixed the standard at one-half of one per cent in defining intoxicating liquor were based upon the experiences of the States. For fifty years the States have been experimenting with enforcement legislation. Two-thirds of them had accepted the definition of one-half of one per cent, not because that amount of alcohol would visibly intoxicate the average person, but because it was necessary in order to enforce the law. The Supreme Court sustained this law and held that the definition in the Volstead Act was not an arbitrary one. It gave at great length the reason why such a definition should be upheld. Simply because Congress can define the term, prohibiting what is not intoxicating in order to enforce the law, it does not follow that it can legalize the sale of intoxicating liquor which is prohibited by the Constitution.

Three and one-half per cent was the strength of ordinary beer before Prohibition. Everyone knew it was intoxicating liquor. One of the courts in Wisconsin held that a person who did not know that beer was intoxicating was a driveling idiot. It is as clear as the noonday that Congress cannot legalize intoxicating liquor, but it may prohibit such non-intoxicating liquors as are essential to bring about honest enforcement of the law.

There is nothing new in the charges made against the Eighteenth Amendment and the law to enforce it. Every effort made to curb greed, licentiousness and vice has met with opposition. The fight for pure food, sanitary conditions in workshops, elimination of child labor and a thousand other things for the public welfare made possible by law have ever been attacked by those whom the law hurt. The fact that these laws may be unpleasant for some furnishes no excuse for disobedience. We cannot measure our good citizenship by obedience to laws that we like,

but by our obedience to those made for the public good even though they may hurt. This was the statement enunciated by Mr. Hughes before he was Secretary of State, and is doctrine as sound as Holy Writ. Every personal and property right which we enjoy is made possible because there is a law which safeguards it. Every guarantee of life and liberty in the pursuit of happiness is made secure under the law. The man or woman who will accept all of these blessings of government and then insist upon the right to destroy the laws which he does not like, is in as indefensible a position as the slacker who fails his country in the hour when it needs him most.

Our form of government furnished adequate means for a majority to change both the Constitutional and statutory enactments which are in effect at any time. No one challenges the right of the people to do this. To defy these laws, however, or to take away the legal enactments by which the Constitution can be enforced, is an entirely different proposition.

In his great address on Memorial Day the President said:

> Here was the great experiment—popular government and constitutional union—menaced by greed expressed in human chattels. . . . When it challenged Federal authority and threatened the Union it pronounced its own doom. . . . A majority held in restraint by constitutional checks and limitations, and always changing easily with deliberate changes of popular opinions and sentiments, is the only true sovereign of a free people. Whoever rejects it does, of necessity, fly to anarchy or despotism.

The required constitutional majority of the people of the United States, in the onward march of progress toward a better civilization, has abolished the beverage liquor traffic which was characterized by the Supreme Court years ago as a "source of crime and misery to society". A minority in the name of personal liberty and individual freedom insists that the Prohibition Amendment shall not be made operative and effective. This issue must be met by the American people. When the right of a self-governing people to enforce its own laws enacted by the orderly processes of Government is challenged, the conflict must be without quarter until the supremacy of the law is the undisputed master of the field.

WAYNE B. WHEELER.

COAL TOWN

BY MALCOLM COWLEY

They scarred the hillside here to build a town;
Gaunt above slag and cinder, and despising
The paint-splashed cabins, gray and muddy brown,
The tipple looms—vast, black, uncompromising.

All day the wagons lumber past; the wide
Squat wheels hub deep; the horses strained and still;
The headlong rain pours down all day to hide
The blackened stumps, the ulcerated hill.

O Beauty! All my life I loved you fiercely;
And even in this sordid place, where rain
Drips desolately from all the eaves, and scarcely
A leaf sprouts, and the earth is wracked with pain,
Beauty is pounding, hammering through my brain.

ANOTHER SPRING

BY JOSEPH ANDREW GALAHAD

I'm glad you made me live again;
And woke the blood within my veins,
Just as the sap at April rains
Starts upward in the tree.
I'm glad you struck the spark again
And fanned it into leaping fire:
I thought all semblance of desire
Had long since died in me.

I don't expect you'll understand
Just what it means to watch Life go—
To watch your pulse beat running low—
Ah, that is bitter learning!
I don't suppose you'll understand
How Life could be all irony,
And Death could play a melody
To set your heart strings yearning.

But I had watched these things so long
Before you came to walk my way;
I scarce believed, to hear you say,
That fire ever came from ash.
And I had felt these things so long,
That when you promised you would bring
Me once again the light of Spring,
I smiled and thought your promise rash.

But I am glad that I was wrong,
Since you fulfilled the vow you made.
Before—I faced Death unafraid
Because I thought it was my lot.
And I am glad that I was wrong.
I still look unafraid at Death—
But there is vigor in my breath.
I thought I was half dead—
I see I'm not!

THE LORD CHANCELLOR PREPARES HIS OPINION

BY ARCHIBALD MacLEISH

My Lords, this is a clear unmuddied case—

A clear unmuddied case! If ever stream
Of pure judicial reasoning bore down
More silt and wreckage of the heart's unease
Than this thin rill! But let the sarcasm stand;
It serves at least to thrust me on the cause
Full running, in a careless jogging start,
Ahead of fox and beagles, horn uplift,
Toot-tootling at full breath, as one who knows
Before the hunt's up where the brush will fall.

My Lords, this is a clear unmuddied case.
The plaintiff is a lady of the Court,
A maid of honor to Her Majesty and known
By beauty's rumor far as Tyne and Tweed.

By beauty's rumor—there I've found myself
With just the breath of satire; not one tone
Of all the tones her beauty struck in me,
Leaving me jangling like a belfry bell
Under a thrust of thunder.

She impleads
The courts of equity to have relief
Against defendant, in that he has made
A full heroic picture of herself,
Likest Diana, with the curved moon's arc
Crowning her head, and in her hand a spear;
No adjective beside to qualify
The fact of her—

Ah, there's another touch
To throw them off the scent. They'll nudge and say
"My lord is mellow": they will never dream
How that still beauty on the canvas caught,

Caught and held fast, as in the brain sometimes
A gesture of the soul is caught and held,—
How that still beauty stopped my mouth with awe,
And left my poor brain gaping. Like a tree,
A birch tree, shining in a windy place
Where blown and shattered leaves of sunlight fall,
And grasses ripple and the flooding blue
Seems to engulf the world; or like a wave
That tips with foam and flowering in the sea,
Drives on before the wind, a curve of sound
And failing flame of water, such intents
This phrase of mine obscures:

No adjective
Beside to qualify the fact of her.
The paint once dried, defendant made demand
For sums, excess of reason, which, refused,
The painter had his shameless painting set
Within the windows of a coffee house,
That all who paid might see and all who saw,
Knowing her face,—it was a replica
Most exquisite exact, her counsel saith,—
Might stand and stare. To this so-stated bill
Defendant has demurred.

So stands the cause.
My Lords, here is no ground for equity.
It is established from the earliest days
That save a man be injured in his purse,
Or in his lands, or in his common right,
He may not plead the Chancellor for aid.
And here what right is injured? Are there fees
And rents and profits in a replica?
Is beauty such a thing as this grave court,
Accustomed to the solid weight of trade,
Apt to divide with cold appraising eye
The estates of merchants, and maintain the scales
Against the shrewd in barter, long enured
To holding lands and livings in its trusts—
Is beauty such a value as we know?
Shall we weigh symmetry in sterling's worth?
Shall equity protect a woman's throat
Against the painter's interest in his paint?
The bill should be dismissed.

Ah, that's well done,
That's very well. I see them nod and bow
And echo what I've said; I see—I see—
Nay nothing but a beauty such as time
In all its ebb and flow against this earth
Has never yet tossed, like a tinted shell,
High on the echoing beaches that look out
Toward the faint lights of the voyaging stars.

INTERVALS

BY BEATRICE RAVENEL

I shall make offering in a new basket of marsh-grass
Curved like a conch-shell, sharp with salt echoes,
Two long handles like looped arms.
Untamed things shall I bring to the god of gardens,
Plum-blossom, sweet-olive and thyme,
Tang of small figs, gone wild in deserted gardens,
Most subtle of trees as the serpent is subtlest of beasts,
Slouched on the heat-soaked walls . . .
I shall lay them under the weary, appraising eyes,
The cynical, musical fingers
That rest on the goat-thighs.
Let me give him, O Pan,
All in the way of love—
The new, keen edge of difference,
The wonder of being together,
And the wild taste of immemorial marsh-grass.
But in the intervals,
When the lover is gone and only the comrade remains,
Pan, have mercy!
Teach me to talk like a man!

PAUL AND TWO WOMEN

I

ALMOST THOU PERSUADEST ME

BY ANNE C. E. ALLINSON

Honoria

to her brother, Sulpicius, Greeting:

I HAVE some good news to send you and also an extraordinary personal experience to tell you about. They are connected, and I will give you the news first. Felicia and Calpurnius have straightened out their difficulties and are living the sort of married life which is worthy of the family. I have thought so often lately how happy Mother would have been if she could have seen Felicia conquering a difficulty with dignity and self-control. Calpurnius has been very fine on his side, and it is deeply satisfying to watch their restored happiness and to see the adornment that it is to their outside life. I was sorry in my last letter to give you such an anxious report of them, and I feel sure that you will be as glad as I am to know that they are living once more in a reasonable and decent way.

But I mustn't let such a cold phrase end my story! I think I used that sentence to show you in your coldest mood how real this improvement is. As an actual fact, I could astonish you by bursting into a pæan on the change that seems to have swept over Felicia's nature. She no longer exhausts Calpurnius with moods and whims, but shows something of Mother's dignity and serenity in her relations with him. And then there is added—how shall I put it?—a new sort of gaiety which seems to bubble out of some inner spring of contentment. It is a perfectly charming thing to see. She is sweeter than she ever was, and peculiarly lovely to look at. She is finer, too, as a mother. You know how worried I have been over my little Felicla, left to

grow carelessly without any shaping hand. Felicia is spending more time with her herself, and she has dismissed the clever but rather dangerous young attendant whom she had for her. Instead, she has secured a splendid governess, a distant connection of Calpurnius's Aunt Victoria. At last I feel completely satisfied about her sense of responsibility for her child.

Now, how do you suppose this happened? Dear brother of mine, it is a great comfort to know that you will really be interested in what I am going to tell you. How often, across lands and seas, your thoughts and mine have flown toward each other! I wonder if you think as often as I do of the old days at home when Felicia was little and you and I were already growing up, and of how Father used to talk to us both together about the books he was reading and the things he was thinking about, and then we would discuss it all over again from our own point of view while we were tramping around the country at Frascati, or in the winter evenings in the city in the schoolroom, when Mother and Father were out for dinner, and we had got rid of the servants. I wonder just what mood you will be in when this letter reaches you, off there in Egypt! Will it be imperially born of the public affairs and questions of state that crowd into your office? Or will it be keen-eyed and speculative, springing from a stimulating and racy hour of talk with your Greek friends? Or will you be a bit amused, a bit curious, and more than a bit meditative because you have come in from watching the Egyptian populace at some public religious ceremonial, which spells truth to them and nothing at all to you? Anyhow, whatever you have been doing, send your mind back home for an hour! I want to write to you intimately of an intimate thing, and so I am trying to tempt you back into our old family interchange of thought. How thankful I am that I have no doubt of your wanting to meet me!

Well, I was going to tell you about what changed Felicia. It was an idea, and it was an idea not suggested by me or by anyone whom you could imagine. In fact, she rejected everything that we could say to her. Then her new little maid, Irene, a mere servant, a girl from their Sabine village, said this thing which seems to be transforming Felicia from an undisciplined, foolish

girl bent on disaster into a tranquil and beautiful woman. Irene happened to tell her one day about a new religion which had shown her the way out of some family difficulties (I suppose they have them!)—the religion of a certain Jesus Christ. Irene made the great point that its chief requirement is love, and she put it in such a way that Felicia impulsively acted upon it and became reconciled with Calpurnius just at the most critical moment in their relations. What struck me at first was that it was so like Felicia to act on impulse! The result in this case, I thought to myself, was certainly excellent, but the same impulsiveness might lead her astray a hundred other times. Then little by little—for I have waited two months before telling you—I have come to believe that the impulse, whatever it was, is lasting on and is shaping Felicia's life in varied and significant ways. Of course, the swift reconciliation, the finding out that she and Calpurnius really were lovers, played its part in the experience. Evidently it gave Felicia a curious sort of confidence in Irene, and the girl certainly is a lovely young creature, the pure charm of whose own life it is impossible to deny. It seems that, through Irene, Felicia has come to know other followers of this new faith. They are higher up than Irene,—an extraordinary democracy prevails among them,—but by no means in our own class. However, they have made a great impression upon Felicia, especially one older woman who evidently reaches the child's heart as nobody has since Mother died. To my astonishment, Felicia has succeeded in interesting Calpurnius in her ideas. He has not gone with her to any of the Christian meetings, but he is, I think, sympathetic with her lively interest in them.

Felicia, as you know, has nothing of the fanatic in her, and I doubt if many of her own set will ever know of her change of religion, whether or not they notice any change in herself. Religion in general is so left out of their scheme of life that they don't waste any effort in questioning each other's! And Felicia will always live pleasantly and charmingly with her social group. But in her own household, where she rules, she is perfectly definite, and Felicla, with the consent of Calpurnius, is being trained in the "new way". One morning I found her being taught a little prayer which ended "for Jesus Christ's sake". Perhaps it seems

less extraordinary to you than it did at the time to me. I know that life in the East has given you sympathy with differences in religious belief, and that the addition of one more form of worship or another would not surprise you—even possibly in your own family. I was so much interested in what you wrote once, during your first months in Egypt—that living close to another religion had effectually cured you of taking your own for granted, and had indeed aroused in you a general interest in religion which you did not know you possessed. "If Isis, then why Juno, and if Juno, then why Isis?"

Do you begin to see that I am feeling for a path of approach to your mind and understanding? I warned you in the first sentence of this letter that I had had myself an extraordinary experience. Now I must gather my courage and try to convey it to you.

Felicia introduced to me her new friend, the older woman to whom I referred. This Anna, with her son Rufus, is on intimate terms with the man who is recognized by the Christians as their leader. This man—it is like a list of *dramatis personæ*, isn't it!—this protagonist, so to speak, is a prisoner of the Prætorian Guards—a Jew sent over here from Jerusalem because he appealed to Cæsar when his own people brought him to trial for disturbing the peace with a new set of ideas. Now Anna made a great impression on me and what she told me about this Paul made a great impression, and I decided to go and talk directly with him. The imperial government seems to be very liberal with him; Burrus makes no objections to his receiving visitors in his lodging at any time. I went quite alone—you can imagine how horrified old Davus was when I gave him the address and how grieved he was when I made him stay outside with the other Sedan men! Also, by what I understand was unusual good fortune, I found Paul alone except for the guard to whom he was linked. A group of Jews, leaving just as I came, were gesticulating and talking with apparent violence as they came through the door. I felt curiously isolated from every other fact of my life when I walked alone into a prisoner's room, in order to talk fundamentals with a man of whom I knew so little and who knew of me absolutely nothing. It was as if his

bonds insured my freedom. He was still standing, having just said "good-bye" to his other visitors, and he asked me courteously to sit down when I told him that I was a Roman woman who wanted to talk with him about the religion that he was preaching; I did not use Anna's name, because I wanted to preserve for myself the unique separateness of my act. In arranging our chairs, he was very considerate of the young soldier fastened to him, and I noticed that the boy's eyes watched him with devotion. We talked Greek, of course. He speaks it absolutely without accent, and much more idiomatically than I do. I wish that I could describe the man to you! I shall never forget him so long as I live. He is thin, and does not seem robust physically, but his body betrays constantly an active, nervous energy. He is slightly bald and has a long, pointed beard. His face has in it a curious power. His nose is characteristically Jewish, but somehow gives a sort of massive strength to the head. The eyes are deep set, under close and prominent eyebrows, very penetrating, very full of light and fire, in spite of a certain sorrow which seems to be ambushed in them. His voice is cultivated, and I soon made up my mind that his friend was right in telling me that he was a scholar and thinker. It was indeed on that basis that I opened the talk. It would not have been fair to let him think for a moment that I was laden with a secret trouble as I imagine many must be who come to him. Telling him frankly what had interested me in his new ideas, I asked him if he would explain them to me more in detail.

Nobody came to interrupt us for almost an hour, and I shall always count that hour as the intensest one of my life.

I cleared the decks at once by explaining that the religion of the people was nothing to me and that in philosophy I was more or less of an eclectic, with both temperamental and reasoned leanings toward the Stoa. And then we talked—yes, I suppose we talked—about Stoicism and Epicureanism, and his own Christianity, and the Isis worship, and the cult of Cybele—certainly these names and many others passed and repassed between us. But as we went on I became conscious of a pulsing something, a vital breath, like a wind rising on the languid air, a stir and rush of thought. The matter was no longer in my own

hands. Through the intellectual discussion which I had started pierced the realization that this man had no time for the husk, the rind, the cramping cover of ideas. He had accepted my terms at first merely for the sake of reaching my mind with a ray of the new light which, like some undreamed of primal element, has created for him—the words are his own—a new earth and a new heaven.

I have heaped up my figures of speech in seeking to convey to you an impression. But it is the figure of light that I must leave in your imagination! Paul himself used it constantly, as if seeking to cleave an obscurant sky. Vividly, at every turn, he made the contrast between darkness and light. The contrasts insisted upon by our systems of thought have always interested me. Here are our Roman State and family dividing the pious from the impious, according to their obedience or disobedience to the obligations of an established religion. Here are the Stoics judging us by our submission to or our rebellion against the universal law of Nature. Virgil saw on the one hand the man who bows to the decrees of Destiny, and on the other the man who futilely resists them, victim of his own passions. Lucretius scorned the blind credulity of the religious, and urged upon us the freedom born of scientific knowledge. And so on and on—each system has its own measure of division. But this man I was talking with, this prisoner bound to one of our soldiers, was visioning on the one side a whole world in darkness and on the other the illuminated ones, the children of light, who recognize a new law of Love. Darkness and light, darkness and light —these words he used over and over, until a strange sensation befell me. I seemed to see myself coming down, down through long and dusky corridors of thought, to find at the end the open sky and wide sunlit spaces, and the radiance and freshness of a day that would never die.

But I must leave my sensations and try more intelligibly to pass on to you the ideas that emerged from the conversation. This, however, will be a difficult thing to do because the ideas for Paul focused and centered in a person, to me unknown and even incomprehensible. The person is little Irene's Jesus Christ—assuming heroic proportions when he is reflected through a brain

like Paul's. Do you ask me if he is a god, like Osiris, like Isis, springing from the East and appearing in Rome? I lightly assumed that when I first heard of him—I was patient with Felicia only because the results of a new cult were so delightful. Anna, however, gave me the impression of worshiping in human terms the remembered life of a man so good and so richly endowed with personality that he became for others a norm and an inspiration. I remember once hearing Seneca say that one of the most practical ways of living well was to pick out a master—Cato, for example, if you liked an austere one, or some gentler Lælius—and follow him. Choose one, he said, whose own life has satisfied you and then picture him always to yourself as guide and as pattern. "You can never straighten a crooked thing"—his vivid phrase stayed by me—"unless you use a ruler." Anna seemed to me to have found in Jesus the sort of "ruler" recommended by our arch-Stoic. This is amazing when you consider the quite uninteresting facts of His life as they give them to you. He was a common workman who lived some thirty years ago in Palestine. He evidently had a religious mission and native powers of persuasion, because, when He could get time from His work, He went about from village to village, acquiring a following among the lower classes. But His ideas were obnoxious to the authorities—revolutionary, I imagine—and after a while they crucified Him in Jerusalem as a dangerous character. Whether He was an agitator or not, He seems to have made upon His immediate friends and followers an indelible impression which they have passed on to those who never saw Him.

To me, as you will readily understand, all this did not seem particularly interesting—perhaps I am too cold for hero worship, too indifferent to personal judgments to put my mind, however inferior, into anyone else's keeping. Seneca's advice caught my attention without persuading me. I have always yielded more easily to abstractions and principles of thought than to their exemplification, usually so inadequate, in some specific personality. So I had dismissed Anna's feeling for Jesus about as lightly as I dismissed Irene's.

But with Paul I had no choice, in that hour which he dominated. I received an extraordinary impression, connected with that other

impression of which I just spoke. It was as if, whenever and wherever I emerged from darkness, I found a Person clothed in light, from whose touch sprang the radiant and immortal day. At any rate (for I must again rein myself in with terms comprehensible to you), I recognized that this Jesus becomes the central point of all that Paul teaches. Just how far He is to him a master in Seneca's sense, or a divine personage, was not clear to me. Sometimes I thought he was talking of a personal friend, and sometimes of an idea, according to Plato's use of the word. Certainly every question of mine led to Jesus Christ. As far as I can make out, on thinking it over, the two words taken together indicate the Personality which, in Paul's thought, animates all laws and principles of life. The "law of love", the "law of spirit"—whatever law emerged in our conversation—was transformed from an abstraction into an issue of man's highest personality. I am sure there is a Platonic strain in it somewhere, as if among the Ideas laid up in heaven were that of a perfect humanity, made known to consciousness, and hence usable as a pattern, under a specific name. The transition from the good carpenter in Palestine, whom Paul had only heard of, to an all-animating Personality seems to have been made by way of a resurrection after crucifixion. This whole matter, however, is obscure to me. The particular story is absurd on the face of it. Yet Paul reiterated that he preached "Jesus" crucified, and also that if "Christ" had not risen from the grave, then all his preaching was in vain. I cannot tell you what he meant. I have no idea now, nor had I then. Only then—*then*—and this was another strange part of that strange hour's experience—I was burned by the man's eyes, set astir by his voice, shaken by a passion that sheathed him like a flame, swept onward by gusts of thought that seemed to rise from the recesses of life itself.

But you know me well enough to know that this vicarious emotion of mine was momentary. The gusts passed, leaving me still in pursuit of a clear path of understanding. And it was in this quieter mood that I received my final impressions from Paul. It is because of them that I am writing to you at all. As we talked on I saw that much that these Christians teach is old and familiar. Monotheism, certainly, is philosophically assumed by

most of us, in spite of the motley forms of our apparent religion. Also the assumption of an Eternal Purpose behind all phenomena is good Stoic dogma. As for "kindness" to people about you—why, you remember the Stoic phrase Mother liked so much—"for mortal to help mortal, that is God." Socrates in prison for conscience's sake four hundred years ago was just as considerate toward his jailer as this prisoner seems to be. The immortality of the soul—when hasn't somebody believed in it! I confess I don't, but Plato seems to have convinced himself of the proposition! All kinds of virtues, courage, honesty, temperance, faithfulness to duty—certainly we Romans don't need to be taught these things from Jerusalem. Even the curious mystical idea that Paul seemed once to suggest, of a divine person dying to save others as a sort of atonement, is not new. I found that long ago in my Greek studies, and I remember that you wrote of it once in commenting on the Isis worship. Over against all your Oriental cults, however, and over against Hellenic Orphism, Paul's religion, as he explained it, seemed to me to have an especially fine element. Whatever it is, it is not a doctrine only for initiates while others are left outside. I liked the value that Paul assigned to every single individual. He said it was a corollary of the fact that Jesus Christ died for and saved the meanest as well as the highest. At any rate, I liked the clean breath of it all, the sweeping away of secrets, the free passage of the "light" to every man, woman, and child, rich or poor, learned or ignorant.

But I was speaking of the familiarity, in one form or another, of many of the specific things mentioned by Paul. And yet, Sulpicius, little by little the conviction grew upon me that here was a way of thinking and a way of acting stupendously new. I had a vision of a city different from Plato's or Zeno's or any other, fresh as a new planet that dawns upon our eyes. It seemed radiant with new things—with the new man, the new law, the new hope, the new joy, the new fruits of a new spirit. These words dropped constantly from the lips of Paul. I began to yield to them. I felt as if I were casting off one old garment after another, and would in the end find myself face to face with a new self living a new life.

Life—*life*, that, Sulpicius, is the word that took root in me that day, and may—who knows?—come to flower. Every Christian I have met seems to me to be amazingly alive. Vitality is their common possession. Even Irene has it, in a young and gentle way. It ripples through her like a little brook. In Felicia it is like a new fountain opened up to flood a shallow pool. In Anna this stream swells to a deep and tranquil river. In Paul it surges and engulfs like a mighty torrent. As far as I can make out, they have this life because they draw it out of eternal things and conceive it to flow on toward eternal things. They themselves would say that it springs from God in Jesus Christ, and seeks God in Jesus Christ. They all—except Paul, of course, who sits there apart in forced inaction—they all keep right on living the littlest sort of everyday life. But I think that they live it in the presence of God and of eternity. I am aware that philosophers have preached some such sort of abstraction as this, but I must confess to you that I have never before in my whole life seen one individual, not even Mother, who was doing it as these Christians are. They seem set free from every inhibition, as if an inexhaustible power were there to draw upon, in proportion to the size of the cup that nature permits them to hold at the fountain's source.

It is late, and I have written this with my own hand. The lamp—the bronze one with the doves on it—do you remember?—burns low. Are you close to me in the shadows of the room, heart of my heart, or have I long since driven you away? Do you question me? No, I am not going to tell you that I have become a Christian. I shall never go with Felicia to Christian homes and meetings. I fancy I could not stand their words. Nor shall I go back to Paul. But I have seen a star rising in the darkness; I have seen a fountain gushing in the sunlight. Goodbye, and may all good things be yours. Felicia and Calpurnius spoke of you especially this morning and sent their affectionate greetings. Felicla wants you to come home soon, and bring her an ivory doll, and a baby crocodile—please!

Your Honoria.

TALKING FOR VICTORY

BY EDWARD A. THURBER

He who talks for victory is the happiest and most stimulating of mortals. He strives neither to speak the truth nor to be profound. For there dwells within him an awareness that truth does not flow from clear waters and reason, as well as beauty, rides upon the foam. He may be a man of devoutness, but when he talks he kneels only before the altar of mind. Therefore, though he may be steeped in prejudice, this prejudice in talking is to choose the side that offers momentary resistance. And if he is confuted, it does not greatly matter; to-morrow the confuters will be easy prey—they always run in the furrow. Not that he yields lightly—nothing is further from his purpose. In worshiping mind, he comes more and more to realize its limitlessness, and he therefore battles for his opinions furiously. One who takes mind for his champion is fairly unconquerable.

To one who talks for victory, the paradox is a serviceable weapon. He never seeks it; it lies with its handle toward him. He always hits upon what is superfluous and spendthrift, what is unnecessary and inconceivable; these are the officers of the mind. The expedient and the necessary succor only the body. His relation to truth is therefore an openmindedness, for truth will not be coddled and sought for; she is various, her chief comrade is integrity; she visits only those who are scarred. Thus he who talks for victory tears asunder the barriers of ancient truths—he scatters them about him; they are to him mere impediments. He rides between the wings of his own assertions; his Pegasus is both the seeker and the sought.

One who talks for victory is not solicitous that his words be recorded. There will be record enough of them, for there are always men about with cups, and if what falls into these cups be crystalline, they cherish it. But to record adequately victorious talk, the recorders themselves must be men of radiance, and their

quality is always different from that of the talker, so that the record is sifted twice, through two ecstatic souls. The third sifting comes from the reader.

Of the many records of victorious talk, I think of two, those of a Greek and of an Englishman; in the first instance, the recorder was a renowned philosopher, in the second, a rather negligible man of the world; both were sovereign artists. And in many respects the Britisher seems to have had the advantage. Socrates knows rather cannily whither his talk is leading; there is too little waste in his assertions—their sequence is too well thought out, the asides too adroit, too finished; too artistically careless. Thus, although there is no doubt that the rough Socrates is there, abundant room is left for the regal Plato; it is share and share alike, thoughts sifted through the minds of peers. Boswell, on the other hand, is free of the preoccupations of Plato; his philosophy is of the slightest tissue imaginable—it would do service for a collegian. Thus he is the more attentive to his hero's personality; his posture is that of a disciple. Boswell protests against talking for victory; he catches his master in contradictions; he rambles off into irrelevancies; yet so vital is his artistic impulse that a genuine portrait crowns his pages. You can see his hero in every gesture; the recorder's mind is of clay; it takes the slightest imprint of its subject. And yet withal there is selection—talk unrecorded; you leave the banquet at its height.

"To the utter astonishment of all the passengers but myself, who knew that he could talk upon any side of a question, he defended the Inquisition."

A Dutchman inveighed against the barbarity of putting an accused person to the torture in order to force a confession. But Johnson was ready for this as for the Inquisition. "Why, Sir, you do not, I find, understand the law of your own country. To torture in Holland is considered as a favor to an accused person; for no man is put to the torture there, unless there is as much evidence against him as would amount to conviction in England. An accused person among you, therefore, has one chance more to escape punishment than those who are tried among us."

This is the victorious method; it is talk of pure rapture, but

not quite in the manner in which it is recorded by Plato. To be sure, Plato was not writing the life of Socrates. His account is the epic of a philosopher; Boswell's of a man.

Johnson's aggressiveness was not self-conscious; his vigorous mind drove him of its own exigency into battle. He fostered opponents, he hunted them from their hiding places, dragged them into the arena. Two or three citadels he defended at all hazards—piety, Toryism and clean language. And yet even here the weakly good did not venture far; Johnson could too easily prick the bubble of impotence.

Johnson burned his bridges behind him; retreat was impossible. In health or in sickness he had no qualms of having borne heavily upon an adversary. "What harm does it do any man to be contradicted?" he asked. "Who is the worse for being harshly treated? I do not know weak-nerved people." "When I was ill," he said, "I desired he would tell me sincerely in what he thought my life was faulty. Sir, he brought me a sheet of paper on which he had written down several texts of Scripture, recommending Christian charity. And when I questioned him what occasion I had given for such an animadversion, all that he could say amounted to this, that I sometimes contradicted people in conversation." "It was a scene for a comedy," said Sir Joshua; "a penitent in a violent passion belaboring his confessor." And Burke remarked: "It is well if when a man comes to die he has nothing heavier upon his conscience than having been a little rough in conversation."

Talking for victory is out of place between two intimates. The flights of words in the study and at the club are not commensurable. One does not groom a family horse for the race track. Furthermore talking for victory entails no pedantry. The astonishing monologues of Macaulay did not stimulate his hearers for long; when they had got used to him, they were not averse to the ebbing of the tide. Possibly Carlyle might have talked well for victory. One condition, however, he lacked; there is a question whether he was clubable. A real talker for victory must be cognizant of taverns; he must fit into the leisure that ale houses demand. There is a suggestion, not absolute, that the club Carlyle belonged to was for mutual improvement. Nobody

frequented the Mermaid, or Will's, or the Mitre for culture. Men gathered about those boards for fellowship and joy, and the talk was pure delight and victory.

It is creative talk, talk for adventure. There is no preparation for it; it springs spontaneously from a virile mind. It may be that the mistress of a salon plots whither the conversation is to lead, yet she herself is a mere arbiter. She dangles the bait, which is seized and torn by her ravenous guests. Thus the victorious talker holds with the artists. Whatever his vocation may be, whether he be a man of science, a student of politics, a philosopher, when he and his comrades meet in fellowship, the humdrum of life is sloughed away; he goes fishing into the very depth of his consciousness; he fares into new seas, overtakes undreamed of argosies,—fleets laden with plunder,—and he ushers them home with him, scattering their wealth lavishly about him. He is a shepherd pasturing his thoughts; he sees them take form and value, or rather these thoughts seek him, for excellence is always striving for expression and beauty; he and his thoughts call to one another for a rendezvous which they may denominate home. He puts in the window a candle—they come, they come; they are diverse, headstrong, shy, but his light beckons them to the fold.

The talker for victory never says to himself: "Ah, to-day I shall confute that man." He never knows whether he is to agree or not; the side he takes is not for him to choose, it belongs to the occasion.

The victorious talker therefore treads the path of freedom. He is not bound by usage; he is spontaneous, unprecedented; his originality rests solely upon character. His contradictions are gossamers flung off to the wind. The limits of logic do not oppress him—he harbors a rich faith in doubts. His words, like creatures of art, have no object beyond themselves. No system harries him; he systematizes rapture. His love of triumph gives triumph charm. Self awareness is his goal; his words are a challenge to the depths of consciousness. The hour is in his grasp, the moment exultant. His carack rocks upon vast seas, and in steering for a new passage drops anchor at a continent.

EDWARD A. THURBER.

CHAPONE, GREGORY, AND PENNINGTON

BY MARTIN ARMSTRONG

If we wish to recreate for ourselves the intimate life of our forbears—their manners, thoughts, ideals, the intellectual and spiritual climate in which they lived and moved—we must look for it not in official histories but in the diaries, albums, fiction, sermons, and books of moral instruction in which, being bent on other matters than conscious history, they give themselves away, so to speak, at every turn. Such a work is *Chapone, Gregory, and Pennington:* a book whose sub-title is not, but certainly should be, *The Perfect Ingénue.* Nowhere is there a more complete portrait—I had almost said, exposure—of the ideal Miss of the period between the middle of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. The book was published, but not written, in 1844. It is the trinity in unity of three works, one composed over eighty, and the others seventy, years earlier; and it is an astounding and significant fact that they should have enjoyed popularity for the better part of a century. The books in question are *Letters On The Improvement Of The Mind, A Father's Legacy To His Daughters,* and *An Unfortunate Mother's Advice To Her Absent Daughters,* three masterpieces of which Chapone, Gregory and Pennington were respectively the authors. "The reception they have met with from the public," says the preface, referring to the first two members of the trinity, "is the best criterion of their merit" (and, it might be added, of their public), "so that it would be as useless to censure as it is unnecessary to praise either of these productions." I am inclined to agree, and shall content myself for the most part with investigating, comparing, and quoting, for, though it sometimes becomes impossible to refrain from censure, the productions themselves, if given a fair chance, can generally be trusted to damn themselves without external help.

Mrs. Chapone, author of *Letters On The Improvement Of The Mind,* addressed to a beloved niece, was a friend of the famous Mrs. Montague, of whom Dr. Johnson remarked: "Mrs. Montague has dropped me. Now, Sir, there are people whom one should like very well to drop, but would not wish to be dropped by." The sprightly and irreverent Fanny Burney gives us a glimpse of her in her *Diary:*

> My father and mother and Jemm and I went one evening last week to the Dean of Winchester's, where we met Mrs. Chapone, who looked less forbidding than usual: but she is deadly ugly to be sure: such African nose and lips, and such a clunch figure! "Poor Chappy, she's so ugly you know!" Mr. Seward says.

Fanny's mind, it is to be feared, had escaped improvement at the hands of Mrs. Chapone. But fifteen or sixteen years later her feelings towards Chappy had grown more kindly. "Mrs. Chapone herself," she wrote in 1783, "is the most superiorly unaffected creature you can conceive, and full of *agrémens* from good sense, talents, and conversational powers, in defiance of age, infirmities, and uncommon ugliness. I really love, as well as admire and esteem her." As Miss Mulso, Mrs. Chapone had the honor, Bozzy tells us, of contributing "four billets" to Number Ten of Johnson's *Rambler.* The *Letters On The Improvement Of The Mind* were first published in 1773. A later edition, published in Edinburgh, misprints the author's name as "Champone", thus implying a stimulation and sparkle which her works are far from containing. "At an early age," our already-quoted preface tells us, "she exhibited proofs of a very superior understanding. Her first production was an *Ode to Peace*"—a poem which (the preface fails to mention) does much to reconcile one to war.

Dr. Gregory, author of *A Father's Legacy To His Daughters,* first published in 1774, was "a physician of great skill and eminence". He was Professor of Philosophy at King's College, Aberdeen, and later went to London, was made an F. R. S., and "obtained the friendship of many distinguished persons, particularly Lord Lyttelton and Mrs. Montague". In 1787 we find Dorothy Wordsworth writing from Penrith to her friend Jane Pollard:

I have a very pretty collection of books from my brothers, which they have given me. I will give you a catalogue. I have the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, Pope's *Works*, Fielding's *Works*, Hayley's *Poems*, *Gil Blas*, Dr. Gregory's *Letters* to his daughters.

Of Lady Pennington, the author of *An Unfortunate Mother's Advice To Her Absent Daughters*, I know little. It is clear, however, that it was her ladyship rather than her daughters who was absent, for a family explosion, it appears, removed her from the Pennington household. Later editions omit *Unfortunate* from the title, whether with a view to burying the unhappy scandal or because Lady Pennington subsequently had reason to congratulate, rather than to pity, herself on the exchange, I cannot say. Her book, first published in 1761 and apparently enlarged later, was the earliest of our three to appear.

Mrs. Chapone was first bound up with Dr. Gregory in 1808, and in 1844, as we have seen, their individuality was still further diluted by the intrusion of Lady Pennington.

The book, thus combined, is naturally not always unanimous. Chappy sometimes recommends what Lady Pennington scowls at, and one can imagine that any of our great-aunts who in her callow days pinned too absolute a faith on *Chapone, Gregory, and Pennington* may, among the three of them, have been sadly perplexed. Dr. Gregory's daughters, too, have an unfair pull over the Misses Pennington and Chappy's niece in the fact that their adviser is masculine, so that Dr. Gregory's advice, when it differs from the other two, must be looked upon not merely as a contradiction but as a corrective, like the famous "Mixture" invented by his son James which made the name of Gregory to stink in all the nurseries of England.

So much for our authors. Let us now turn to their works and begin, very properly, with religion. Mrs. Chapone, after some instruction in how not to practise religion, adds a useful hint. "Nor," she says, "do those act on surer principles who think to gain the favor of God by senseless enthusiasm and frantic raptures." With this Dr. Gregory is fully in accord. "Avoid," he advises the Misses Gregory, "all grimace and ostentation in your religious duties." But in their notions of the nature of religion they differ profoundly. "Religion," says the Doctor,

"is rather a matter of sentiment than of reasoning." Chappy thinks otherwise: "As you advance in years and understanding, I hope you will be able to examine for yourself the evidences of the Christian religion, and be convinced, on rational grounds, of its divine authority." But all three of our authors agree that religion is a sound investment. Writes Lady Pennington:

A person who has once experienced the advantages of a right action will be led by the motive of present self-interest, as well as by future expectation, to the continuance of it. There is no injunction of Christianity that a sincere Christian, by obedience, will not find is so calculated as to be directly, in some measure, its own reward.

How ill-advised, how insane, a young lady would be to abandon her religious faith we learn from Dr. Gregory:

Women are greatly deceived when they think that they recommend themselves to our sex by their indifference about religion. Even those men who are themselves unbelievers, dislike infidelity in you. Every man who knows human nature connects a religious taste in your sex, with softness and sensibility of heart: at least we always consider the want of it as a proof of that hard and masculine spirit which, of all your faults, we dislike the most. Besides, men consider your religion as one of their principal securities for that female virtue in which they are most interested.

For Heaven's sake, then, let us bring up our daughters to be religious! But there are other qualities besides religion which every young lady who hopes for success with the sterner sex must carefully cultivate. The Doctor has already mentioned two—softness and sensibility of heart—and all our authors are definite on the indispensability of delicacy, propriety, elegance, and reserve. The Doctor writes again:

One of the chief beauties in a female character is that modest reserve, that retiring delicacy, which avoids the public eye, and is disconcerted even at the gaze of admiration. . . . When a girl ceases to blush, she has lost the most powerful charm of beauty. That extreme sensibility which it indicates may be a weakness and incumbrance in our sex, as I have too often felt: but in yours it is perpetually engaging.

"Gentleness, meekness, and patience," says Chappy of her sex, "are her peculiar distinctions, and an enraged woman is one of the most disgusting sights in nature."

In advising the Misses Gregory on their choice of amusements,

the Doctor says: "You may indulge the variety of your tastes in these, while you keep within the bounds of that propriety which is suitable to your sex."

From Mrs. Chapone on the subject of the dinner-table one discovers a hint of gradations among these virtues. "In your table," she says, "as in your dress, and in all other things, I wish you to aim at propriety and neatness, or, if your state demands it, elegance, rather than superfluous figure." Elegance, then, it appears, is something a little less reserved than propriety. The Doctor does not seem to recognize this distinction:

> Let me recommend to your attention that elegance which is not so much a quality in itself as the high polish of every other. It is what diffuses an ineffable grace over every look, every motion, every sentence you utter. . . .

To preserve these ethereal qualities the greatest precaution must be exercised, but even the most cautious maiden is never absolutely safe, for "virginity, purity, is of that delicate nature that it cannot hear certain things without contamination". Realizing this, one almost shudders when Mrs. Chapone lays it down that certain gentlemen (gentlemen, it is true, "whom your parents think it proper for you to converse with") are to be treated with "the same frankness and simplicity as if they were of your own sex". The Doctor allows an even more perilous latitude, for his daughters may not only dance but dance "with spirit"; though he gravely warns them:

> But never allow yourselves to be so far transported with mirth, as to forget the delicacy of your sex. Many a girl, dancing in the gaiety and innocence of her heart, is thought to discover a spirit she little dreams of.

The Doctor glances, in passing, at the question of dress. "Dress," he says, "is an important article in female life. The love of dress is natural to you, and therefore it is proper and reasonable." That, I think, is a very dangerous deduction. Gaiety and innocence of heart are equally natural, but we have just seen to what pitfalls they may lead. The Doctor pursues:

> Good sense will regulate your expense in it, and good taste will direct you to dress in such a way as to conceal any blemishes, and to set off your beauties, if you have any, to the greatest advantage. . . . A fine woman shows her charms to most advantage when she seems most to conceal them. The finest bosom in nature is not so fine as what imagination forms.

The Doctor, one sees, was a man of an opulent fancy. I have indicated that a young lady may dance and, if careful, may do so with spirit, but she would be mistaken in supposing that the object of dancing was mere enjoyment. Dancing, Mrs. Chapone tells us, is not only ornamental but also useful, useful in "forming and strengthening the body and improving the carriage". Walking and riding, too, are to be valued rather as means to health and attractiveness than for their own sake. Dr. Gregory writes:

I would particularly recommend to you those exercises that oblige you to be much abroad in the open air, such as walking, and riding on horseback. This will give vigour to your constitutions, and a bloom to your complexions.

But even in good health there lurks a terrible danger:

Though good health be one of the greatest blessings of life, never make a boast of it, but enjoy it in grateful silence. We so naturally associate the idea of female softness and delicacy with a correspondent delicacy of constitution, that when a woman speaks of her great strength, her extraordinary appetite, her ability to bear excessive fatigue, we recoil at the description, in a way she is little aware of.

To Dr. Gregory's detestable exaltation of all the negative and feeble virtues, we find a faint protest from Mrs. Chapone; yet hardly a protest, rather a mere reminder that those virtues must not be carried beyond the credible:

There is nothing in which this self-deception is more notorious than in what regards sentiment and feeling. Let a vain young woman be told that tenderness and softness is the peculiar charm of the sex—that even their weakness is lovely, and their fears becoming—and you will presently observe her grow so tender as to be ready to weep for a fly; so fearful, that she starts at a feather; and so weak-hearted, that the smallest accident quite overpowers her. Her fondness and affection becomes fulsome and ridiculous; her compassion grows contemptible weakness; and her apprehensiveness the most abject cowardice: for, when once she quits the direction of Nature, she knows not where to stop, and continually exposes herself by the most absurd extremes.

Nothing so effectually defeats its own ends as this kind of affectation. . . .

Among the many other dangers which lie in wait for our ingénue is that of contamination from the lower orders. Chappy implores:

Above all things avoid intimacy with those of low birth and education, nor think it a mark of humility to delight in such society: for it much oftener pro-

ceeds from the meanest kind of pride, that of being the head of the company, and seeing your companions subservient to you. . . . Your manners and faculties instead of improving, must be continually lowered to suit you to your companions: and, believe me, you will find it no easy matter to raise them again to a level with polite and well-informed people.

The greatest kindness and civility to inferiors is perfectly consistent with proper caution on this head.

Lady Pennington is no less emphatic:

Never descend to converse with those whose birth, education, and early views in life were not superior to a state of servitude: their minds being in general suited to their station, they are apt to be intoxicated by any degree of familiarity, and to become useless and impertinent.

In the sections on Love and Marriage I find some entrancing passages. Lady Pennington gives copious advice on the choice of a husband. The bare idea of choice savors more of *Man and Superman* than the passive rôle of the eighteenth century damsel: but Lady Pennington refers, I believe, to that choice open even to the most delicate maiden after she herself has been chosen. She ends her advice with the grim pronouncement, carrying, I think, the barb of a personal implication: "Great is the hazard of a mistake, and irretrievable the effects of it."

The Doctor, in his remarks on the subject, implies two appalling doctrines and, in the end, comes very close to contradicting himself:

I know nothing that renders a woman more despicable, than her thinking it essential to happiness to be married. Besides the gross indelicacy of the sentiment, it is a false one, as thousands of women have experienced. But, if it was true, the belief that it is so, and the consequent impatience to be married, is the most effectual way to prevent it.

Truth, then, should always be ignored unless it can be made to square with utility and delicacy: and there are certain truths which can be realized materially only by believing them to be false. Here is an ethical mess which I must leave to philosophers qualified to deal with such problems. Dr. Gregory continues:

You must not think from this that I do not wish you to marry: on the contrary, I am of opinion, that you may attain a superior degree of happiness in a married state, to what you can possibly find in any other.

When it comes to the delicate question as to when advice should be sought in the matter of love, we are perplexed to find

Chappy and the Doctor once more at cross purposes. Chappy is definite. Parents should be warned at the very first symptom. "The time to consult them is before you have given a lover the least encouragement." The Doctor, on the other hand, following his conception of the innate insipidity of all decent women, lays it down thus, in words which surely drew a chuckle from even the most doe-like of his novitiates:

> There is another case in which I suspect it is proper to be secret, not so much from motives of prudence, as delicacy: I mean in love matters. . . . It is even long before a woman of delicacy dares avow to her own heart that she loves: and, when all the subterfuges of ingenuity to conceal it from herself fail, she feels a violence done both to her pride and her modesty.

Among Dr. Gregory's highly complicated and questionable reflections on marriage, a plain human sentiment shines out, by contrast, with an exaggerated radiance. "When I am so particular," he says, "in my advices about your conduct, I own my heart beats with the fond hope of making you worthy the attachment of men who will deserve you, and be sensible of your merit."

The day of the Georgian young lady was meticulously apportioned. Even Fanny Burney, the daughter of an unusually liberal and unrepressed household, conformed to the regulation. She writes in her diary at the age of fifteen or sixteen:

> I make a kind of rule never to indulge myself in my two most favourite pursuits, reading and writing, in the morning—no, like a very good girl I give that up wholly, accidental occasions and preventions excepted, to needle work, by which means my reading and writing in the afternoon is a pleasure I cannot be blamed for by my mother, as it does not take up the time I ought to spend otherwise.

The morning was always, I believe, devoted to improvement and the afternoon to diversion, and if you discover that one young lady did needlework in the morning and reading in the afternoon, and another, reading in the morning and needlework in the afternoon, this does not mean that the regulation was ever reversed but that there was a diversity of opinion on the appropriate classification of needlework and reading. For Lady Pennington, for example, needlework is a diversion. But perhaps Miss Burney's needlework was of the kind technically known as

white sewing, whereas Lady Pennington's was clearly what would nowadays be called by the horrible name of art needlework. From Dr. Gregory we learn without surprise that needlework is not pursued for its own sake but for some entirely different reason:

> The intention of your being taught needlework, knitting, and such like, is not on account of the intrinsic value of all you can do with your hands, which is trifling: but to enable you to judge more perfectly of that kind of work, and to direct the execution of it in others. Another principal end is to enable you to fill up, in a tolerably agreeable way, some of the many solitary hours you must necessarily pass at home.

Here is Lady Pennington's programme for the proper employment of a day:

> It is an excellent method to appropriate the morning wholly to improvement: the afternoon may then be allowed to diversions. Under the last head, I place company, books of the amusing kind, and entertaining productions of the needle, as well as plays, balls, cards, etc., which more commonly go by the name of diversions: the afternoon and evening till supper may then be employed with innocence and propriety: but let not one of them ever be suffered to intrude on the former part of the day, which should always be devoted to more useful employment.

But these hours of diversion were not all beer and skittles. They were sometimes consumed in the detestable duty of visiting one's acquaintances:

> Part of the hours appropriated to relaxation must, of necessity, be less agreeably taken up in the paying and receiving visits of mere ceremony and civility: a tribute, by custom authorised, by good manners enjoined: in these, when the conversation is only insignificant, join in it with apparent satisfaction; talk of the elegance of a birthday suit, the pattern of a lace, the judicious assortment of jewels, the cut of a ruffle, or the set of a sleeve, with unaffected ease; not according to the rank which they hold in your estimation, but proportioned to the consequence they may be of in the opinion of those you are conversing with.

Among the other diversions, needlework which, to the casual view, appears harmless enough can (one is shocked to learn) become, if carried to excess, a vice capable of ruining a home. Lady Pennington allows the theatre, but only those plays—

> approved by persons of understanding and virtue, as calculated to answer the proper ends of the theatre, namely, that of conveying instruction in the

most pleasing method. Attend to the sentiment, apply to the moral, and then you cannot, I think, pass an evening in a more entertaining diversion.

That this should be possible is entirely owing to "the indefatigable labor of the inimitable Mr. Garrick".

Lady Pennington is severe on novels. She says:

> Very few of these are worth the trouble of reading: some of them, perhaps, do contain a few good morals, but they are not worth the finding, where so much rubbish is intermixed. . . . Yet ridiculous as these fictitious tales generally are, they are so artfully managed as to excite an idle curiosity to see the conclusion, by which means the reader is drawn on, through a tiresome length of foolish adventures, from which neither knowledge, pleasure, or profit, seldom can accrue, to the common catastrophe of a wedding. . . . They are apt to give a romantic turn to the mind, which is often productive of great errors in judgment, and of fatal mistakes in conduct.

This, at a date when *Gulliver*, all Richardson, all Fielding, several of Smollett's novels, and at least half of *Tristram Shandy*, had already appeared, is a little sweeping. But Lady Pennington stretches a point "in justice to a late ingenious author," and recommends *The Vicar of Wakefield*.

Chappy is slightly less intolerant, not so much because she disapproves less of fiction than Lady Pennington but because she is constitutionally more venturesome in her sanctions. Indeed she is inclined to regard fiction as a commodity like brandy, which no decent person would use for other than medicinal purposes. As usual, tremendous caution is recommended, and that golden rule of mediocrity, never to trust to your own judgment but always to somebody else's, is solemnly enjoined.

What then is the rule of life laid down by *Chapone, Gregory, and Pennington?* It is only too clear that their cardinal principles are a vile discretion, an insuperable cautiousness, an endless suppression of all the more robust impulses, and a determination to practise nothing for its own sake but for the sake of something else and, generally, something less honorable. Their influence is visible at the present time in the fact that such words as delicacy, propriety, elegance, genteel, cautious, have taken on a tinge of the ludicrous, and the corresponding virtues of delicacy, propriety, reserve, caution, and so on, have fallen out of fashion. Yet we should be mistaken if we imagined that these people were

detestable. They wear the color and attitude of their time, but happily, with that saving grace common to all men, they are thoroughly inconsistent. Indeed, the very fact that they taught these astonishing principles without recognizing their fundamental immorality implies a certain simplicity. Their fault was the paradoxical desire to teach simplicity, frankness, ingenuousness, charm, as a fine art, and (it must be added) generally for unworthy objects. It is as though a love of flowers had resulted in their tying paper roses to a rose-tree instead of making it possible for the rose-tree to blossom naturally, or else they are so enamored of rosebuds that they tie up all the buds for fear that they should bloom. They are always contradicting themselves. At one moment they issue elaborate and astute instructions in the technique of simplicity; at the next, they maintain that to be convincing it must be genuine. Dr. Gregory, after disgusting us by his horribly unhealthy precepts, suddenly produces this thoroughly sound sentiment: "I do not want to make you anything: I want to know what Nature has made you, and to perfect you on her plan." Now they hint that virtue is perhaps its own reward, now that it is a first-class investment. It is like that shockingly immoral hymn which one hesitates to quote:

> Whatever, Lord, we give to Thee,
> Repaid a thousandfold will be.
> Then gladly will we give to Thee. . . .

That is why we find nothing recommended for its own sake. Dancing and riding are practised with a view to a figure and a complexion, and these are sought with a view to a husband. There is one good thing about this side of the affair, that whatever the ultimate object, the girl does get her dancing and riding and from them the unescapable by-product of enjoyment. It is when the scheme is pursued in a negative direction that it grows immoral. For then it becomes plain that there are things good and desirable in themselves which are bad investments and, as such, they must be either suppressed or avoided. Health, according to the Doctor, was one of these, and I find that learning was another. The young woman who wishes to please, it appears, must be, or pretend to be, not only physically weak but

also weak-minded. As I browsed carelessly from Chapone to Gregory and from Gregory to Pennington, the dangerous quality of learning did not at first strike me. We picture our eighteenth-century young lady, dogged by the bogies of decency and propriety, seeking timidly among the apparently harmless concerns of life for some perfectly safe investment. After several narrowly-avoided snares, she will learn from the Doctor with a sigh of relief that "there is no impropriety in your reading history or cultivating any art or science to which genius or accident may lead you". But if she turns to Lady Pennington this sense of security will be rudely shaken, for she will learn from her that—

> It has been objected against all female learning beyond that of household economy, that it tends only to fill the minds of the sex with a conceited vanity, which sets them above their proper business . . . and serves only to render them useless wives and impertinent conpanions. It must be confessed that some reading ladies have given but too much cause for this objection: and, could it be proved to hold good throughout the sex, it would certainly be right to confine their improvements within the narrow limits of the nursery, the kitchen, the confectionary: but I believe it will, upon examination, be found that such ill consequences proceed chiefly from too great an imbecility of mind to be capable of much enlargement, and from mere affectation of knowledge, void of all reality.

Here is a dilemma! How is the unhappy reader to know whether she is of the type for whom learning is innocuous? In despair she turns back to Chappy, and Chappy does not at first reassure her. She warns her:

> The danger of pedantry and presumption in a woman—of her exciting envy in one sex, and jealousy in the other—of her exchanging the graces of imagination for the severity and preciseness of a scholar, would be, I own, sufficient to frighten me from the ambition of seeing my girl remarkable for learning.

But as regards history, Chappy is reassuring:

> The principal study I would recommend is history. . . . More materials for conversation are supplied by this kind of knowledge than by almost any other. . . .

But when we turn back to Dr. Gregory we find that, though he permitted history, art, and science (which, it is important to notice, he included under the heading of Amusements), yet he throws very cold water on serious attempts at learning. For his

practical common sense recognizes that learning in a young woman does not pay. Indeed, she always runs a certain risk, it seems, in showing herself anything better than a cretin.

> Be even cautious in displaying your good sense. It will be thought you assume a superiority over the rest of the company. But if you happen to have any learning, keep it a profound secret, especially from the men, who generally look with a jealous and malignant eye on a woman of great parts and a cultivated understanding.

But learning, too, has its uses if properly managed. In fact Dr. Gregory indicates a method whereby it may be so astutely manoeuvred as to provoke even undeserved admiration, the acquisition of something for nothing, which is the essence of good management and the ideal of all decent people:

> A man of real genius and candour is far superior to this meanness: but such a one will seldom fall in your way: and if, by accident, he should, do not be anxious to show the full extent of your knowledge. If he has any opportunities of seeing you, he will soon discover it himself; and, if you have any advantages of person or manner, and keep your own secret, he will probably give you credit for a great deal more than you possess.

There, I think, Dr. Gregory achieves, as it were, an apotheosis of mental dishonesty. To return, after this, to our prying among the humbler obliquities of Chappy and Lady Pennington would be to experience the chill bathos of a descent to earth after a flight into the highest heavens. Here, then, we will leave them. If I have extenuated nothing, I have, I hope, set down naught in malice.

MARTIN ARMSTRONG.

GOLF AND THE PHILOSOPHIC MIND

BY THE REV. JOHN ARCHIBALD MacCALLUM

THE rapid growth in the popularity of golf makes it a safe prophecy that within a generation every town of 5,000 inhabitants from the Arctic circle to the Rio Grande, and perhaps beyond, will have its course and its many devotees of the game. With increasing leisure due to shorter hours and intensified production large numbers of people from the classes who at present do not know a brassie from a niblick will become enthusiastic golfers. It is obvious that when once the game is imbedded in the fabric of the national consciousness it will exercise an increasing influence upon the mental outlook of the people, and will modify their habits and interests in no small measure.

So much has been thought, said and written about golf as a physical restorative, or means of rejuvenation, that it would be difficult for even an Addison or a Swift to make any contribution in knowledge or inspiration from this point of view. On the other hand, what may be roughly called the spiritual effect has received much less attention, and it will be worth while to devote some consideration to that phase of this modernized ancient game, which is equally fascinating to statesmen, philosophers, captains, kings, and the humblest salesman whose financial status allows him to buy only a few second-hand clubs for use on Sunday on the municipal course. If Coleridge were engaged to-day in cataloguing his *Aids to Reflection*, golf would have a place in the list if not as a direct, yet certainly as an indirect, means to that desirable goal.

A man may make a tiresome speech or write a poor essay and still live on in the happy illusion that he has done a creditable or even brilliant piece of work. When the mind is flowing easily, there is a soothing charm in the sound of one's own voice which disarms all suspicion of ineffectiveness, so that a public speaker

never knows that he is dull. If in addition he is unfortunate enough to have flatterers around him, their words lend an easy confirmation to his estimate of himself. But if he makes a poor stroke in golf there is no possible ground for self-deception and the most unscrupulous sycophant dares not pretend to see any virtue in the performance. At best he can only fall back on the platitude that his friend is not "up to his game", or that his failure is due to the weather or some other uncontrollable cause. Such suggestions, however, bring little consolation to the defaulter and may even result in positive irritation.

Here we have one of the inherent reasons for the popularity of golf, for, however questionable our business or professional ethics, there is at the core of every man's soul a profound reverence for the truth. And while success or failure in golf depends in some degree upon subjective conditions, when once purpose is translated into action the result is so concrete as to be beyond dispute. One might as reasonably debate the proposition that four times three are twelve as to argue whether the ball is in the cup or not where a putt has fallen short. Because of this objectivity golf has an excellent effect upon morals, or at least upon manners. Few persons underrate themselves, and when they seem to do so their apparent modesty is usually inverted egotism. But in the ordinary interests of life it is difficult for the most strenuous "uplifter" to reduce the self-esteem of his neighbors to reasonable proportions. The issues are rarely clear enough to justify the attempt. I have a friend who is convinced that her three children are the cleverest and wisest prattling youngsters on the continent, and that after them follow closely the triumvirate ruling her sister's household. On this platform they have together organized a mutual admiration society whose minutes and deliberations are enervating to everyone outside the inner circle, who by force of circumstance is compelled to listen. In addition to this inflated estimate of the virtues of her own progeny, there is the reflex tendency to discount the virtues of all the other children of the clan and to ignore those of her neighbors. Theoretically, as a Christian and lover of truth, I should try to correct this distorted perspective, but I recoil from the task, for I feel instinctively that it is beyond my powers. *Chacun à son goût.* There is

no way by which I could demonstrate to an auto-intoxicated mother that little Jackie's gibberish is no more indicative of genius than that of Angelo, the gardener's son of equal age.

When, however, we turn to golf, we are on a different plane and much closer to reality—or at least that phase of reality which we can understand. If I am fortunate enough to make a hole in par and my opponent has taken one or two more strokes, because he got into the bunker, we both understand because we are talking the same language and thinking in the same terms. He may be unable to repress the futile impulse to picture how differently it would have turned out if he had not been in the bunker, but I am not selfish enough to deny him such consolation as he derives from these *post mortem* considerations. The fact is, I won the hole. Self-esteem does not flourish in this air unless it is supported by the score. One's stroke is his child, but that does not blind the fondest parent to the fact that it is weak or badly deformed, for the deformity is registered in the rough where the ball lies off the course.

Recently I made an important discovery in social psychology, which I am glad to give unpatented to the technical sociologists for further elucidation. I have happily hit upon the reason for the preëminence of the Scots as philosophers, statesmen and theologians. This is due to their having been golfers for a sufficient number of generations to have inherited a large unearned increment from the game. Nor is this result at all surprising, for he is singularly lacking in imagination who is not prompted to reflection as he observes the close parallel between the vicissitudes of golf and life. When for example by a brilliant approach which drops within three feet of the pin one reaches the eighteenth green "even up", while his opponent's ball is some thirty feet away, it seems justifiable to conclude that victory is assured. But how disconcerting it is to have your rival, rendered desperate by the apparent hopelessness of his position, send the ball by a sweeping curve into the cup! "How lucky!" you say; with immediate recriminations of conscience, for you know that if the stroke had been yours you would be flattering yourself on your skill in determining the line of approach and in using your putter as an instrument of precision. These considerations disturb

your inward calm and the disturbance is enhanced by the reflection that unless you "sink" your ball the day is lost. The attempt is made, but in this mental condition it is doomed to fail. The ball jumps the cup and the hoped for laurel passes to your rival.

Here the philosopher rises from the unimportant place he normally holds in your sub-conscious mind and taking control of your personality makes you say: "In life the margin between success and failure is equally narrow. How many men have been on the edge of being President of the United States, but never reached the goal! How often the advantage of to-day fades away to-morrow!" From such observations and reflections the Scot has learned to make those subtle distinctions between swans and geese, and other confusingly similar entities, which lift him to the high place he holds in the councils of the thinkers and theologians. If, on the other hand, such a noisy and turbulent game as baseball, with its swiftness of action so destructive to meditation, had been developed in Scotland, doubtless they would have been importing their preachers instead of exporting archbishops and cabinet officers to England, and like ourselves would have been under the necessity of organizing Chautauquas and inventing other mechanics of culture.

These are disquieting days for the theologian, as his craft is in penumbra, but every situation has its compensations, and not least of these for him is the fact that he is one of the chief beneficiaries of golf. I am not thinking of the recreative returns he enjoys in common with all other players, but of those confirmations of his tenets which come from this unexpected source. Suppose he is a Calvinist, laboring under the uneasy suspicion that his central dogma of election is not so secure as it seemed to his grandfather. With this doubt smouldering under the placid surface of his temporary interests, he seeks relief on the links and makes a drive to the green on a 225-yard hole much to his own surprise and that of his opponent, whose ball falls into a hazard short and off the course. The hole seems certain; but alas, for the insecurity of all unrealized certitudes! His rival, with the poise which comes from having nothing to lose, makes a splendid recovery with his mashie niblick. The ball shoots heavenward,

pauses as though suspended by a cord for a fraction of a second high above the green, then like a thing endowed with self-determination, drops straight to earth and comes to rest within two feet of the pin. The erstwhile elated ecclesiastic, unnerved by this unexpected turn of fortune, takes three putts and loses the hole, yet the result is even more profitable for him than if he had won. He learns from his own experience that "many are called but few are chosen". Predestination thus reënforced becomes a vital part of his outlook upon life. Doubts will never again undermine this element in his faith. "There's a divinity that shapes our ends." If you are not of the elect the happiest of beginnings will not insure your arrival. The splendid start may culminate in disaster, the initial failure in ultimate success. No wonder the Calvinists have won so many prizes, with this stern philosophy to support their hopes!

The dominant theme of the preachers of every faith has always been the breadth and smoothness of the way that leads to destruction, with multitudes gaily moving toward their doom, and conversely the narrowness of the path that leads to life, with few who are wise or fortunate enough to choose it. Stridently the preacher's voice has been raised in every age to warn his contemporaries against the allurements of the road to Vanity Fair. But whatever the explanation, there are few who listen, or at any rate show much inclination for the narrow way. The multitudes remain uninterested in posterity and undisturbed by hectic descriptions of the badness of their generation. At most they have only an academic interest in the virtues of their grandmothers and seem perfectly content to go on to destruction, probably on the principle that it is better to take the cash and let the credit go, as the day of reckoning is so far off. Yet lonely and disheartened though the preacher is, when he doffs his dog collar and sallies forth in negligé shirt and knickerbockers with driver in hand, the truth of this ancient doctrine is strikingly confirmed. As he takes his stand on the teeing ground, the through green looks wide enough for giants to play with cannon balls. Surely it will be easy to keep within these ample expanses. But the slightest error in direction when stretched over a radius of two hundred yards is fraught with the gravest consequences. The

ball sails out into the far country of the prodigal and drops out of bounds in the rough where its retrieval imposes a heavy penalty. For generations the youth of Scotland have been led by actual experience in getting off the course to ponder on the evil results of leaving the narrow way. It is not strange therefore that from this soil a race of preachers has sprung, who have gone out over the world to warn their brothers of every race against the nemesis that will undo them if they refuse to leave the path of dalliance and hasten through the strait gate along the narrow way which alone leads to the hospice of St. Peter.

Among the many causes which account for a golfer's loss of direction, the most important is failure to "follow through". No matter how decisive and well aimed the stroke up to the hitting of the ball, if he stops there and does not send his clubhead after it, as David threw his sling toward Goliath's head, thus making the second half of the stroke a counterpart of the first, he loses control of the direction and shortens the distance. Here also golf is a commentary on life. In education, business, politics, religion, it is the second mile that counts. Anyone can take the first; then the pull begins which eliminates the crowd. If we could only master the art of "following through", what a host of failures would be avoided! We pause on the edge of success and lose control of the effort we have already made. There are many people who are great at starting things. They are so full of enthusiasm when setting forth their plans that those of us of colder temperament become introspective and disturbing questions rise in our minds as to whether we are lacking in sympathy or zeal. However, we are reassured when we again meet our buoyant friends, for in the meantime their ardors have cooled and they have turned to other issues.

We have an illustration in our educational methods. Our instructors have many bright ideas and work out interesting programmes on paper. But the layman has a suspicion that they fly from one experiment to another and that underneath all our self-assurance concerning the efficiency of American schools there is a widespread failure to "follow through". Mr. Wells is credited with a statement to the effect that every village is potentially an Athens. If there is no reason to doubt the truth

of this observation, the tragedy of the gulf between the potential and the actual is all the more distressing and should shatter our self-complacency. That the rank and file of our newspaper readers are more interested in the morbid details of the underworld than in statecraft, the spread of ideas and the advance in the arts and sciences, is sufficient evidence of inadequate education; though we admit that there is a romance about crime, and a strong human interest must always belong to temptation, justice and revenge.

Our most striking failure to "follow through" is in politics. It is a truism that the administration of our cities is for the most part in the hands of men who are not equipped for so important a task either ethically, intellectually or socially. The public is aware of this and from time to time rises from its uneasy slumbers and drives out the men who are exploiting the community for personal ends. Then in the happy belief that the warfare is over and that the good citizens can take a rest, they go to sleep again. But there is no sleep for political leaders of the baser sort. They work continually and are never discouraged. They know that while Samson slumbers they can shear his locks, and patiently wait their time. One factor in the equation which insures the success of their method is the exaggerated idea in the public mind as to the value of victory in any single case. When the so-called "better elements"—the "Voters' League", or "Citizens' Committee"—rouse themselves for action, they promise much more than they can fulfil. The man in the street, with no knowledge of history and consequently a short memory, is disappointed with the results and feels that he has been duped. He sees little difference between good and bad government so far as his personal interests are concerned, and is perhaps irritated by the loss of certain privileges he might have obtained through influence under the old order. A reaction sets in and at the next election the "bosses" return to power. It is well for the Prohibitionists that they reënforced their position by a Constitutional Amendment; otherwise they would have been unable to hold their gains in large areas of the country. Here, too, the initial enthusiasm indicated by the prospectus is not sustained. For two generations we were fed with the assurance that poverty

and crime would fade out into contentment and universal virtue with the outlawing of intoxicants. The record of the daily paper is a continuous proof of the falsity of the assurance.

With the signing of the Armistice the world went into wild ecstasies, utterly blind to the law that the ill effects of the direction in which mankind has been moving for years with fatal inertia could not be abolished in an hour. Unrestrained zeal and undisciplined hope have also been the bane of organized religion. Too often the churchman finds himself spiritually bankrupt, because he has used all his capital in his initial blow against ancient evils, and has none left for the more important task of reforming and refining the business, industry, amusements and politics of the present. In a recently published sermon by a noted divine, the ancient heathen were scathingly denounced for offering children as sacrifices to the fiery Moloch, but the good man had no suspicion that the same crime is practised to-day on an immeasurably wider scale in the sacrifice of multitudes of little ones to the machine, the "Iron Man" who is High Priest to the God of Profits—more cruel and insatiable than any ancient deity. Such errors will never be corrected until we learn to "follow through".

Another fundamental law of golf is that the eye must be kept upon the ball. Let it waver for a fraction of a second at the critical moment, and the shot is lost. None can hope for success who is unable to give undivided obedience to this rule, and if a man obeys, whatever his faults he will have a place in the inner circle of those who play the game. Impatience is the reason why so many who are anxious for distinction disregard this law. They cannot wait to see the result of the shot, and in their anxiety look up, and spend their strength in vain. This desire for quick returns is one of the underlying causes for the distemper and confusion of our age. Everywhere men are seeking short cuts to their goals. Haste for education, wealth and power weakens the framework of society by contributing to the spread of jealousy and the neglect of spiritual values. How often money brings more pain than joy because its possessor had not the patience to acquire the qualities which would enable him to use it to advantage! The realms of literature and art are closed to him as he

tries to buy what cannot be bought with the currency he has to offer. Even though he travels over the world, Egypt, Greece and Italy are commonplace in comparison with Main Street. Years ago I was told by a wealthy grocer that there was nothing worth seeing in the British Museum. In traveling over Europe he discovered no monument so interesting as a big American "department store".

The disciplined golfer opens the way to the avoidance of such errors. His attention is fixed upon the immediate aspects of his task only because he never loses sight of his ultimate goal. He knows how bad a bargain it is to be greedy for immediate results. Hence he plays the game patiently and in accordance with its laws, for this is the only way to realize his purpose. Any other method will defeat the end in view. He wants no victory at the cost of chivalry. He knows that others are playing and have the same rights as his upon the course. Hence he does not try to crowd in ahead of them or force his way through them, or ask for special privileges. The law of golf applies equally to all, and is implicitly obeyed by every real initiate of the game.

But I have not mentioned the inmost secret of the fascination that golf exercises upon its devotees. It is the game of perpetual hope. The score of yesterday may be lowered to-day. Even with the abating force of years there is always ground for faith that through increasing skill the player can overcome this handicap and reach a place of distinction not yet attained. Thus golf renews youth and extends the length of life. If Bernard Shaw's belief that in time earthly existence may be prolonged to three hundred years is ever realized, golf will certainly be one means. And when through growth of facilities and increased opportunity for play, the milieu which I have suggested has been created, the favored inhabitants of this country will be well on their way toward the ideal republic by a much shorter and more interesting route than that offered by repressive legislation.

JOHN ARCHIBALD MACCALLUM.

THE FOUNDING OF MAIN STREET—III

BY STANLEY T. WILLIAMS

THE LETTERS OF THACKERAY

Old Carlyle growls at Thackeray, as at Dickens, for coming to America. In a letter to Emerson dated August 25, 1851, he grumbles: "Item. Thackeray is coming over to lecture to you: A mad world, my masters!" Carlyle must have thought the quality of American hero-worship very low; Thackeray was not well-known in America. Although "the great Thacker"—a choice American nickname—was less famous than Dickens, he was not less open in his motives for coming to this country. His object was to put money in his purse. He had indeed little curiosity about the social and economic conditions of America. Eyre Crow, his secretary in America, declared that "he dwelt in preference upon the blither aspects of American life". He arrived in November, 1852; he delivered a carefully prepared course of lectures on *The Chief English Authors of Queen Anne's Reign;* and he departed in April, 1853, with his pot of gold. He seems to have fulfilled his expectations at this end of the rainbow; he understood America well. "I shall carry back," he had said, "sacks full of shekels for my girls, God bless 'em!" As early as November 20, of the first visit, he writes Macready exultantly: "As far as the money goes I am doing great things here, and the dollars are rolling in. I shall make all but £1000 in five weeks." Later he reflects comfortably: "I read at the rate of a pound a minute nearly." And in 1859 Thackeray estimated the total receipts of his two lecture tours to have been $50,000.

Well, if we must contribute to these itinerants, let it be to Thackeray's girls, and to their gay father. There is a boyishness and whimsicality about Thackeray's pilgrimages to us that puts us in a good humor even now. He wanted money for his girls, but for himself he wanted fun and good company. After Mrs.

Trollope and Dickens it is rather comforting to know that he found them. We gave him a good time, and he liked us. On the way over he met Lowell on the boat, and was very merry. Thackeray, says Arthur Hugh Clough, also a passenger on the boat for America—this is hardly a scandal—"Thackeray was drunk, of course." At the Century Club, in Boston, in New York, walking the streets with Bayard Taylor "like two Brobdingnagians", everywhere, always, Thackeray had a good time. Eternally talking, eternally sketching, even on his own fingernails, Thackeray was not, like Dickens, the student of workhouses and prisons, but of the mysterious phase of life called "society". It is restful, at least, after our pictures of Cincinnati, to learn what Thackeray thought of the society of Boston: "It's like," he said, "the society of a rich cathedral-town in England—grave and decorous, and very pleasant and well-read."

If Thackeray accepted American society, American society certainly accepted him. In the audience at his first lecture were Longfellow, Lowell, Emerson, Holmes, Whittier, Parkman, Prescott, and the Danas, father and son. Those who heard the lectures on the *Authors of the Eighteenth Century* were obviously not those who would faint and be carried out during a reading of *Tiny Tim*. "The rendering of a piece by Dickens," says Anthony Trollope, "was composed as an oratorio is composed, and was then studied by heart as music is studied. And the piece was all given by memory, without any looking at the notes or words. There was nothing of this with Thackeray. But the thing was in itself of great interest to educated people." In fact I am afraid that Thackeray was that strange creature called "a delightful lecturer".

Research in contemporary newspapers makes it sure. Yes, he was a "delightful lecturer". "This building," said William Cullen Bryant, "was crowded to its utmost capacity with the celebrities of literature and fashion in this metropolis, all of whom, we believe, left, perfectly united in the opinion that they never remembered to have spent an hour more delightfully in their lives. Everyone who saw Mr. Thackeray last evening for the first time seemed to have their impressions of his appearance and manner of speech corrected. Few expected to see so large a man:

he is gigantic, six feet four at least; few expected to see so old a person; his hair appears to have kept silvery record over fifty years; and then there was a notion in the minds of many that there must be something dashing and 'fast' in his appearance, whereas his costume was perfectly plain. His address is perfectly unaffected and such as we might expect to meet with in a well-bred man somewhat advanced in years." This is different from the tales of Dickens's "wavy locks", waistcoats, and scarf-pins. It is regrettable to hear of Thackeray as a lecturer that he had a "superb tenor voice"—so many of us have that—"with a pathetic tremble"; but, after all, he seemed to Bryant merely the cultivated English gentleman, lecturing on English literature.

Thackeray's gentleness carried him far. In a sense he never, like Dickens, went down with the crowd; they did not know him. Bret Harte tells us that the miners of Roaring Camp paused in their card-game at the news of the death of Little Nell; but during this lecturer's visit a member of the proletariat was heard to inquire plaintively: "Who the hell is Thackeray?" Thackeray's mind seemed impervious to many of the issues which angered Mrs. Trollope or disgusted Dickens. The first object which he saw in America was a huge heap of garboons. Since he was Thackeray, and not Dickens, he merely laughed and sketched them. A Southern woman remarked bluntly at a dinner-party: "Do you know, Mr. Thackeray, I thought you were a gentleman!" Again Thackeray laughed, and declared it was the cleverest comment he had ever heard. What an opportunity for Frances Trollope in such an incident as this: As Thackeray's train came into Concord one of the two silent Yankees sitting near him, remarked: "Mr. Emerson, I hear, lives in this town." "Ye-as," was the drawling reply, "and I understand that, in spite of his odd notions, he is a man of con-sid-er-a-ble propity."

All the evil in our institutions, thorns for the other lions, Thackeray was inclined to tolerate. At Richmond, where he found the Americans more "homely", he wrote of slavery: "The negroes don't shock me or excite my compassionate feelings at all; they are so grotesque and happy that I can't cry over them. The little black imps are trotting and grinning about the streets; women, workmen, waiters, all well fed and happy. The place,

the merriest little place, and the most picturesque I have seen in America, and on Saturday I go to Charleston—shall I go thence to (*sic*) Havannah? Who knows? I should like to give myself a week's holiday without my demnd lecture box. Shake everyone by the hand that asks about me. I am yours always—Oh! you kind friends. W. M. T."

For the natural scenery of America his admiration was without limit. "Sir," he wrote Forster, "the West is a great place. I have only just seen the portal of it, but it's wonderful." All such letters are illuminated with gay drawings of negroes, politicians, American women, and American houses or alleys. Although casual, this is a sunnier way of regarding the founding of Main Street. Add to this good cheer Thackeray's unfailing tact, and you have the secret of his popularity in America with those who knew him. Even in private conversation he was silent about our crudeness. His kindness moved many an American to good-natured doggerel. Among epics and Thackerayads in country newspapers these verses have true feeling, and certainly an original rhyme scheme:

> Ah! blest relief from pages soft and sacchary,
> Give me the writings of that foe to quackery,
> The bold, the keen-eyed, entertaining Thackeray.

This triplet brought an echo from the Eton mock poet-laureate:

> Marshal Thackeray,
> Dressèd out in crack array;
> Ain't he a whacker, eh?

Thackeray returned, like Benedick, as pleasant as ever, in October, 1855, and remained in America until April, 1856. The second series of lectures dealt with King Edward's ancestors and the Georges. The letters which describe his adventures continue to be whimsical, merry, and, above all, to be hallowed often by that divine tenderness which can belong only to the creator of Colonel Newcome. Of the lighter letters none is gayer than that in which he gives directions to his audiences, and so reveals his attitude towards the terrible art of lecturing. To his friend Doyle he wrote:

I hope you will come to the tight rope exhibition to-morrow, and send you a card. You and your friend will please to sit in distant parts of the room. When you see me put my hand to my watch-chain, you will say, "God bless my soul, how beautiful!" When I touch my neck-cloth, clap with all your might. When I use my pocket-handkerchief, burst into tears. When I pause, say "Brav-ah-ah-ah-vo!" through the pause. You had best bring with you a very noisy umbrella: to be used at proper intervals: and if you can't cry at the pathetic parts, please blow your nose very hard. And now, everything having been done to insure success that mortal can do, the issue is left to the immortal Gods. God save the Queen. No money returned. Babies in arms NOT admitted. By yours ever, W. M. T.

And for that other quality, that so stirred the heart of John Henry Newman, and which lay so close to his laughter and wit, his tenderness, it may be found in this letter. It was written between Washington and Baltimore, and, besides commenting characteristically on these cities, it dwells upon news of grief sent him by Kinglake. He writes:

Now I have seen three great cities, Boston, New York, Philadelphia. I think I like them all mighty well. They seem to me not so civilized as our London, but more so than Manchester and Liverpool. At Boston is very good literate company indeed; it is like Edinburgh for that, a vast amount of Toryism and donnishness everywhere. That of New York, the simplest and least pretentious; it suffices that a man should keep a fine house, give parties, and have a daughter, to get all the world to him.

He goes on to speak of the young woman dying in Chesham Place:

God bless all there, say I. I wish I was by to be with my dear friends in grief. . . . I don't pity anybody who leaves the world, not even a fair young girl in her prime; I pity those remaining. On her journey, if it pleases God to send her, depend on it there's no cause for grief; that's but an earthly condition. Out of our stormy life, and brought nearer the Divine light and warmth. . . . Can't you fancy sailing into the calm? Would you care about going on the voyage, only for the dear souls left on the other shore? But we shan't be parted from them, no doubt, though they are from us. Add a little more intelligence to that which we possess even as we are, and why shouldn't we be with our friends though ever so far off?

These are commonplaces, but somehow they are also Thackeray.

All this benevolence of Thackeray must not blind us to the fact that he knew about Main Street, and that he did not approve

of it. There is much evidence for the belief that Thackeray did not care for this country generally. Lowell's essay on *A Certain Condescension in Foreigners* is in some respects applicable to Thackeray. Can you expect even a polite Thackeray to be pleased with American newspapers, American traveling manners, and American bombast of the fifties? Thackeray was an Englishman. He did not care for France, or, in a larger way, for America. What saves us in the letters of this Victorian is that he was interested not in our worst, but in our best. In Whittier, Emerson, and Harvard professors one may find much that is good. For the rest, since he came with no thesis to write, no principles to demonstrate, Thackeray merely smiled, then sketched, then smiled and sketched again. Main Street was there. His was merely a difference in attitude. One may sneer like Mrs. Trollope, or sicken like Dickens, or, like Thackeray, one may sketch and smile, sometimes a little sadly.

STANLEY T. WILLIAMS.

MARIVAUX AND MARIVAUDAGE

BY RICHARD ALDINGTON

A REPRINT of Marivaux's rare *Spectateur Français* raises several points of interest which it would be pleasant to discuss, but this note will be limited to two or three only, since even the ablest commentators on Marivaux have noted the difficulty and perplexity of the problems involved. Perhaps this was only a means to avoid praising a man who had great, but not conventionally great, literary talents. The most obvious thing about Marivaux, the label which is attached to him historically, is the fact that his style has added the word *marivaudage* to French critical jargon. That estimable work the *Petit Larousse*, which may be called the encyclopædia of the French populace, describes *marivaudage* as "*Langage affecté, dépourvu de naturel, comme celui de Marivaux.*" Voltaire, Grimm, Collé, Marmontel, La Harpe, d'Alembert, Sainte-Beuve, and Professor Saintsbury have all written on Marivaux and define his qualities with precision and ingenuity. The sentence of the *Petit Larousse*, if a little abrupt and decisive, as popular judgments are apt to be, is probably founded on the consensus of opinion of the eminent authorities named. With attenuating circumstances, then, *marivaudage* is a literary vice, in the opinion of the great critics, and we must either accept this opinion or run the risk of disagreeing with the authorities. True, Marivaux has been vigorously defended by recent editors (G. Larroumet is the most famous) and by novelists like Alphonse Daudet and Gautier, but what is their praise set against the just, kind, pondered, but inevitable judgment of Sainte-Beuve and Professor Saintsbury? It really looks as if judgment had been given already (without appeal) against the admirers of Marivaux, and that to praise his work as enjoyable and his style as agreeable, if highly personal, is simply to be as "singular" as Marivaux.

Even Sainte-Beuve, who had something in common with Marivaux, who wrote of his "*simplicité exquise, coquette, attentive,*

résultat d'un art consommé," could remark later on in a passage of great critical beauty: —

. . . *qui dit "marivaudage" dit plus ou moins badinage à froid, espièglerie compassée et prolongée, pétillement redoublé et prétentieux, enfin une sorte de pedantisme sémillant et joli* . . .

Were it not that he goes on immediately to say that "*l'homme vaut mieux que la définition,*" the admirer of Marivaux would be completely disconcerted and feel that there was nothing to do but to keep his admiration to himself. Yet it would be interesting to hear from a thoroughgoing French classicist just why *Le Jeu de l'Amour et du Hasard* is definitely inferior (not different from, but inferior) to, say, *Georges Dandin* and *L'Étourdi;* or, again, why *Marianne* (which, as Professor Saintsbury justly says, is related to the novels of Samuel Richardson) is to be dismissed as *marivaudage* (the better critics do not, of course) when one might be tempted to examine it as a distant predecessor of the *écriture artiste,* and even of the style of Henry James and Marcel Proust. One can do no more than hint at these possibilities, whose development requires many pages of analysis; but they may be recommended to any critic who dares to attempt the whole problem of Marivaux.

The paragraph quoted by Sainte-Beuve as a specimen of *marivaudage* is taken from the *Spectateur Français.* But before considering the literary qualities of that work it may be interesting to recall how it was that Marivaux came to start a French *Spectator.* It will be remembered that he was the son of a wealthy man and therefore was able to write at his own time and in his own style. Unfortunately he lost his money, soon after his marriage, in the French South Sea Bubble, Law's Mississippi Scheme. As Marivaux was unable or unwilling to work he looked to his pen for support; and since his plays were insufficient to provide for his needs and the pensions he received later from Helvétius and Madame de Pompadour could not supply a man so incorrigibly tender-hearted and generous, he naturally drifted into journalism. But all his tendencies and earlier training were against him in his attempt to rival Addison and Steele. He made the mistake of working without a collaborator to aid him when

his wits were at fault, so that he early fell into that fatal journalistic mistake of failing to appear to date. The first number started off well with a charmingly light "declaration of policy": the paper was to appear once a fortnight, but the twenty-five numbers we have took two years to appear. As early as No. 5 we find him apologizing: "*Cette feuille-ci a été retardée par des accidents, &c, &c,*" with a promise that it shall not occur again; but No. 7 has an advertisement informing us that "several months have elapsed" since the last number, and the same dismal confession again appears in No. 24. Nothing could be more characteristic of Marivaux. With the best intention of being industrious he could compass nothing but the idleness of genius—a better thing perhaps; with the kindest and most charming of characters he was renowned for the sharpness of his personal remarks and his acute distrust of others (to such an extent that a whisper in his presence offended him forever); and, finally, with a generosity and will to help others, rare in that selfish age, he was himself dependent on charity and journalistic expedients. The final paradox is that this eminently sincere character, whose minute analyses were a result of a scrupulous artistic conscience, this predecessor of the school of *nuances* has come down to us with the reputation of a literary *petit maître*, a man of graces and simpers, a sort of eighteenth century *précieux*. If Marivaux was a *précieux* then so was Flaubert, so were the Goncourts and Verlaine and Gautier and more than half the writers of the last century.

The paragraph quoted by Sainte-Beuve will be found in the third number of the *Spectateur Français*. It is a reflection, too long to quote, rather in Steele's manner, on the faces to be observed at a theatre exit. To a modern reader this appears an elegant and brightly-written paragraph, with some happy observations and carefully noted details; it is the kind of "sketch from the life" which has become commonplace under the title of *chose vue*. Sainte-Beuve objects to the phrases: "*porteurs de visages,*" "*l'occasion était-elle chaude,*" "*vient chercher noise,*" "*vous présente hardiment le combat,*" "*voudrait enfin accuser d'abus.*" One is tempted to inquire "where is the literary sin, where the affectation?" Compare the passage from which these phrases are taken with the most restrained sentences of a Huysmans or any

of the Symbolists, and Marivaux will appear by contrast of a classic purity and elegance. And this leads up to a most important problem. Obviously what is objected to by Sainte-Beuve and by the whole school of critics (of which he was simply one of the last and greatest) is the use of new and daring metaphorical language, unauthorized by previous usage. Undoubtedly there is an extreme and otherwise unobtainable charm in a style which is founded on "the best speech of the best people" but this very perfection of elegance conceals a corruption. Earlier seventeenth century critics like Bouhours rejoice because they have succeeded in robbing French of every one of the picturesque and metaphorical words for *avare* (*avaricieux*, *échars taquin*, *tenant*, *trop-tenant*, *chiche*, *chiche-vilain*, *pince-maille*, *racle—denare*, *serre-denier*, *pleure-pain*, *serre-mitte*, are some of them). Now when we consider the prodigious asset such a vast popular imagination has been to artists like Shakespeare and Rabelais, we can then judge of the castration of language, the weakening of literary strength, effected by the seventeenth century under pretense of perfection. These Vaugelas and Bouhours may be of immense service to us to-day, because they insisted on intellectual excellencies which the world has forgotten or contemns, but they make the fatal mistake (for speech) of imitating the refinements of the Italian Academies, which, more than all the Hapsburgs, destroyed the native vigor of Italian literature. These critics forgot that every word and every phrase was originally a metaphor; that what is ridiculous is not the new or striking metaphor but the worn or inept metaphor.

The complaint against Marivaux in his own time was that he *courait après l'esprit.* Stung by this ineptitude and by others even more foolish, founded on the stupid quarrel of the ancients and the moderns, Marivaux turned on his critics (or rather fault-finders) and wrote his seventh *Spectateur*, which is not only a brilliant defense of himself but a valuable and intelligent contribution to literary criticism. He begins by admitting that the chorus of condemnation had disgusted him with writing, and admits that this is simply vanity; though very natural vanity, we might add. He then proceeds to rebuke certain *a-priori* judgments and prejudices, which were just as powerful then as

their counterparts to-day. He complains of the fault-finder who "rises with a screwed and discontented face" to say "*Cela ne vaut rien*," or "*Cela est détestable*," without reflecting on the arrogance of such an unsupported judgment. Then he glances at the kind offices of friendship and thwart influences of enmities in deciding literary merits, the host of irrelevant details which bias judgment, so that criticism becomes a criticism of persons and not a criticism of books. And then he comes to his defense of an individual style which may be taken as the golden mean between servile imitation and incomprehensible jargon:

Je crois pour moi, qu'à l'exception de quelques génies supérieurs, qu'ils n'ont pu être maîtrisés et qui leur propre force a préservés de toute mauvaise dépendance; je crois, dis-je, qu'en tout siècle, la plupart des auteurs nous ont moins laissé leur propre façon d'imaginer, que la pure imitation de certain goût d'esprit que quelques critiques de leurs amis avaient décidé la meilleure; ainsi, nous avons très rarement le portrait de l'esprit humain dans sa figure naturelle; on ne nous le peint que dans un état de contorsion; il ne va point sans pas, pour ainsi dire; il y a toujours une marche d'emprunt qui le détourne de ses voies, et qui le jette dans les routes stériles, à tout moment coupées, où il ne trouve de quoi se fournir qu'avec un travail pénible. S'il allait son droit chemin, il n'aurait d'autre soin à prendre, que de développer ses pensées; au lieu qu'en se détournant, il faut qu'il les compose, les assujettisse à un certain ordre incompatible avec son jeu, et qu'il écarte l'arrangement naturel qu'amènerait une vive attention sur elles.

But a defense of Marivaux as eloquent, though not as reasonable, may be found in the homage of generations of writers and in the fact that his comedies still keep the stage and are still applauded as a link between Molière and Beaumarchais—a distinction he shares perhaps only with Regnard. For the *Spectateur Français*, it has most of the qualities and faults of its English predecessor. Its earlier numbers are least pleasing and it becomes most attractive when Marivaux discovers the device of a pilfered journal as a means for recording his disconnected but vivid observations of life. The failure of the venture was due to its irregular appearance and moral tales rather than to the influence of the purists. Apart from the admirable critical paper, the best of Marivaux's *Spectateurs* are those before he gets to his moral, where he recounts the life he knew so well.

RICHARD ALDINGTON.

THE BOOK OF THE MONTH

TWO SUPERMEN[1]

BY LAWRENCE GILMAN

Elizabeth Foerster-Nietzsche, in her preface to the English version of her brother's correspondence with Wagner, quotes Richard Strauss as saying that he regarded the period in which the friendship between Wagner and Nietzsche was at its zenith as "one of the most impressive and significant cultural moments of the nineteenth century". Strauss's saying is not extravagant. The period in question comprised the three years that lay between 1869 and 1872. Wagner had completed all his works save *Parsifal*, and was already a world figure; the youthful Nietzsche was rattling with his young lion's paw the drybones of classical philology as professor at the University of Basle, and had produced his brilliant and significant *Birth of Tragedy*. The association of the two supermen resulted in a dazzling display of intellectual and temperamental fireworks, and in a tragi-comedy immensely engrossing to the student of the mundane spectacle.

Wagner and Nietzsche met for the first time in the Autumn of 1868, and in the following summer Nietzsche visited the composer of *Tristan* at the villa in Tribschen, on Lake Lucerne, where Wagner was living with the wife of Hans von Bülow: Cosima, the accomplished daughter of Franz Liszt and the Countess d'Agoult. For so stern a moralist as Nietzsche the situation must have been somewhat trying. Wagner told his friend Malvida von Meysenburg that Nietzsche had "suffered unspeakably" over the irregular relations of Wagner's household—a statement corroborated by Nietzsche's sister, who explains to us that Nietzsche was able to "overcome his scruples" against

[1] *The Nietzsche-Wagner Correspondence:* Edited by Elizabeth Foerster-Nietzsche. Translated by Caroline V. Kerr. Boni and Liveright, New York.

associating with the gifted paramours at Tribschen on the ground that "extraordinary persons are at liberty to adjust their personal relations according to their own standards", and that "this was particularly true of artists". Wagner, according to Nietzsche's view, "proved that a genius need not fear to take an inimically hostile attitude towards existing social forms and laws, if by so doing he is endeavoring to disclose the still higher truth and law dwelling in him." This "still higher truth and law" was, to be sure, somewhat oddly exemplified by Wagner: for he was not too preoccupied by his devotion to Cosima to lack time for meditating a helpful marriage with a rich widow shortly before he and Bülow's wife fell into each other's arms at Wagner's pretty villa on Lake Starnberg. Less than a year later, a daughter was born as a result of this rapprochement, and they named her "Isolde", which was a happy thought: for just two months afterward, the guileless and devoted Bülow, who thought the child was his, conducted at Munich the première of a certain opera in which another Isolde, also a creation of Wagner's, figures conspicuously. You wonder if Wagner and Cosima laughed over the odd coincidence as they listened to Bülow's memorable conducting that night in the Munich opera-house.

It was certainly an irrubrical situation that was presented to the view of Nietzsche by that household at Tribschen when he first entered it in 1869. Perhaps he was not always so tactful as he might have been. His sister tells us that Nietzsche's "chastity" "seemed to irritate Wagner", and that the untamed reprobate was occasionally goaded into an outburst of rude frankness that appears to have distressed the prim young philologist from Basle.

Bülow was far more considerate of everybody's feelings. There is no more amazing passage in this extraordinary chronicle than that which describes Bülow's efforts to put Nietzsche at his ease concerning the complicated relationships of the Wagner household. Consider the circumstances: According to the implications in Wagner's own story of his life, he was emotionally aware of Cosima von Bülow as early as 1858,[2] although he was

[2] See *Mein Leben*, pp. 858–9.

then at the climax (a humiliating one for him) of his incandescent affair with his Zürich Isolde, Mathilde Wesendonck. Cosima had married Hans von Bülow the year before. Wagner was still married to his burdensome Minna. Cosima was not yet 21; Wagner was 45. Four years later—in the summer of 1862—Wagner was convinced of Cosima's love. "The belief that she was mine took hold of me with certainty," he tells us (the deluded Bülow thought that she was *his*). The following year—November, 1863—"a passionate longing for an avowal of the truth overpowered us," he says, "and brought us to a confession, which needed no words, of the infinite unhappiness that weighed upon us." (It was in the summer of this year that Wagner wrote the ineffable love-letter to his accommodating serving-maid, his "dear little Marie", his "best sweetheart", whom he exhorted to have in readiness for his home-coming to Penzing the coupé at the station, the warm and perfumed study, the "rose-colored pants", the barber, the hairdresser, and the loving Marie herself.[3] In 1864, the unsuspecting Bülow sent his wife and child to visit Wagner at his Starnberg villa. In the Spring of the following year (April 10, 1865) Cosima von Bülow bore Wagner a daughter. Wagner's wife, Minna, died in January, 1866, and two months later, Cosima, during her husband's absence on a concert tour, abode with Wagner at Geneva for a while. Wagner's unpopularity at Munich had forced King Ludwig, much against his wishes, to ask the troublesome Titan to go elsewhere; and Wagner, with an annuity of almost $4,000 from his royal friend, settled permanently at Tribschen, where Cosima, with her children of assorted parentage, joined him in May, 1866. In the following February she bore him another daughter (Eva). Meanwhile Bülow accidentally learned the truth. He went to Tribschen, and was told that the Wagner-Cosima entente was permanent, remained several months to fool the gossips, gave up his wife and family to his friend, and departed. Merely for the looks of the thing, Cosima made a subsequent visit to her husband at Munich, where the King had given Hans a job as Court Kapellmeister; but the situation became wholly impossible, and

[3] Julius Kapp: *Richard Wagner und die Frauen.*

in June, 1869, Wagner and Cosima retreated to Tribschen, whilst Bülow went his way alone. He was a noble soul, and later he got together a fund of $10,000 for Wagner's Bayreuth project —"though his presence at the Festival," as Ernest Newman drily observes, "was of course impossible." It was also in June, 1869, that another child was born to Wagner and Cosima. Wagner was not unappreciative. "She [Cosima] has defied every disapprobation and taken upon herself every condemnation," he wrote to a friend a year later. "She has borne me a wonderfully beautiful and vigorous boy, whom I could boldly call 'Siegfried'; he is now growing, together with my work, and gives me a new, long life, which at last has attained a meaning. Thus we get along without the world, from which we have retired entirely." Cosima was released from Bülow, on his suit, in July, 1870; and on August 25 she married Wagner.

And now consider what miracles of accommodation it is possible for the human spirit to achieve: Bülow, enthusiastic over Nietzsche's *Birth of Tragedy*, called on the young professor to beg him to accept the dedication of his translation of Leopardi. Nietzsche, his sister tells us, was "placed in a most embarrassing position by this visit, occurring, as it did, just at the time when the friendship between Wagner and Nietzsche was at its height—about 1872. Bülow perceived this at once, and, at the close of their conversation in regard to the *Birth of Tragedy*, sought to dispel my brother's embarrassment by voluntarily alluding to the subject of his relations with Wagner and Cosima. He drew the following picture: Cosima was *Ariadne*, he himself was *Theseus*, and Wagner was *Dionysius;* but like all analogies, this one also had a weak spot: as, in this case, *Theseus* had not deserted *Ariadne*, but just the reverse. Bülow, evidently, wished to convey the idea that he had been superseded by a higher being, by a god. My brother was delighted beyond measure to hear Bülow thus investing his own experience with such an impersonal and mythical character." Yes: that must have made the formidable Wagner-Cosima pill quite a simple and pleasant thing for the squeamish Nietzsche to swallow. Amiability like Bülow's is indeed divine.

Such was the household to which Nietzsche was introduced in

the summer of 1869. As it turned out, the "omen" which he perceived in the circumstance that his first visit to Tribschen coincided with the birth of Wagner's son was anything but "auspicious"; for seven years later, this famous friendship between the greatest of tone-poets and the biographer of Zarathustra was at an end, and Nietzsche was assailing Wagner with every weapon that his bitterness could supply. But while it lasted, their association was of the greatest interest and significance. Nietzsche himself, shortly before his mental collapse in 1888, described his intercourse with Wagner as "that which, among the vivifying influences of my life, refreshed me most profoundly and most genuinely. All the rest of my human relationships I treat quite lightly, but at no price would I be willing to blot from my life the Tribschen days: those days of mutual confidence, of sublime flashes . . . the deep moments."

Wagner at the beginning of this memorable friendship was fifty-six years old. He had composed, in addition to *Rienzi*, *The Flying Dutchman*, *Tannhäuser*, and *Lohengrin*, most of *Der Ring des Nibelungen* (*Rheingold*, *Walküre*, and *Siegfried*), besides *Tristan und Isolde* and *Die Meistersinger*—that is to say, he had produced five transcendent masterpieces, had revolutionized the art of music, had turned the conventions of the opera-house inside out, and had set the intellectual populations of Europe and America clawing at each other's eyes over his theories and innovations. He was, of course, immensely famous. The later and characteristic Wagner, the Wagner of *Tristan* and *Die Meistersinger*, was being ridiculed by almost the entire press of Europe—"merely," as Mr. W. J. Henderson has remarked, "because Wagner had dared to say that an opera was a poetic drama, and should be so written, so performed, and so received by the public." But a King had befriended him, and he was now, for almost the first time in his life, enjoying material comfort and comparative ease of mind; he was deeply happy with Cosima; and he was naïvely convinced that he was the greatest composer of dramatic music that ever lived—which happened to be quite true.

In the autumn of 1868 Nietzsche met the great little man for the first time at Leipsic. Wagner had come to town to visit

relatives, but was preserving a strict incognito. "He inquired very minutely," wrote Nietzsche, "how I came to be so familiar with his works, and inveighed roundly against the production of his operas, with the exception of the famous Munich performances. He ridiculed the conductors, who good-humoredly call out to their men: 'Now, gentlemen, just a trifle more passionate!—*Meine Gutsen, noch ein bisschen leidenschaft erlicher!*'—Wagner is fond of using the Saxon dialect. . . . Before and after dinner, Wagner played all the important episodes from *Die Meistersinger*, imitating the different voices. He is an astoundingly vivacious and high-spirited man, speaks very rapidly, is extremely witty, and is very animated when in the company of intimate friends."

In the following Spring, Nietzsche was called to the University of Basle as professor of classical philology, and one day he set out along the lake shore road to call on Wagner at the Villa Tribschen. Just outside the garden hedge he paused, listening (his sister writes) "to an excruciating discord repeated again and again. Later he learned that this was from the third act of *Siegfried*, at the point where the hero exclaims: *Werwundet hat mich, der mich erweckt.*" This somewhat remarkable statement is, one suspects, an elaboration of Frau Foerster-Nietzsche's, for it is both stupid and erroneous. The "excruciating discord" is one that Bach, Beethoven, and a dozen other forerunners of Wagner used repeatedly; and if Frau Foerster-Nietzsche had taken the trouble to glance at the text of *Siegfried* she would have seen that the words in question are not spoken by "the hero", but by Brünnhilde. And, while we are about it, we may as well draw attention to a few other flagrant errors in this edition of the Nietzsche-Wagner correspondence (whether due to the English translator, to Nietzsche himself, or to his sister, we know not). As nobody takes seriously any stupidity or absurdity or perversion of fact that may be uttered about music, we suppose these particular instances will go uncorrected to the end of time. But here they are:

Nietzsche in his characterization of the Ninth Symphony of Beethoven describes the third movement as "the second", and the second movement as "the third". (page 118–19.)

The scene between Siegfried and the Rhine Maidens does not occur, as Nietzsche wrote, in "the second act" of *Götterdämmerung*, but in the third. (page 268.)

And to speak of the Prologue of *Götterdämmerung* (which is really an act in itself, including the Norn scene and the scene of the parting of Brünnhilde and Siegfried) as the "Overture to *Götterdämmerung*" is ignorant and misleading. (page 42.)

We left Nietzsche hesitating outside the garden hedge at Tribschen. He entered, and declined an invitation to stay for dinner, but he saw much of the household from thenceforward. He was enraptured with his new friend.

Wagner [he wrote in June, 1869] is really everything that one could expect; he has an extravagantly rich and noble nature, energetic character, fascinating personality, and strong will power. . . . The world has not the faintest conception of his greatness as a man and of his exceptional nature.

Wagner and Cosima, for their part, became exceedingly fond of Nietzsche. "We regard you as one of the family," we find Cosima writing him in the following Autumn, "and this is saying a good deal, in view of the material and moral seclusion of our little court." He became their devoted friend, apostle, propagandist, commissioner, messenger-boy, and was entrusted with the buying of Christmas presents in Basle for the family at Tribschen—toys, a doll's theatre, Dürer engravings, books, antiques.

Wagner was then deep in the music of *Götterdämmerung*, though he complained that he was "not good for much" because of "catarrhal and abdominal pains".

The King has let himself be heard from in his customary erratic manner [he wrote on Jan. 14, 1870]. It is possible that *Rheingold* and *Walküre*[4]—will be given in Munich this year, though it is scarcely *probable* that this will be done in accordance with my wishes.

But Cosima was there to console him, and they read Plato and Euripides together, and Wagner amused himself by choosing a title-vignette for his Autobiography, which he insisted must be his family crest.

[4] *Rheingold* had been produced at Munich, contrary to Wagner's wish, September 22, 1869, for the first time anywhere; *Die Walküre* was produced there June 26, 1870. Both performances were inadequate, and Wagner was much upset by them.

It is somewhat amusing to find Frau Foerster-Nietzsche recording that Nietzsche was "offended" by Wagner's atheism. Nietzsche the anti-Christ as Pecksniff! But there was a cattish strain in Nietzsche, and in later years his bright malice became feminine in the ignobler sense. In the early seventies, however, his loyalty and devotion were not yet impaired. Wagner was still "the beloved master", Nietzsche still the "dear friend" whose books Wagner could not praise enough.

Nietzsche threw himself without reserve into the service of Wagner and his projects. "I have formed an alliance with Wagner," he told Rohde. He devoted himself with the utmost unselfishness and ardor to conducting propaganda for the Wagnerian cause. His zeal and self-forgetfulness were prodigious. He acted as amanuensis, as agent, as pamphleteer, as partisan, as prophet, as forerunner, as apostle: he was Wagner's Joe Tumulty, his Ray Stannard Baker, his John the Baptist.

In the Spring of 1872, just before his fifty-ninth birthday, Wagner moved his household from Tribschen to Bayreuth. But Nietzsche still writes to him as "Most Revered Master", and Wagner replies to his "Dear, Good Friend".

Nietzsche's allegiance began to waver in 1874. He sent Wagner his second *Thoughts Out of Season*, on *The Use or Abuse of History*. The Wagners were not interested. Nietzsche, remarks his sister, "had taken the liberty of writing a book which had nothing to do with Bayreuth"; and Nietzsche himself declared that it had become plain to him that his only value lay in his being a Wagner commentator: "I am to be nothing more." But "cordial letters received from his friends in Bayreuth during the summer of 1875," says his sister, "again revived my brother's old love and admiration for Wagner, and in 1876 he published his *Richard Wagner in Bayreuth*, which he described as a 'sort of Bayreuth Festival sermon'". The cause, says Mr. Huneker, "had found its philosophical exponent." There was great rejoicing in the Wagnerian stronghold. "Your book is simply tremendous!" wrote the delighted Richard. "Where did you learn so much about me? Come to us soon and accustom yourself to the impressions by attending the rehearsals".

Nietzsche set out for the Festival in high spirits, "hoping to

fall under the old spell in listening to Wagner's music," as his sister observes. He went with high hopes and anticipations, expecting to find what his sister calls "only kindred spirits" assembled at Bayreuth, "all looking forward to the Festival as something by which their entire life was to be consecrated. . . . A unique audience, the elect of Europe, gathered together to await the consummation of an idea—a concourse of rare souls." He found, of course, something quite different. Anyone able to pay the sum of 900 marks for the twelve performances was free to go; and the result, naturally, was that Bayreuth "became the rendezvous of the customary 'first-night' audiences from the larger centres, for the most part people who came to be seen and to boast of having been present." Nietzsche, as Mr. Huneker remarks, loathed the mob, the promiscuous herd; and "the motley crowd that was attracted to Bayreuth filled the exclusive philosopher with horror". It seemed, says his sister, "as if the entire leisure rabble of Europe had met here, and everyone was free to go in and out of Wagner's own house as if the entire Bayreuth undertaking was some new and fascinating sort of sport. . . . This class of rich idlers had found a new pretext for idling,—this time, 'grand opera' with obstacles"; and Frau Foerster-Nietzsche ventures the profound observation that Wagner's music, "by reason of its concealed sexuality, was found to form a new bond for a social class in which everyone was bent upon following his or her own *plaisirs*." The "concealed sexuality" of the music of *Götterdämmerung*!

All this—and "the tiresome company of 'Patrons', both men and women, very much bored and unmusical to the point of saturation"—convinced Nietzsche of "the illusory character of Wagner's ideals". In other words, Wagner's ideals were worthless because his gigantic and widely advertised undertaking drew empty-headed idlers and curiosity-seekers. Wagner was to be disowned because of the Wagnerites and the gaping crowds. Nietzsche might as well have repudiated the ocean because it yields sharks and tempts some people to suicide, or Greek poetry because of the morals of Sappho. As Havelock Ellis has pointed out, Nietzsche was something of a prig. But Frau Foerster-Nietzsche, let it be noted, is kind enough to assure posterity

that there were "refined, highly intelligent persons present at Bayreuth".

And now Nietzsche, on thinking it over, discovers that his championship of Wagner had represented "a pause, a falling-back". He discovers, in particular, that Wagner's music can no longer hold his esteem; and here are some of the remarkable conclusions he arrives at concerning it: "This music is addressed to inartistic persons." . . . "This music does not *sing*." [Nietzsche would no doubt refer us, for proof of the latter assertion, to *Die Meistersinger*, Act II of *Tristan*, or Act I of *Walküre*.]

The music of the second act of *Götterdämmerung* is "inarticulate"; and he asks: "Has the drama gained anything from this adjunct [the music]?"

"The orchestra—what far-fetched, artificial, and depraved tones were to be heard there! What a travesty upon nature!"

On the whole, "The music is not of much value."

Reading these pathetic imbecilities, you cannot help wondering what on earth Nietzsche ever got out of the music of *Tristan*,—whether, indeed, he ever felt its specifically musical quality? It is easy to be moved by the emotional incandescence of the work without getting close to the music *quâ* music. His sister thinks that if Wagner had only made to Nietzsche at this time a confession of sin and a promise of repentance, the breach might have been closed. She wishes Wagner had said: "Oh friend, the entire Festival is nothing but a farce! . . . My music also should have been quite different; I now see this, and I will return to melody and simplicity". Alas, Wagner failed to promise any such good behavior. Nietzsche departed for Italy, and at Sorrento he ran into his former friend, who had gone there from Bayreuth, and heard from his lips the plan of the projected *Parsifal*. This was too much for Nietzsche—Wagner the "atheist" meditating a drama of Christian mysticism, and daring to "speak of his religious feelings and experiences in a tone of the deepest repentance. . . . This make-believe on Wagner's part and this pretense of having become a naïve, pious Christian was more than my brother could stand." There may be more joy in Heaven over one sinner that repenteth than over the ninety and nine which need no repentance; but there was no joy in Nietz-

sche's heart over this converted reprobate from Bayreuth. In fact, he believed that Wagner was faking, "prompted by a desire to stand well with the Christian rulers of Germany and thus further the material success of the Bayreuth undertaking." Nietzsche seems not to have been aware that the inception of *Parsifal* dates from 1848, when Wagner was a young man in his thirties and had no reverence for "Germany's Christian rulers"—that is to say, more than a quarter of a century before Wagner discussed the work with Nietzsche at Sorrento in 1876. The first actual sketch of the drama dates from 1857, and the "Good Friday" music belongs to the same year. The drama was worked out in detail in 1864, although the poem was not finished until 1877 and the music not until 1882. But Nietzsche was through with Wagner, no matter what the truth of history may have been. "I had recognized the fact that my faith in Wagner was based upon an error," he told his sister afterward. "We were too essentially different in our innermost natures, and this was bound to cause a separation sooner or later."

Many have speculated as to the reason for the famous quarrel. Mr. H. L. Mencken, in his admirably trenchant preface to this volume, thinks the cause was simple and unescapable:

> Nietzsche grew so vastly during the years that the two men were together that it was quite impossible for him to go on as a mere satellite, even of a Wagner. It is to the credit of Wagner's discernment that he saw almost instantly the great ability of the younger man; it is to the shame thereof that his valuation of it stopped far short of the reality. What he beheld before him was a young professor of extraordinary parts, eagerly responsive to his revolutionary (and often anything but transparent) ideas, full of a chivalric but ferocious bellicosity, and extremely effective as a propagandist. What he actually *had* in front of him was a European figure of the first calibre—perhaps the most salient and original personality seen in the groves of learning since Goethe. It is always hard for an old man to fathom the true importance of a young one. [As for Nietzsche], he could see only the magician in Wagner, and quite forgot the man. But it was not long before that man began to intrude in a very disconcerting way; and so, bit by bit, Nietzsche became restive, and in the end he rose in open revolt. . . . Among equals there can be no disciples. Wagner resigned Nietzsche as flighty and incomprehensible, and Nietzsche resigned Wagner as half a charlatan.

There is much truth in all this. Beyond any doubt at all, Wagner was an exceedingly trying person—a perpetual problem

and exasperation to his friends. Violent, arrogant, importunate, vain, self-indulgent; an incomparable egoist, a liar, a voluptuary; insatiable in his demands for sympathy and sacrifices from his friends, yet intolerably self-righteous in any conflict of attitudes. Cornelius, who knew him well, said of him that he "never for a moment thinks seriously of anyone but himself"; that he "treated his best friends in Vienna like so many shoeblacks". Bülow exclaimed angrily that it was "a high honor to live with the great Master, but often beyond bearing". He was improvident, extreme in everything; he was ungrateful; and he must have been at times an insufferable bore. One thinks with a shudder of those occasions when he called his friends and family about him and read to them without mercy—as when, in 1851, "he read the whole of *Opera and Drama* to his Zürich circle on twelve consecutive evenings;" as when, two years later, he visited the Willes and read the text of the *Ring* to the assembled company, beginning with *Rheingold*, continuing with *Die Walküre* till after midnight, finishing *Siegfried* the next morning, and *Götterdämmerung* at night. What his first wife called "his wonderful gift of the gab" used to give King Ludwig a headache.

Yet almost everyone who knew him has testified to his strange and paradoxical charm, his irresistible magnetism. "It is impossible not to be thrilled," wrote Ernest Newman in his candid, unsparing, and brilliantly acute study of Wagner, "by the superb vitality that radiates from that little body at every stage of its career, by the dazzling light that emanates from him and gives a noontide glory to the smallest person who comes within its range. . . . The stupendous power and the inexhaustible vitality of the man are shown in nothing more clearly than in the sacrifices everyone made for him and the tyrannies they endured for him." Even Hanslick, who hated him, said that he exercised "an incomprehensible magic in order to make friends, and to retain them; friends who sacrificed themselves for him, and, thrice offended, thrice returned to him again". For all his selfishness and egoism, he could be, as Mr. Newman is careful to note, generous and honorable in his own way. "He supported Minna's parents, for instance, and would never let Minna be without money if he could provide it. He could be

kind where kindness was compatible with power; but he could never be just to a personality too independent to be drawn into his orbit, nor could he ever understand other people's desire for independence as against himself."

Remember that until his sixty-third year it was true of him, as Cosima said, that "it is written in the stars that nothing in Wagner's life is to be allowed to suffer only a partial shipwreck: everything must go to pieces precipitately and overwhelmingly." Only in the last seven years of his life did he know complete success and full contentment. Remember, too, that he was tortured for a quarter of a century by an æsthetic vision of unparalleled splendor and urgency—it might be said of him, as truly as of Bunyan, that he was "the prince of dreamers". Moreover, he was sickly, tormented by physical ailments; his nerves were usually on the raw; and he was fighting, during most of his mature existence,—against seemingly invincible stupidity, inertia, and malevolence,—to bring about an æsthetic revolution of the first magnitude. Mr. Huneker does not exaggerate when he speaks of his being "harassed by a thousand importunings—his gigantic Bayreuth scheme, his money troubles, his uncertain position despite his first big success. Ellis believes, rightly enough, that when Wagner realized Nietzsche was no longer his friend, 'he dropped him silently, as a workman drops a useless tool.' This seems cruelly selfish; but Wagner had no time for unselfish moods. . . . He was a realist. Life had made him one. . . . No, the great composer is not alone to be censured. Yet must we exclaim, Alas! poor Nietzsche!"

No doubt it is true, as Mr. Huneker conjectures, that in Nietzsche's proselytizing there was a good deal of intellectual snobbishness. When the latter-day Wagner was still undiscovered, Nietzsche, haughty and jealous, was proud to act as his disciple. "Then the mob, *hoi polloi*, began to buy excursion tickets to Bayreuth, and Nietzsche shudderingly withdrew, Wagner's music was no longer unique, no longer to be savored by the intellectually aristocratic few. So he sailed his bark for newer, rarer, stranger enterprises, and discovered—Nietzsche. After that the madhouse yawned for him, and the world lost a wonderful man."

Wonderful indeed! A superb poet, a poet of gorgeous imagination, a master of rhapsodic incantation, a magnificent lyrist. To paraphrase Mr. Mencken's eloquent tribute to him, only blockheads to-day know nothing of him; only fools are unshaken by him. But did he ever really belong in the Wagnerian camp? Did he ever really know why Wagner's music is what it is? Did he ever, in any profound sense, really hear it with his spiritual ear? We take leave to doubt it. Musically, Nietzsche was no ignoramus. Yet imagine anyone who had really perceived the essential greatness of, say, the third act of *Tristan und Isolde*, repudiating Wagner the musician. He was never born to understand the creator of *Tristan* and *Götterdämmerung*; and when he turned from Wagner, he consoled himself with—Bizet! That sums him up, musically: he renounced *Götterdämmerung* for *Carmen*. He might at least have relapsed upon Schubert, or Bach, or Palestrina. He might at least have left *Carmen*, with its marshmallow-sundae lyricism, its sweetly-pretty Flower Song, its cheap melodrama and its servant-girl thrills, for the delectation of the sentimental herd whom he despised.

LAWRENCE GILMAN.

AFFAIRS OF THE WORLD

BY WILLIS FLETCHER JOHNSON

We might well wish that President Angell's first baccalaureate address at Yale could have been caught up by a prodigious system of amplifiers and sounded into the ears of all the teachers and students in the world, with all the personal earnestness of his delivery. No message could have been more valuable, more pertinent, more timely, than his plea for the restoration of standards, in scholarship, in conduct, in character. Old fashioned it doubtless seemed to some of the rampageous young lions—or what was it that, in the fable, decked itself in the lion's hide?—who in their cynical eclecticism scoff at discipline and culture, ignore all intellectual backgrounds, and reckon it a betrayal of the divine right of adolescence to prescribe study for study's sake. But they fall grievously short of their exemplrr. They borrowed their utilitarianism and their materialism from modern Germany, but quite neglected to borrow with it so much as a tithe of the practical efficiency which Germany, with all its faults and evils, unquestionably possesses. The result is that their do-as-you-please schemes of study in fact do nothing, their go-as-you-please philosophy goes no whither and gets nowhere. We have fixed standards of monetary value, of weights and measures, of all things in the material world. It is stultifying to deny the need of equally imperative standards in the intellectual and moral world. He must be strangely lacking in vision who does not perceive in our failure to maintain such standards a fecund source of the evils from which the world is suffering. The commercial world would suffer chaos if the monetary standard were abolished; the industrial world would become a bedlam if a pound or a gramme were to be varied in weight according to every individual taste and fancy. We must not lay the flattering unction to our souls that the things which pertain to the mind and spirit are less in need of exact definition and fixed standards,

or are less susceptible thereto. There was of old a curse pronounced upon him who removed his neighbor's landmarks. Still more deserving of condemnation are they who tamper with the intellectual and ethical landmarks of humanity. President Angell's words sounded like a trumpet call to better things, and happily they were echoed by more than one or two other voices of light and leading.

Grim reminders came almost simultaneously from three distinct and unrelated sources of the sore need of higher ethical standards in political and social affairs. Seldom have normal times seen so shocking and quite inexcusable a group of tragedies as those which occurred in the Illinois mining region, in London, and in Berlin. All three were sheer, deliberate, wanton murder. It would be paltering with eternal truth to call them anything else. In the Illinois case the murders were many, and were marked with such accessions of brutality as we instinctively associate with savages rather than with civilized men. As usual the strikers—or their spokesmen—attribute the crimes to *agents provocateurs* sent thither by the operators, and a coroner's jury has in less specific terms charged responsibility against the mining company. It is unhappily true that such deviltry on the part of unscrupulous employers has not always been unknown in our industrial history; deviltry for which no legal punishment could be too severe. It is also true that such charges have been made in some cases by strikers without the slightest foundation, to mask their own conscious crimes. Whatever may be the facts in the present or in any case, those who make such accusations incur themselves grave reproach. If they know in advance of the crimes that such agents are being employed, they make themselves partakers in iniquity by failing to expose and denounce them. Moreover, it is scarcely an effective palliation of strikers' acts of violence to say that they were tempted to them by agents of their former employers. We do not recall that Adam secured immunity through his cowardly plea of "the woman tempted me".

The murder of Field-Marshal Wilson was a painful illustration

of the manner in which encouragement and discouragement walk hand in hand in the progress of Irish affairs. It was well that a decisive majority of the popular vote, and of the elected legislators, was in favor of loyally fulfilling the treaty with Great Britain and of maintaining the Free State. It was bad that a considerable faction, led by a man who for some years had been perhaps the most conspicuous politician in Ireland, refused to acquiesce in that result. All the world despises a bad loser. Worst of all, however, was what we must regard as the tragic by-product of these dissensions. Had there been no war between the Free State and the so-called Republic, but instead acceptance of the Treaty of London and a loyal effort all round to put it into effect, the assassination of Field-Marshal Wilson would probably not have occurred. It was an old saying, of which many of Ireland's best leaders were never proud, that England's extremity was Ireland's opportunity. It seems to be more true that Ireland's dissensions are the opportunity of those to whom trouble and crime are stock in trade. Precisely as at the time of the murders of Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke, a generation ago, there are now those who make some sort of sordid gain out of the conflict between Great Britain and Ireland, and who are consequently determined to prevent, if they can, at any cost, a reconciliation and the establishment of peace. But, as on that earlier occasion, they have ventured to do this atrocious thing only because of the reign of dissension and exacerbated faction in Ireland, which affords them a certain immunity from the universal popular execration which they deserve and which they would otherwise incur.

No less abominable was the murder of Walter Rathenau; though it would be asking too much of human nature to expect it to appeal so strongly to the feelings of the world. We had little cause to love the "Field Marshal of German Industry", though he never merited the detestation with which the world has regarded either his predecessor in death, Mathias Erzberger, or his great industrial rival and political foe, Hugo Stinnes. While he was a tower of strength to economic Germany in the prosecution of the war—he was to Germany much that Mr.

Hoover was to the United States—he opposed and condemned the deportation of Belgium non-combatants into slavery, which Herr Stinnes promoted; he condemned the bombing of hospitals and undefended towns and the massacre of women and children, in which Herr Erzberger exulted; and he did not hesitate, at least at the end, to declare that Germany was responsible for the war and was in the wrong both in starting it and in her manner of waging it, and that she should face and bear the consequences as best she could. In his latest achievements was a strange mixture of good and evil; in his making the reparations agreement with M. Loucheur, and in his making the Treaty of Rapallo with the Bolshevist Tchitcherin. On the whole, his influence in Germany was for good, and the world is the loser from his death. But as Germany had for years been inciting crimes against the Governments of other countries, there was a grim touch of the hand of Nemesis in the occurrence of this detestable crime at the very heart of her own Government.

Two statesmen of the first rank in their respective countries, and of notable rank in the world at large, have been removed by the inexorable processes of nature, and the world is the poorer for their going. Mr. Take Jonescu was not merely a great man in a small country; he did things which gave him an important place in the history of all Europe. It was he who above all other men determined the course of Roumania in the World War and thus at once greatly aided the Allies and aggrandized his own country; and it was he who created the "Little Entente" which seems likely to serve those balance-wheel purposes in that part of Europe which the old Hapsburg Empire was credited with serving. Mr. Wu Ting-fang will be generally rated as the foremost Chinese statesman since Li Hung-chang, and as the most welcome and efficient Chinese envoy to America since Anson Burlingame. No other Chinaman did so much to increase and to cement friendship between his country and the United States; and few did so much as he to guide the Chinese Revolution in ways of sanity, stability, and national union.

The reëlection of Mr. Gompers for his forty-first year as

President of the American Federation of Labor sets a record quite unrivaled in American industrial history. More than that, the incident was accompanied by another which caused it to be regarded by the nation with peculiar gratification. That was the defeat, under Mr. Gompers's personal leadership, of a proposal to recognize and to proclaim fellowship with the Russian Soviets. It was the fourth time that a resolution to that effect had been urged upon the Federation and had at Mr. Gompers's suggestion, advice, dictation or what not been rejected. In a sense Mr. Gompers may be regarded as standing as a bulwark between American labor and Bolshevism; a service for which he merits sincere and grateful appreciation. Whatever fault may be found with him on various grounds, there is no challenging the quality of his Americanism. That is what differentiates him and his Federation from the I. W. W. and some other bodies; it is not merely a Federation of Labor but an American Federation of Labor, with the accent on the American. In those circumstances it is unfortunate that he should have coupled his sound and vigorous arraignment and condemnation of Bolshevism with what we must consider an intemperate and wholly unwarranted attack upon our own Government, apparently because it did not seem inclined to grant special favors and immunities to organized labor. It is surprising and regrettable that a man of his keen mentality does not perceive that special privileges for organized labor in the making and administering of laws would be class legislation and government by class, just as surely as though the privileges were granted to capital or capitalists, and that class government would lead ultimately to the very same system as that of the Soviets which he so judiciously condemns.

Though the full measure of success be denied to the gallant attempt to scale Mount Everest, the adventure has certainly been crowned with the glory of unrivaled achievement. The explorers reached a higher point than ever before was attained; higher than the very summit of any other peak on the globe. "Mont Blanc," sang Byron, "is the monarch of mountains," and Coleridge in an immortal hymn hailed it as "sovran Blanc".

Yet these men on Everest were more than two miles above the summit of the great French peak. It was nearly a century and a half ago that, after years of effort, Balmat and Paccard first of all men surmounted Mont Blanc, and created a sensation which the conquering of Everest will not greatly surpass. It was within our own recollection that the Matterhorn was scaled for "one crowded hour of glorious life" which ended in unprecedented tragedy, and it seems only yesterday that the height of Mount McKinley was fully gained. Whether it is this year or the next, or still many years to come, that

> . . . lonely Himalayan height,
> Gray pillar of the Indian sky,

will in turn surrender its virgin crest to the resolute wooing of men who reckon nothing gained until all things are attained. Their ambition is not fruitless nor vain. Like that which led explorers to seek the Poles, it is of the spirit which makes man the master of his fate.

The coming of six Hawaiian delegates to the National Education Association's annual convention in Boston recalls an interesting historic incident of the long ago. It is now a hundred and thirteen years since the boyish refugees, Henry, Hopu, Tamoree and John Honoree, found their way to New Haven and aroused American interest in the Sandwich Islands, and it is a hundred and three years since that famous expedition of missionaries, of such composition as no other such body ever approximated, had its farewell meeting in the old Park Street church and sailed from Boston on the brig *Thaddeus* on an errand that proved to be of international and epochal importance. And now those islands are United States territory, and Hawaiian delegates mingle as peers with the foremost American educators, and invite them to hold their next convention in what were once known as "Cannibal Islands". Such is the harvest of the seed sown in 1809 and 1819.

NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

Soliloquies in England and Later Soliloquies. By George Santayana. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Mr. Santayana's intellectual reveries, though they partake of the monotony of all reverie, and though one misses in them the clear-cut revelatory analysis characteristic of more purposeful thinking,—a virtue of which this writer is eminently capable,—are fascinating and by no means otiose. A peculiarly refined sense of the relativity of all things pervades them, finding outlet sometimes in an elaborately expressed sympathy with human aspirations and failures, sometimes in harshly oracular sayings. One seems to find here the romance of a disillusioned mind, the poetry of an early Greek philosopher, the religion of a skeptic.

"Existence," says the author, "being a perpetual generation, involves aspiration, and its aspiration envelops it in an atmosphere of light, the joy and the beauty of being, which is the living heaven; but for the same reason existence in its texture involves a perpetual and living hell—the conflict and mutual hatred of its parts, each endeavoring to devour its neighbor's substance in the vain effort to live forever."

Few things more vague and at the same time more suggestive have ever been said about life—and the book is full of such things. But it is useless to expect greater explicitness from Mr. Santayana. He refuses to draw out his analogies, to define his categories—in short, to philosophize. He is as much attached as an ancient Greek to the language of common sense: what that does not make clear, he scarcely attempts to elucidate; all must be expressed in terms of feeling, sentiment, our human sense of values.

Mankind learns nothing by experience! Otherwise, "how different our politics and our morals would be, how clear, how tolerant, how steady! If we knew ourselves, our conduct would be absolutely decided and consistent; and a pervasive sense of vanity and humor would disinfect all our passions, if we knew the world. As it is, we live experimentally, moodily, in the dark." So living, what is our best attitude? Apparently—if we may attribute any conclusion so definite to Mr. Santayana—one's ambition should be to dream without being deluded. There is a way of escape through dreams and aspirations, provided these be not taken too absolutely; there is also a way of escape through the acceptance of pain and death. This is the fundamental truth in Christianity, the meaning of the Cross as a symbol. "Death is the background of life, much as empty space is that of the stars; it is a deeper thing always lying behind, like the black sky beyond the blue. . . . Since birth and death actually occur, and our brief career is surrounded by

vacancy, it is far better to live in the light of the tragic fact, rather than to forget or deny it, and build everything on a fundamental lie."

In all this, and in Mr. Santayana's volume as a whole, there is perhaps more originality of expression and vitality of imagery than there is novelty in those points of view which can be, so to speak, isolated and defined. The fact is that the interest of the book depends almost entirely upon one thing: the author is able to poetize his sense of life, to cast a glow of something like romance—of mysterious interest, at least—even over our fundamental difficulties, our insoluble perplexities. Without being soft or unmanly, without ever writing in a purely *compensatory* or consolatory strain, without assuming any heroic postures, or pretending to reveal any secrets, he does shed upon things lights that may enable one to receive reality as interesting, beautiful, desirable. His mission appears to be to help certain minds to "accept the universe". His may be the poetry (or philosophy) of a decadent age; but it functions truly, nevertheless, as poetry (or philosophy), and of its age it is, despite its uniqueness of form and style, a singularly typical as well as eloquent expression.

Lords and Commoners. By Sir Henry Lucy. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

Though *Lords and Commoners* is a book of excellent gossip well seasoned with common sense and with humor, it scarcely equals in interest Sir Henry Lucy's *Men and Measures in Parliament* republished last autumn.

Disraeli and Gladstone are important figures in the new work as in the old, and indeed, with the exception of Winston Churchill, they alone are portrayed with any fulness. But there appears to have been little to add to what the author had already said about them, and the chapter devoted to Churchill, though it does pretty well as a familiar portrait, seems in no way remarkable.

In the long run, what interests the reader—especially the rather remote American reader—in a work of this sort, is character. In *Men and Measures* Sir Henry abounded in thumbnail sketches and in brief, able analyses of personalities little and big. The result was that even one not greatly interested in the details of British politics could scarcely be contented to lay the book down before finishing it. In the present work the author runs more largely to discussions of Parliamentary oratory and Parliamentary humor—somewhat technical matters, these—to anecdotes of a slightly recondite sort, and to general comment. An entire chapter is devoted to "Bulls in the (Westminster) China Shop", of which verbal improprieties the author presents a fine list, with the zest of a connoisseur. But, after all, mixed metaphors offer no great variety of entertainment.

The final word to be said of this book of Sir Henry's is, however, that, like its predecessor, it possesses charm. It was Sir Henry who invented and fastened upon Lord Hartington (later Duke of Devonshire) the story that the

noble lord having interrupted himself by a prodigious yawn, in the midst of a speech he was making as leader of the Opposition, later explained this untoward occurrence to an inquiring lady by saying, "You don't know how dull it was!" So characteristic seemed this tale that in course of time the Duke came to believe it himself. One scarcely needs the proof afforded by this incident in order to be assured that Sir Henry rightly appraises those of whom he writes, and that his allusions convey a true atmosphere. Wit and tact and reminiscent zest are in this book, giving a flavor even to its duller facts and its more random reflections.

TEN YEARS AT THE COURT OF ST. JAMES. By Baron von Eckardstein. Translated and Edited by Professor George Young. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

Doubtless, Baron von Eckardstein's book, like most diplomatic memoirs, is to be received with some caution, not because of any uncertainty as to the truth of what is related in it, but because the perspective of one engaged in the diplomatic game is not always or necessarily the truest perspective upon international relations. Von Eckardstein was a Bismarckian from the beginning, no admirer of the Kaiser, a bitter critic of Fritz von Holstein, who dominated the German foreign office during the period from 1895 to 1905 of which this book treats. We have here, then, no reluctant testimony "against interest", nothing expressive of a "change of heart", but a narration written by one who sees in the catastrophe of the World War a justification of his own views and the Nemesis of those who opposed them.

It is with no feeling of constraint, therefore, that von Eckardstein can write: "There has probably never been a national policy so laughable and so lamentable as that of the Wilhelminic Era. It was worse than perfidious, it was idiotic." It is with real zest that he can describe von Holstein as a fussy fool: "It was not before 1905 that I opposed him with all my strength in his suicidal Morocco policy, and he then contemplated having me arrested and tried for High Treason;" but there had been friction all along. There is perhaps a temptation on the part of the author—especially in view of the final disaster—to overstress just a little the ineptitudes, the indiscretions, and the sheer fatuities of the German foreign policy. It would be easy in a hasty reading of this book to attach rather too much importance to this sort of thing—to be a little too much impressed, for example, by the fact that the Kaiser once referred to his uncle King Edward, before English guests, as "an old peacock". When we read how in 1899 von Tirpitz upset the negotiations with England concerning Samoa by submitting to Wilhelm a memorandum which von Holstein called "a document of frothy flummery, sauced with bloody tears to suit the Kaiser's taste", it is not necessary to accept this somewhat splenetic outburst as an exact description. In short, it is difficult to believe that the war came in any way accidentally, through the weakness or the obstinate or hysterical

temperament of a few men, through the failure of negotiations which the wisdom of a Baron von Eckardstein might with a little more time and a little better support have prevented. "Though there were clever and competent officials in the Wilhelmstrasse," writes the Baron, "they were kept under by the favored fools. *For which we paid the bill at Versailles on the 29th of June, 1919.*" The latter statement seems a bit sweeping.

But when one has discounted fully every possible partizan bias as well as the natural tendency of the author to magnify diplomatic causes and effects, the fact remains that Baron von Eckardstein's narrative and his documents seem to prove certain immensely important general conclusions beyond reasonable doubt. The "encirclement of Germany" was a policy adopted by England only as a last resort—and then only as a defensive measure. On four separate occasions England was ready for an alliance with Germany upon reasonable terms. The author describes the overtures of Lord Salisbury to the Kaiser in the summer of 1895, those of Chamberlain to Count Hatzfeld in the spring of 1898, those of Chamberlain to von Eckardstein in the autumn of 1899, and finally the culminating effort—"the turning point in the history of the world"—which took place between the middle of March and the end of May, 1901. It is astonishing to learn how ripe all conditions appeared for such an alliance—that King Edward stood in the way, the author declares to be utterly false—and to see how promising, to all appearances, was the prospect of success.

"History shows," writes Baron von Eckardstein in conclusion, "that the German people is temperamentally pacific, and that it can only be drifted into war as the result of such misdirection as that of the Wilhelminic era." This "misdirection" is a large and somewhat euphemistic term, connoting causes deeper than any that the author adverts to. Perhaps *education* would be a better term, and it is possible that the roots of this education might be found in that Bismarckian era which the author admires. But such criticism apart, this book of Baron von Eckardstein's is notable and important, not because it stigmatizes Holstein or repictures from new points of view the alternate folly and sanity of the Kaiser, but because it is a singularly clear, downright and full justification of England's policy toward Germany prior to the war, giving the lie direct to many important allegations of the German war propaganda.

MOUNTED JUSTICE. By Katherine Mayo. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company.

There is no falling-off in the quality of the stories contained in this the third book that Miss Mayo has written about the Pennsylvania Mounted Police. Seldom has better material for stories been placed at the disposal of an author than has fallen to her lot—plots that it would tax the ingenuity of a Conan Doyle to invent, tricks of the trade not generally known to the public, and above all the greatest wealth and variety of human types. In the present

volume, for example, we meet the clever Kidnapper, "the Crank" of the famous Coughlin case, the "Neil" Brothers, typical "bad men" of Waynesboro up in the hills; the good-looking wastrel "Joe Lasalle", who turned murderer; the cheap sport "Edward McDonald", who becomes an incendiary and is betrayed by his patent leather shoes; the half-comic half pathetic boy, "Ray Bingham" who, in true dime-novel fashion, terrorized a whole region and nearly succeeded in blackmailing a fire-warden. All these and many more are portrayed with abundant knowledge and real acumen. In all this there is no repetition; one never tires of these narratives simply as exciting stories.

Every good story, however, has more than one level of interest, is written, as it were in three-part harmony. And it is upon the adjustment and proper subordination of various emotional elements that its real effect depends. Miss Mayo's fictions, stirring enough in their mere sequence of events, have an adequate depth and a just emphasis. Besides knowing her criminal types, she understands with a wise sympathy the victims of crime—the misused women, the defenseless children. She makes one realize what it means to be alone and unprotected even in communities charitably supposed to be civilized. And beneath all this, the emotional underpinning of the story, is a profound love of Law and Order. Interwoven into every narrative as strongly and as deftly as the creed of British imperialism is entwined with Kipling's stories of India is belief in the majesty of the law and in the potency of courage when it is backed by such belief. Thus the stories, encomiums as they are upon the valor and devotion of the State Constabulary, never seem to sound the note of mere hero-worship. Their three-fold appeal is irresistible, and it is all done in the truest style of fiction, making equal use of fact, constructive skill, and that human instinct which is, after all, the story-writer's most essential endowment.

One is inclined to think that no better propaganda work has ever been done than that which Miss Mayo has performed for the Pennsylvania State Police. It is all the more effective because it is not, after all, propaganda in any ordinary sense but genuine story-telling undertaken from a true literary impulse and backed by a sincere belief. The union of the two motives amounts to inspiration. Not one writer in twenty who could tell the stories effectively could do so without sacrificing something of the fine spirit that informs them; not one in a hundred who could make the facts impressive and could give life to the conception of law and order could accomplish these results without in some degree spoiling the stories.

PAINTED WINDOWS. By A Gentleman with a Duster, author of *The Mirrors of Downing Street.* New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Since the remarkable writer who styles himself "A Gentleman with a Duster" begins his new book with the announcement that he is seeking to discover a reason "for the present rather ignoble situation of the Church in the

affections of men", and ends with a sort of general programme which, though persuasive and sincere, is neither wholly new nor universally acceptable, an easy mode of criticism would be to say that his work, despite its undoubted brilliance, does not, in the current phrase, "get anywhere". But this would be to miss the whole point. The singular potency of the book lies in its cumulative effect. The religious personalities studied in it are in very truth "painted windows"—panels in the "dome of many colored glass" which is life, and through them one guesses at the "white radiance" beyond.

All the qualities of the book seem to have been artfully designed to accomplish one end—to emphasize, without any appearance of special pleading, the significance of the religious life. One may risk the apparent absurdity of suggesting that the Gentleman with a Duster fairly forces one to regard religion with the same breadth and seriousness with which not a few persons look upon education, politics, or art. The absurdity, alas, is more apparent than real! To this end is he merciless in his anatomizing of temperaments, familiar to the verge of impropriety in regard to personal matters, but ever aloof. If he were not successful in maintaining the attitude of an unsparing critic the magic of his appeal would be lost. His brilliancy, which is that of a John Richard Green in characterization *plus* the satirical gifts of a potential Junius and the delicate touch in psychological dissection of a William James, works really in the service of faith. Very expertly he impresses one with the exciting notion that he is "*capable du tout*". But in fact, what he brings to light in the case of each religious leader is mainly the sincerity at the heart of nearly every man or woman of them, the genuineness of the religious phenomenon, so to speak, in that person. With tense interest he peers into the heart of each and —almost finds what he is looking for. One becomes fascinated by the quest, and unconsciously begins to believe that it is a quest for something real, that the discovery cannot be far off, while one's defense-reaction against being proselytized is disarmed by the critic's apparent readiness for any savagery.

If it be possible for the critic, the satirist, the iconoclast, even, to create more interest in religion and to advance its interests, in certain ways and under certain conditions, more effectually than can the preachers of religion themselves, then it may be said that the Gentleman with a Duster has accomplished this very thing. By treating his religious leaders with scant respect as human beings while he admits their most essential claims and enlarges upon their opportunities, he subtly and powerfully, and, no doubt, justly, enhances their significance, and the significance of that for which they stand, as no conceivable laudation could have done. Anonymously he is able to tear to pieces and examine religious personalities much as a good critic may ruthlessly analyze and appraise a book; the process has all the intimacy and unmercifulness of literary criticism. The final effect is inevitably, in both cases, the same, a deeper and more intelligent interest in the thing criticized. Books are considered fair prey for the critic, and so, to a certain extent, are the views and characters of politicians. But that artistic whole,

the life, opinions, and character, of a contemporary religious leader, has never before been treated in quite this fashion—the fashion of the critic with his book—as a sort of admired and respected *corpus vile.* The result of the Gentleman's method, applied, after all, with no small degree of tact and discretion, appears to justify it.

GUY HAMILTON SCULL. By Henry Jay Case. New York: Duffield & Company.

Without disparaging the public services of Guy Hamilton Scull, which were considerable, or underrating the value of the example he set, an example of high honor and matter-of-course courage, one may say that the biographical sketch of this versatile and likable man which Mr. Case has produced is chiefly interesting as the study of a temperament, the development of a self on somewhat unconventional lines. Viewed in this light, it has a singular value.

There is a kind of tragedy in the fact that so few of us have the courage to carry out our real bents. Most of us either fit ourselves into conventional surroundings or make a grievance of our inability to do so comfortably. There is always with us a pathetically large group of grumblers, quitters, and pseudo-martyrs.

From serious maladjustments Scull seems to have been free from boyhood on. Soldier, writer, war-correspondent, explorer, searcher after buried treasure, he seems always to have done what he most wanted to do, and to have done it with a sincerity and devotion worthy of any cause. He was with the Rough Riders in 1898; he was in the Boer War in 1900 and was the first man to enter Ladysmith; he was in Venezuela in 1901, in the Balkans in 1903, in Manchuria from 1904 to 1905, and in Russia in 1906. In 1908 he, with some kindred spirits sailed into the Caribbean and was shipwrecked in a West Indian hurricane. In the same year, he became a deputy under General Theodore Bingham, Police Commissioner of New York City. Entering into his new and responsible work with the zest of a boy and the judgment of a mature man, he became a favorite with his subordinates. Soon after the dramatic end of the Bingham administration, Scull went to Africa with Buffalo Jones. Says one of the promoters of that expedition: "The success of the outfit in roping and photographing lion, rhino, and other less important game is well known. In my opinion the Skipper [Scull] has never been given half enough credit for his share in their success. With anyone else in charge I don't know how the outfit would have stayed together a week. It was characteristic of him to finish the job and then say nothing about it." This same quality of modest efficiency was equally apparent in his work on the Mexican border in 1910, in his reorganization of the Nicaragua police system in 1912, and in his really important accomplishments as Deputy Commissioner of Police under Arthur Woods in the years 1914–1917. His distinguished services as head of the Graft and Fraud Section of the Military Intelligence Division during the World War seem to round out his character and his career, proving that Scull by his some-

what irregular courses had really made the best of himself, and had employed the unusual powers within him to the not small benefit of his fellow citizens.

It is a curious reflection that this man was temperamentally a writer even more than he was a man of action. Too much of a dreamer in his early days, too naïve, even, to make a good reporter—he could not be trusted to get a fact story—he had much of the literary artist in him. "It was the narrowness of his gift," says a competent critic, who knew him well, "the fact that it did not regularly fit into any of the ordinary journalistic or prose forms, which defeated him. Even war-correspondence has to be at times prosaic, matter-of fact, and commonplace. Scull could not be commonplace; he could not be prosaic." Here was material for disappointment and embitterment—but not for Scull!

The ethical considerations raised by such a career are complex. It is not wise, of course, to moralize overmuch in dealing with biography. One does not exactly wish to suggest that Scull, or anyone else for that matter, should be held up as a precise model for the young. But what strikes one most forcibly in the whole sketch is the fact that the man it describes was not one of those who, like most of us, never use more than about a fifth of their inherited powers. Prudence is a good thing, but an inhibition is in itself a miserable thing, and too many of us cannot distinguish well between prudence and wretched limitation. Scull was not thus impeded, and there is something heartening in the sweep of his career, carrying him so surely from boyish adventurousness to maturity and poised character, an effective personality from first to last. The whole story has a Rooseveltian breadth and vigor that are refreshing. Showing an interesting and lovable personality from an extraordinary number of angles, it is also an uncommonly frank and readable bit of biographical writing.

The Mercy of Allah. By Hilaire Belloc. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

It is the gift of a very few to be able to write what is at once a great satire and a good story. Swift accomplished it in *Gulliver's Travels;* Hilaire Belloc falls somewhat short of the mark. *The Mercy of Allah*, recounting the steps by which a hypocritical old Arab, through shady adventures, petty thefts, and huge frauds, achieved immense wealth, is an engaging tale full of amusing knavery and seasoned with sharp jibes at the wickedness of a capitalistic world; and though the author does not altogether escape the penalty of a certain monotony in the plan of his story and in his conceptions of its various characters, his ingenuity is quite equal to diversifying the narrative sufficiently to make it highly amusing.

At its outset, the story of Mahmoud's adventures strikes one as in manner and conception a judicious combination of *Barry Lyndon* and the *Arabian Nights.* One is thereafter almost disappointed at the discovery that the

author's intention is to write stinging criticism of our social order rather than to pillory a human type. Interest in Mahmoud flags somewhat when one perceives in him the modern captain of industry, and the captain of industry escapes rather lightly in our minds because Mr. Belloc, influenced no doubt by the subtle Oriental atmosphere which he has effectively breathed into his story, and by the unmoral connotations of the whole fable, has written not after the fashion of scathing and unescapable satire, but rather in the mood of jovial cynicism. Such, at least, is the effect produced by this ingenious fiction.

WATCHERS OF THE SKY. By Alfred Noyes. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company.

The undoubtedly poetic nature of the theme makes it difficult to reconcile oneself to Mr. Noyes's comparative failure in the series of poems in which he essays to celebrate the triumphs of great astronomers. Certainly the story of the transmission of knowledge in any field has the appeal of heroism and that of mystery. Elevation we might expect to find, and this without the metaphysical element which commonly enters as a somewhat disturbing factor into the effect of poetic grandeur. The one thing upon which men, almost without exception, are nowadays agreed is the value and dignity of science and the inestimable debt that we owe to the pioneers in this field. But Mr. Noyes, inspired versifier as he often is, does not seem to be the poet sent in answer to McAndrew's prayer for a man "like Bobbie Burns" to sing of the real things of life.

Though his opulence of phraseology and his very considerable colorfulness and vigor have not deserted him, Mr. Noyes seems far from fully realizing the larger values of his subject. The thought of patient research and noble self-devotion is indeed repeatedly expressed, yet it scarcely seems to inform the whole poem. Especially does one note a lack of that ability, so conspicuous in Browning, to keep the reader in a state of excitement over the dramatic developments of thought and over the discovery of its essential unity. Even the author's remarkable skill in narrative verse appears to be here a snare in that it leads to dilution. The metre, moreover, and to some extent the manner, are Wordsworthian, and seem not so well suited to the record of scientific achievements as to a poet's philosophizing.

But the real failure is the absence of anything like an epic effect. Apparently the abundant opportunities for atmosphere, for description, and for incident, have led the poet unduly to sentimentalize his theme. As a case in point one may advert to the weak poetizing about Tycho Brahe's dwarf, Jeppe—a piece of business faintly reminiscent of Scott!

In consideration of Mr. Noyes's real gift, it is somewhat painful to have to conclude that the whole work is of the nature of household poetry, pleasantly thrilling, mildly instructive and elevating, but far from great.

THE MINDS AND MANNERS OF WILD ANIMALS. By William T. Hornaday, Sc.D., A.M. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

On the whole, one is disposed to think that no naturalist has written a more interesting book about wild animals than has Mr. Hornaday. As one would expect, the extent and the minuteness of the observations recorded are remarkable; there is scarcely a variety of bird, beast or reptile that does not come in for comment. But what fascinates one is the point of view: Mr. Hornaday has written not about the animals as specimens, but really about their minds and manners. Many a reader will perhaps learn to his surprise that the animals *have* minds and manners worthy of serious study; that their temperaments are as classifiable, their individualities as distinct, as those of human beings. There are crime and virtue among animals; there are philosophical contentment and hysterics; there is speech, though of a limited sort.

While this, book, of course, contains no romancing,—and for that matter no mere sportsman's narration,—it may be said of it that, with all its accurate and authoritative detail, it recreates in the mature mind something of that intense interest in the animal world which children feel at the age when the idea that animals talk and act like humans is really credible. Thus, in a very specific sense, this matter-of-fact treatise is as interesting as a fairy tale. Those who remember their childhood will not think this a weak or unworthy commendation even of a work which makes a very considerable contribution to serious knowledge.

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WHAT AILS THE WORLD?

BY REV. MARTIN J. SCOTT, S. J.

[*This is the second article to appear in the series on World Restoration. The first,* "Judaism and World Restoration," *by the eminent rabbi, the Rev. Dr. Joseph Silverman, was published in the August issue. In October the Rev. S. Parkes Cadman will write on* "Protestantism and the World's Necessities." —*The Editors.*]

THE world is an invalid to-day more than ever. What ails it? World specialists are prescribing various remedies for its cure. In vain. They neither diagnose its disease nor are capable of prescribing for it. Physicians have a phrase which illustrates the remedies and efforts of various governments to heal the world of its present illness. They call a prescription used by certain doctors a shot-gun prescription; it is hoped that some of the many ingredients may hit the mark. There are other physicians who, instead of attacking the cause of an illness, prescribe for its various symptoms.

It is not advisable ordinarily for a physician to prescribe for himself. It is also inadvisable for him to prescribe for one of his own family who is seriously ill, for the reason that, being over-interested in the patient, he is apt to regard conditions too favorably or too unfavorably. The great difficulty with the world to-day is that it is prescribing for its own illness. It is a truism to say that mankind is selfish, and that nations are as selfish as the individuals who compose them. If selfish governments meet in council, they will most likely prescribe a shot-gun remedy.

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They may temporize and compromise, but they are not apt to remedy an evil the root of which is selfishness. The Hague is proof. Never was more done, humanly speaking, to assure peace than at The Hague. And never in the history of mankind did such a flood of war rush over the world as after The Hague. The reason is that selfish humanity refuses to prescribe or take the remedy for selfishness.

Man wants justice; yes. But generally he wants it for himself. Justice requires that man or nation subordinate personal or national advantages to right and truth. That means frequently the sacrifice of personal or national interests. And "there's the rub". In the councils of nations, each government is inclined to seek its own interests. Hence, only a partial or temporary agreement may be effected. But compromise never cures. It simply covers. What will cure? Justice. And how is justice to be attained? By rising above interested and selfish aims. And what will enable governments to rise above such aims? Nothing which mere worldly policy will offer, because the world is selfish. The power so to rise must come from above. Human nature cannot rise above its own level unaided.

Justice among individuals is maintained by laws. How is it to be maintained among nations? Either by force or law. By force means war, the very thing we seek to avoid. By law means by an authority which can legislate for nations as government does for individuals. Where is that authority? No merely human authority exists for such legislation. Nations may combine and make a pact, and create an authority, but such authority rests on selfish agreement, and its foundation is sand.

Is there no hope, then? There is. The Author of human nature, knowing its limitations, has provided. In the Old Law the voice of God proclaimed from Sinai the law which makes for individual and national peace. In the New Law Christ supplemented the divine authority of Jehovah by His message of peace to men of good will. He came the Prince of Peace. His laws will bring peace among people and among nations. He is the Great Physician of mankind. He prescribes for welfare here and hereafter. He is the World Ruler. His is the only supergovernment.

In proportion as God and His justice are acknowledged and respected by governments, will the world have peace. What government is to people, that, and a great deal more, God is to the governments themselves. If people do not respect government, anarchy results. And because governments do not respect God and His justice, wars result. Governments will be selfish to the end of the world, and wars will continue to the end. One power alone is capable of restraining that selfishness. But it calls for good will on man's part. That power is the World Ruler, God. If His rule, which is justice, is acknowledged by the nations, they will have peace, not otherwise. But expediency, not justice, is the policy of governments. Hence, God is ruled out of the councils of nations. Therefore, the world after Versailles was upside down and remains so. God was excluded from that gathering of governments. And peace was excluded, too.

Witness the world to-day. Whatever semblance of peace exists is merely exhaustion. The nations for the most part are champing for revenge or for aggrandizement. The worldly view sees only present advantages and sanctions. God bids us regard life as a pilgrimage to eternity, which will be happy or miserable in accordance as we live by justice or expediency. He tells us that people and governments must answer to Him for their conduct, and that on it depends everlasting welfare. Conduct based on justice is His command and His panacea. But governments whose outlook is bounded by the horizon of this life, and who close their eyes to justice, will not bring about peace worthy of the name, as we see in effect to-day, when the so-called peace is but a period of recuperation for war.

Is there no remedy, therefore? That depends. Must wars go on? Unless man respects a power above. And because mankind is not seeking first God and His justice, wars abound and will abound. The efforts of man may mitigate war and make it less frequent, but will never abolish it. Life is a warfare. But this is certain that in proportion as justice dominates people and governments, will strife and war cease, and there is nothing in the world so efficacious to make justice supreme among mankind as Christianity. Religion has been banished from governments of late, and in consequence the world has been afflicted by the

most dreadful conflict recorded in history. Man by worldly methods has done his utmost and failed miserably. It is time to turn to God. He desires to give us peace. But men must acknowledge Him as King if they are to have peace. This does not imply that man is to sit with folded arms and look to God to adjust world affairs. God wants man to do all in his power for justice, to work as hard for peace as if it depended on his unaided efforts, but to know that for success peace must be the result of serving and reverencing Him, the Ruler of Nations.

A great deal of the distress of nations to-day is due to the fact that subjects have lost respect for legitimate authority. Governments fail to realize that in leaving God out of their deliberations and policies they have taught their subjects to do the same. In doing this, they have undermined their own authority, as is evident from the shaky foundation on which many governments rest to-day.

National as well as international peace rests on respect for legitimate authority. If nations want loyalty from subjects, and justice from one another, the surest way to both is loyalty to God. The government that reverences God will not be an aggressor nor a delinquent. The government that reverences God will regulate its aims and policies by the laws of eternal justice.

Justice, the justice that is of God, will restrain national selfishness, and in consequence prevent the clash of nations. But in order that justice reign, man must realize that there is a Just Monarch of Mankind, Whose authority cannot be defied with impunity. If the Creator has permitted mankind to be infected with selfishness, He has also given an antidote. That antidote is respect for the Lawgiver of Mankind. Subjects have disregarded Him, and national disasters have resulted. Nations have discarded Him, and the World War was the penalty. The way to peace is God's way, good will shown by respecting God's authority. That will bring peace, and only that. Governments must realize that there is a sanction above for right. They must know that although they may violate justice and carry out selfish policies, they cannot ignore the Lawgiver of the World with impunity. The wages of sin is death. Every individual knows that. It holds for governments as well. Consult history.

Are we to be pessimistic, therefore, and let a selfish world run to ruin? By no means. Governments are made up of individuals. Each individual by respecting God and His justice will be doing his part to better his government and the world. If the individual ignores justice, he must not be surprised if government does also. Now there is no power among mankind so efficacious for establishing justice as Christianity. History confirms this. Wars there have always been and will be. Christ the Prince of Peace has declared it. Nevertheless, Christianity has done more to minimize war and its atrocities than any other power in the world.

Before Christ, war was the occupation of nations. The Roman Empire was at peace only three short periods during seven hundred years. Powerful nations sought more dominion, weak nations fought for existence. It was the rule of might. The only peace was that of exhaustion or slavery. Unless we go back to pre-Christian times, we can have no idea of what Christianity has done for the world's welfare. Bad as conditions are now, they were incalculably worse before Christ. Treaties mean much or little now. They meant nothing then. Justice had no meaning except it was supported by force. The existence of a small nation like Switzerland cannot be imagined in pre-Christian times. It would have been absorbed or annihilated.

If a powerful nation now attempted to absorb or destroy a smaller nation, it would evoke protest and opposition. And why? It would outrage prevailing sentiment. And what created civilized sentiment as it is to-day? Christianity. Before Christ, the ruler of a nation was not only a tyrant but a god. He acknowledged no power above him. In point of fact the Roman Emperors were deified. Their word was law. They made wrong right, or right wrong. And there was no one to gainsay them. True, an assassin's dagger sometimes stopped them. But there was nothing in the machinery of government or the times to restrain injustice. Christianity proclaimed to the ruler on the throne that he was subject to a Higher Power. It declared to these gods of clay that they had an accountability. It placed the standard of justice before ruler and subject alike, and informed them that they violated it at their eternal peril.

Gradually as the Church of Christ made peaceful conquest of the world, it replaced might by right. Not all at once, nor at any time entirely. It was hard work and long work. First it had to change the ideals of the pagan Romans, and afterwards to soften the brutality of the invading barbarians. But it introduced a new thing into the world, justice. It erected a new tribunal for individual, nation and world, the tribunal of right.

Until the Catholic Bishop Ambrose withstood the Roman Emperor Theodosius to his face there never was a power in the world which said effectively to a tyrant, "It is unjust; thou shalt not." This was a new idea among mankind. A ruler acknowledging a Super-Ruler! A king or emperor was after all not a god, not the arbiter of right or wrong.

I wonder if we who are the heirs of all the beneficence which Christianity has wrought and brought are not sometimes not only unmindful of but also ungrateful to Christ. We glory in the brotherhood of man. Liberty, equality, fraternity! But it was Christ who first declared the brotherhood of man. It was His Church which abolished slavery. One third of the world was in slavery before the Catholic Church gradually enfranchised them. Things do not merely happen. It is not civilization which has brought justice and liberty into the world. Civilization was at its height in the pagan Roman Empire when justice and freedom were trampled underfoot. It was the Catholic Church preaching the justice and brotherhood proclaimed by Christ which brought about respect for justice and freedom for the individual.

But what has all this to do with the problem we are facing? Everything. Peace is not more difficult of attainment than justice or freedom. The Catholic Church gave us justice and freedom, and it can give us peace. I am addressing readers some of whom are not of my faith. In this brief article I cannot substantiate all my statements. But read history aright and you will find the corroboration of all I say. Read Balmes's *History of European Civilization*, and you will say I am understating rather than exaggerating my claims. The Catholic Church gave us the ideals of justice and brotherhood which the modern world cherishes.

It gave us the ideals. That does not mean that justice and fraternity have always prevailed. But if with the ideals things

are as they are, what would the world be without them! In point of fact the Church has not only given us the ideals but has contributed powerfully to their realization. Yes, I know the abuses of rulers and nations and individuals in Church and State the past twenty centuries; but mankind is mankind. We, individually and collectively, are prone to evil. We are morally free. Human passion often hurls us headlong. But look over the past twenty centuries and you will find that never before in the history of the world was justice or the individual held in such respect. Wars and crimes there have been. But the wars and crimes which the Church prevented were innumerable. Even when war was unavoidable, the Church mitigated its horrors.

Before Christianity, war was a shambles and worse. Prisoners were put to death or sent into slavery. Women and children were butchered or reserved for a worse fate. Since, prisoners have been almost envied, and women and children held sacred even by their conquerors. What did that? The Catholic Church. It put the fear of the Lord in subjects and rulers. When war was inevitable, this same Church caused it to be less disastrous by the Truce of God, which called a halt to the clash of arms. When the Papacy, the much abused and much misunderstood Papacy, was supreme, it time and again prevented war. It used its mighty power to check acts of injustice on the throne, to make hostile rulers listen to reason, to halt the hand of the powerful aggressor, and in various ways to make justice reign instead of force. It was the one super-power among nations in the ages of faith, and on the whole that power was employed for the maintenance of peace by upholding the law of right and the brotherhood of man. Space does not permit me to say more.

A new era has come. The old ideals have been crowded out. Materialism is the god now worshipped. Greatness is measured by size. The man is great who has much. The nation is great that is rich. There is no room except for bulk. Material standards dominate the world. Result: Among individuals a mad race for wealth regardless of honesty; and among nations a struggle for territory, trade and resources regardless of justice. Materialism is enthroned. Behold its votaries! Conscienceless governments, bleeding nations, discouraged peoples, lawless individuals.

Materialism is the new god! And what does it give its worshippers? In a world which abounds in natural resources and teems with sustenance for mankind it gives stone for bread. Never before was it so evident that "not in bread alone does man live". Guided mainly by material standards the world was never so materially destitute. Starving millions in a world of plenty! What an indictment of man's pride and selfishness!

War has done it, war which was all but universal. And what caused the war? We all know; material ideals, a return to paganism. The governments of Europe for the past few centuries have been more or less a combination of merchant and highwayman. By deception, intrigue, propaganda, downright injustice and force, they have sought to extend their territories and enrich their treasuries. And all the while the multitudes were bleeding and dying, and the productive earth was trampled on by devastating armies. And to what purpose? To gratify the ambition of rulers or feed the pride of nations.

What is the remedy? First of all there *is* a remedy: Reverence for the ideals introduced into the world by Christ. A return to *spiritual values.* These ideals cured the pagan world of the dreadful evils of slavery, butchery of prisoners of war, infant murder, the debasement of woman, and other maladies so firmly rooted that they seemed impossible of eradication.

Christian ideals are the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood and immortality of man. If mankind realizes that the Creator and Ruler of the world is a just God Who will render to every man according to his works, mankind will respect justice, and human governments will rule by right, not by might. But if mankind believes that it is but a material part of this material world, and that life and its accountability terminate in a bit of dust, and that there is no ruling power above, the hand of every man will be against his neighbor and the policy of every government will be plunder. There will be no restraint on subject or ruler but that of expediency, which teaches that everything is lawful that is desirable and obtainable.

Here precisely is where Christianity stands forth as the world-remedy. Not desire but duty should be man's principle of action. Every Christian denomination holds that. The Catho-

lic Church not only proclaims it but by its sacramental system helps weak human nature to carry it out. Some people say that they do not believe in religion, that their religion is to be good, to be honest. But that is the very point. It is hard to be good. Everybody would be good if desiring it made them so. But virtue implies conquest of evil tendencies, conquest of self. Conscience and passion are continually at war. Man is prone to evil. The object of religion is to help man to live by the standards set by the Creator, and emphasized by Christ, in order that man may be worthy of association with God forever hereafter. Even with the aid of religion many fall by the wayside. Without it they are almost sure to collapse. If with spiritual ideals history so abounds in evil, what may we expect from earthly, material ideals? Witness the world to-day.

The purpose of the efforts and ritual of the Catholic Church is to impress on its adherents the reality of spiritual values. It endeavors to make them live in the presence of God, and to conduct themselves accordingly. In a general way it thus works for peace because it works for justice. In particular its efforts for peace are manifest by the action of the Pope on all the great issues which concern the world. The pronouncements of Leo XIII on the matters which threatened industrial peace; the untiring efforts of Benedict XV to bring about peace during the World War; and the present solicitude of Pius XI to introduce the spirit of reconciliation and fraternity among the statesmen of Europe, illustrate one phase of the constant endeavors which the Catholic Church makes for peace.

This attitude of the Holy Father is fully appreciated by those whom it concerns. They may not always act on his initiative, but it is not because they do not realize its rectitude, but because they are unwilling to be influenced by his lofty ideals. Governments as well as individuals are very human, which is another way of saying that they are very selfish. But no ideal is entirely obscured by passion. The Catholic Church holds aloft the highest spiritual ideals. This is not to say that they are always lived up to even by her own communicants. But as Christ's ideals do not suffer by the defection of Judas, neither do those of His Church by the evil lives of some individuals.

Premier Lloyd George in adverting to the pronouncement of Pius XI in regard to the Genoa Conference said, "I cannot say how pleased I am with this remarkable document nor could I exaggerate the terms in which it is couched. The Pope speaks with first-hand knowledge of conditions in Eastern Europe and I feel that so clear and definite a pronouncement by the Holy See in favor of peace with Russia is a great encouragement to the Christian powers assembled at Genoa." That is the duty for peace which the Pope is ever performing, holding up the ideals which Christ brought into the world. It was a Catholic priest, Father Luigi Sturzo, who at Genoa struck an inspirational note by proclaiming "the necessity of instituting a political internationale founded on Christian ideals: love, brotherhood, tolerance, equity and justice".

Not only does the Catholic Church work for peace but it also prays for peace, and that constantly. Its ritual abounds with prayers for peace and harmony among peoples. In its litanies it daily prays for peace. In the Mass there is a special prayer for peace, and there is, moreover, a special Peace Mass, which is celebrated in times of greatest need. It will be seen, therefore, that there is no power on earth more active or effective for peace than the Catholic Church, which always upholds legitimate authority. By its exhortations and Sacraments it endeavors to make each individual of its faith seek first God and His justice. By its various organizations it seeks to cultivate the spirit of peace in family and society. By its proclamations and appeals and delegations it holds up to governments the standards of morality preached by Christ, the Prince of Peace. In proportion as the individual and family and society and government conform their conduct to these Christian ideals will the world have peace; in no other way. The mission of the Catholic Church is to perpetuate Him and His teaching Who said, "I am the Light of the World." A beacon guides; it does not compel. If the nations walk by that light they will be in the way of peace, if not—look at the world to-day.

MARTIN J. SCOTT, S. J.

CANADA'S NATIONAL STATUS

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DURING the Great War and since its conclusion there has been much loose thinking and writing, both within the British Empire and without, about the status of the Dominion of Canada. The note has been one of exaggeration rather than of sobriety. As a consequence ignorant misinterpretations are abroad which need to be challenged. Canada has everything to lose if its relation to the Empire is not made clear to foreign nations, especially to the United States. Developments of both a domestic and international nature—and there are many of them—may lead to the perpetuation of ignorance and may complicate further advance, unless their essential nature is made plain. Finally, the status of Canada, if clearly understood and judicially estimated, is in itself a challenge to the political dangers of the past and an element of international promise for the future.

I

The history of Canadian autonomy falls naturally into two periods; first, from 1867, when the Dominion was created by an Act of the Imperial Parliament, to 1914; and second, from 1914 to the present time. The first period was characterized by growing assurance, and the second period is the period of national manhood, suddenly matured by the most tragic events in history. Scarcely had the Dominion been created when a national sentiment began to gather. At first insignificant and academic, it gained strength until within a few years it made momentous contributions to Canadian history. Canada began with many curtailments on self-government, and heavily shackled in domestic affairs. Canadian legislation was liable to imperial disallowance. The Governor-General was explicitly ordered to

reserve for the consideration of the British Cabinet any Acts of the Canadian Legislature dealing with a long list of specifically enumerated subjects, although these were of purely Canadian interest. The defense of the Dominion was in an ambiguous state, with Imperial officers still in command of Canadian forces. There was no Canadian Supreme Court. Canada could not control immigration from the British Isles. Canada had little or no place in international treaties or in foreign affairs.

Almost at once developments began. A Supreme Court was set up at Ottawa which has lent dignity and confidence to the Canadian judiciary. The Governor-General's office was reconstructed, so that to-day he can perform no official act and carry out no executive or administrative functions on his own initiative, but must act on the advice of his responsible Cabinet Ministers in the same manner as the Crown acts in Great Britain. In trade and commerce, however, the greatest advances were made before 1914. With the trade depressions of the late 'seventies Canada was forced to seek wider markets for her exports and the problem of commercial treaties was forced to the front. At first the Imperial Government conceded only the right to Canada of settling the details of such treaties. But Canadian Ministers were unwilling to act as a kind of glorified civil service for the Imperial Government, which finally conceded to Canada the right to use its own Ministers as actual negotiators. No sooner had this concession been granted than complications arose. It was evident that Great Britain could no longer expect to make general commercial treaties which would bind Canada, and the plan was soon adopted of inserting a clause which gave to Canada the right to adhere or to refuse to adhere to such treaties. This advance in turn raised a further question whether Canada should be bound by old general treaties in the framing of which there had been no consultation with Canada nor agents acting for Canada. When a scheme of preferential tariffs within the Empire was in the air, it was found that existing treaties precluded such preference without the inclusion in it of all foreign countries with most-favored-nation clauses in their treaties with Great Britain. Finally regulations were drawn up in 1895 which hold the field substantially to the present time. Any

treaty must be made between the Imperial Government, not the Dominion of Canada, and the foreign State concerned. Since final responsibility must remain with Great Britain, independent powers of negotiation could not be granted to Canada. Negotiations must be conducted by the British representative aided by Canadian representatives as second plenipotentiaries or as subordinates. Any treaty which might be concluded would be signed by the plenipotentiaries only after its terms had been approved by the Imperial and Canadian Governments. It would ultimately be ratified by the Crown acting on the advice of the British Cabinet, if the Canadian Government so desired; or, in the event of legislation being requisite to make its terms effective, if the Canadian Parliament so desired. Conditions of negotiation were laid down: concessions made to any foreign Power must be made to any other foreign Power having by existing treaties most-favored-nation rights in Canada; any concessions so made must be extended without compensation to all British possessions; no concessions must be accepted from a foreign Government which would be prejudicial to other parts of the Empire.

The position which Canada now occupies can be summed up briefly: Canada is not bound by any commercial treaty to which its consent has not been given. Canada will be consulted by the Imperial Government when a general commercial treaty is under consideration, in order that special concessions, if desired by Canada, may be secured. If Canada wishes to establish closer commercial treaties with a foreign State, the Imperial Government will appoint Canadian plenipotentiaries to carry on negotiations and they will sign jointly with an Imperial representative any treaty which may arise out of the discussions. The interests of the Empire at large must not be sacrificed, and Canada must extend to the Empire concessions granted to a foreign Power. The treaty must be ratified by the Crown on the advice of the Imperial Cabinet acting on the request of Canada.

In strictly political treaties there has been no fundamental advance in this period, as international responsibility must lie with Great Britain. It is unnecessary then to lay stress on details of method which might give a false impression of development.

On the other hand, to international conferences on miscellaneous questions of general concern, such as the Radio-Telegraphic Conference of 1912, Canada sends delegates with full powers under the Great Seal of England, who act as plenipotentiaries for the Dominion. The essential nature of the situation lies in the fact that Canadian plenipotentiaries are not included among the British group who must cast their vote as a unit. As arrangements now are, Canada has plenipotentiaries of its own acting independently of those from Great Britain, and may accordingly differ in opinion from the Imperial view. It is well, however, to remember that the Canadian plenipotentiaries receive their fullness of authority at the hands of the Imperial Executive and that the final ratification rests with the Crown acting on the advice of Imperial Ministers.

After federation, devolution of authority in relation to defense was slow. Imperial money was freely spent on fortifications, and an Imperial force was available to suppress the Red River Rebellion in 1870. Although Canadian troops successfully coped with the much more serious North West Rebellion in 1885, yet the Imperial Government continued to maintain garrisons in Canada. During the Boer War these were withdrawn and not replaced. With their withdrawal the presence of Imperial officers in charge of the Canadian militia became more and more anomalous, especially as their lack of discretion led to serious administrative difficulties. After the Canadian Government had dismissed one of them Canada took over authority. The Imperial Government has no control over Canadian troops raised for home defense, and there is no agreement between Great Britain and Canada to send troops overseas. Any aid given to the Empire outside Canadian territory depends entirely on the will of the Canadian Parliament for the time being. Canadian soldiers serve overseas voluntarily; or, if organized, under a special Canadian law. The same regulations govern naval affairs, so that in the control of the supreme obligations of citizenship Canadian autonomy is complete.

During these years the process of consultation was carried forward beyond mere irregular Conferences. After 1912 Canadian Cabinet Ministers were admitted as members of the Imperial

Defense Committee where they received full and complete information on defense, foreign affairs, and political treaties, and where all the secrets of Imperial policy were disclosed to them. In the final analysis, of course, this Committee has no executive authority for the Empire; but Canada began to occupy a place in discussions of a distinctly responsible nature. On the other hand, it is well to emphasize the fact that Canada during these years avoided any attempts to set up an Imperial Empire Cabinet.

With the outbreak of the Great War, the relationship between Canada and the Empire became clearer. The Imperial declarations involved Canada automatically, yet Canada had no say in situations in which it had a vital interest. The crisis brought to light the nature of the constitutional ties. Not only was Great Britain solely responsible for the declarations of war but the Imperial decisions placed Canada at once in a state of war. Canadian citizens became the legal enemies of those nations against whom the Imperial Government began hostilities, and Canadian territory was at once liable to possible invasion or attack. On the other hand, the Imperial Government was meticulous in guarding Canadian autonomy. No demand was made for men or for money. Not even the slightest influence was brought to bear which might have impaired Canadian self-government or wounded Canadian sentiment. The Imperial Government had no connection of any kind with the raising of Canadian troops, and Canadian military and naval activities remained entirely and exclusively in the hands of the Canadian Government and Parliament.

The War, however, emphasized the need for closer coöperation and as a consequence consultations developed in a marked degree. Canadian Ministers became members of the Imperial War Cabinet created by Mr. Lloyd George, and the Imperial War Conference of 1917 laid it down that the great Dominions were self-governing nations, which demanded continuous consultation in foreign affairs. The Prime Minister of Canada emphasized the situation. The English Premier was only *primus inter pares* and Canada was Great Britain's constitutional equal, preserving its full autonomy and its complete self-government, carrying on diplomatic correspondence no longer through the Colonial Office

but directly with the Prime Minister of Great Britain. Of course, it is necessary to walk carefully here. The War Cabinet possessed no final constitutional authority for the Empire. Its decisions remained mere decisions until concurred in by the Imperial and Dominion Cabinets. More important still, if the British members failed to secure the good will of the Dominion members, they could have their wishes carried out through the ordinary channels of the British Departments of State. Indeed, where agreements were forthcoming, the ultimate and international responsibility lay with the Imperial Cabinet.

In relation to the Peace and to the League of Nations a word must be said. At the Peace Conference Canada was assigned two delegates. Each delegation had the right to set up a panel from which the delegates present on any occasion might be chosen, and the Canadian delegates might be included by this panel system in the representation of the British Empire, which appeared under that name for the first time at a Peace Conference and presented its proposals and decisions after consultation with Canada. Canada, of course, possessed no vote apart from the British Empire, and the Canadian delegates signed the treaty as representatives of the King for the Dominion of Canada. The treaty was ratified for the Empire as a whole on the advice of the Imperial Foreign Secretary, after approval for Canada by the Canadian Parliament. It is true that Canada is a member of the League of Nations and that a Canadian representative may be elected to the Council, but the unity of the Empire is preserved by the Covenant's guarantee of the territorial integrity of its constituent members.

II

The Dominion of Canada is an integral part of the British Empire. The growth of Canadian autonomy has therefore been necessarily limited by the legal and constitutional bonds which unite Canada to the Empire. There can be little doubt that emotion and sentiment play a large and important part in the relationship between Canada and Great Britain, and it is well that moral values should not be forgotten in the consideration of hard, legal facts. Great Britain recognizes that Canada has a

distinct national status and a distinct group life. There is no possibility in future of leaving Canadian opinion unconsidered or of curtailing full discussion in the delicate and dangerous realm of foreign affairs. Great Britain has accepted the fullness of Canadian citizenship, and if it still lacks an effective voice in the executive life of the Empire, the fault assuredly does not lie with the Mother Country. Constitutional reorganization lies in the hands of the Canadian people. In the meantime, the secret places of Imperial policy have been opened to Canadian statesmen, who can obtain as impartial and complete a knowledge of international affairs, of defense, of treaties and of conventions, as any member of the British Cabinet.

Although, however, Canadian autonomy is practically complete in trade and commerce, although Canadian opinion is practically decisive in political treaties affecting the Dominion alone, although Canada is a distinct member of the League of Nations with the right to representation on its Council, yet the witness which these developments bear is rather to the extreme limit of Canadian freedom within the Empire than to newly accepted positions in constitutional law. As the law of nations now stands Canada is not a sovereign State. However light the Imperial tie, as long as it exists, Canada cannot escape—under the political theories which at present prevail—the implications of the fact. In addition, the Imperial connection imposes boundaries on Canadian autonomy within the Empire. The internal and the external limitations of Canadian political authority can be clearly stated in terms of private and international law without in the least mortgaging the future or closing the gate to further developments.

The Imperial constitutional situation is unparalleled in history, and analogies drawn from Hanover or the Thirteen Colonies are, like most political analogies, barren of guidance. It is possible to say the same of the phrases which attempt to describe the conditions. "Autonomous nations of the British Commonwealth," the "League of Britannic Nations," the "Free States of the Empire," are terms capable of such complicated connotations and are all linked up with such varied political theories that none of them is conclusive. All that the historian or political

thinker can hope to do is to look at things as they actually are. He must see facts and their implications: first, that Canada is an integral part of the Empire; second, that Canada does not possess those adjuncts of political life which determine recognition as a state; third, that Canada has a distinct social, economic and political group activity peculiarly and separately Canadian; and fourth, that the generally accepted theory of sovereignty darkens the issues and that its abandonment will furnish the most necessary step in resolving the antinomies. Finally, he must recognize that political progress is best secured where the forms which give constitutions their concrete expression are behind rather than in front of general political education.

Canada is a Dominion "under the Crown of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland". Such is the preamble of the Canadian Constitution granted by the Imperial Parliament, and it is a fundamental condition on which Canadian executive, legislative and judicial authority exists. This fact is of more than academic importance. During a discussion in the Imperial Parliament on Irish affairs Mr. Bonar Law declared that "If the self-governing Dominions chose to say, 'to-morrow we will no longer make a part of the British Empire,' we would not try to force them. Dominion Home Rule means the right to decide their own destinies." Mr. Law's words need examination, and it is not without significance that during the same debates Mr. Lloyd George was careful to avoid the question of secession, and that on March 2, 1922, Mr. Winston Churchill during the committee stage of the Irish Free State Bill refused on behalf of the Government an amendment giving the power. He declared that the Dominions had never claimed nor had Great Britain ever admitted the right of secession. Mr. Law's phrase is capable of only one valid construction. If Canada expressed in unmistakable terms the desire of its people to sever the Imperial tie, the British Government would not attempt to resist by the armed forces of the Crown such a clearly expressed wish. But, as General Smuts clearly recognized for South Africa, Canada could not dissolve its connection with the Empire by a Federal Act of Parliament, because the Crown has not the constitutional power to assent to a Canadian Act outside the legislative compe-

tence of the Dominion Legislature. Canada has authority to legislate for "the peace, order and good government of Canada", and to pass an Act dissolving the Dominion as "under the Crown of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland" would be extraterritorial legislation of an extreme form and of undoubted invalidity. The constitutional dependence of Canada on the Imperial Crown can be abrogated only by an Act of the Imperial Parliament, and the announcement of Canada's severance from the Empire could take place only by Imperial and not by Federal legislation. Indeed the League of Nations itself confirms this opinion. Canada has a separate status within the League but contingent on its position as a constitutent part of the British Empire, and the Covenant binds Canada with other members of the Empire to preserve the territorial integrity of the Empire. There thus emerges another fact, that in addition to an Imperial Act being the normal constitutional method of dissolving the relationship, there would also be necessary agreement on the part of the other constitutent members of the Empire; otherwise the Covenant is futile and meaningless. The League of Nations in giving Canada a new position at the same time binds it closer to the Imperial Crown.

The Imperial tie raises the further question whether the Imperial Parliament can pass legislation applying to Canada. All along there has existed a tendency to curtail such legislation, but with the developments of recent years a claim has been made and concurred in by Sir Robert Borden that the sovereign legislative power of the Imperial Parliament is not only obsolete but invalid. The most probable opinion is that in future no Imperial legislation will bind Canada unless concurred in by resolution of the Federal Parliament. In addition, if Canadian proposals mature to obtain from the Imperial Parliament powers to confer extraterritorial effect for Federal legislation similar to that belonging to Imperial legislation, there will be less necessity for the exercise of legislative power for the Empire as a whole, although Imperial legislation would of necessity apply to Canadians as to other British subjects resident where the Crown possesses extraterritorial jurisdiction.

The question, however, has another aspect of vital importance.

Australia, New Zealand, South Africa and Newfoundland enjoy wide freedom to change their constitutions, but Canada has no authority either to alter the distribution of legislative powers or to vary the essential form of government—a fact upon which Mr. Mackenzie King relied in deprecating Mr. Rowell's claim that equality with the United Kingdom had been established and recognized. All changes made in the Constitution of 1867, other than those of small detail, have required Imperial legislation. The formation of the Federation has been treated as a covenanted occasion and explicit recognition was given to this treatment in 1907 by the Cabinets of the United Kingdom and of Canada when admission was made that the general assent of the provinces was necessary to any constitutional changes. Canada is thus dependent on the Imperial Parliament for any important alterations in the instrument of government. The problem is one of difficulty. Imperial legislation would undoubtedly be refused were there signs of serious provincial opposition. On the other hand, it would be difficult to get general provincial agreement to any increase of the Federal powers. The provinces are extremely suspicious of proposals which might appear to narrow their legislative spheres. In Quebec this is further complicated by fears that the special linguistic and religious rights of the province might be endangered if the Dominion were granted a general authority to alter the constitution.

In foreign affairs, Canada's connection with the Empire imposes obvious legal boundaries. In spite of all the phrases which have passed into currency, Canada has no international status. Even the treaties which Canada concludes in matters of trade and commerce acquire their force through the Imperial relationship. Canada cannot negotiate directly with a foreign country in the political or any other important sphere. If negotiations are necessary, or called for, or Canada is vitally interested, the Crown will act on Ministerial advice with the consent of the Canadian Government. In minor matters direct communication has taken place for many years, but the Imperial Government must learn of serious matters through the Governor-General and through the British Ambassador resident in the particular country. It is true that normally Canadian negotia-

tors will be employed, but if a treaty supervenes, it will be considered for international purposes an Imperial treaty. The informal agreements which Canada has concluded and to which reference has been made are of no international value, and neither the Canadian Government nor the foreign States have mistaken their character. Indeed in the arrangements for a Canadian Minister Plenipotentiary at Washington the diplomatic unity of the Empire has been expressly preserved. While the appointment will be made on the advice of the Dominion Cabinet, the responsibility and authority will rest with the Imperial Government, and the full powers granted to the Minister will be issued on the responsibility of the Imperial Foreign Secretary.

When the developments of recent years are judicially examined they prove that Canada's status in international law has undergone no fundamental change. The War Cabinet was merely consultative and had no collective executive responsibility for the Empire. Canada signed the Peace Treaty under authority from the Imperial Government. Canada's position in the League of Nations is due to its position in the Empire. The Covenant of the League has undoubtedly imposed on Canada new obligations of an international nature, but has given it no distinct international status. A possible declaration of war will best illustrate the exact state of affairs. Once the Imperial Government declares war, Canada is at war; and once a foreign State declares war against Great Britain, Canada is at war. In either case, Canada need not fight, need not supply a man or a ship or assist in any way, and might be prepared to preserve the most meticulous neutrality; but as international law now stands, Canada would be at war, and its territory and citizens liable to attack.

It may be pertinent to deal with the theoretical difficulty which for many minds prevents a just appreciation of the present position of Canada in the Empire. I have pointed out certain anomalies in this position, but must not on that account be regarded as endorsing the old view that political sovereignty by its very nature is one and indivisible, or that the logic of the situation leaves Canada with the alternatives of complete independence or permanent inferiority of status. The older doctrine of

sovereignty admitted no third course, but the active criticism of recent political thought working on such material as modern federations, leagues, and unions so abundantly provides, rejects that absolutism. No ancient formula of sovereignty, however embodied in present legal doctrines, can stay the actual process of political development. If the formula declares that there must be one single ultimate residence of all sovereign powers within a State, and the facts reveal a dual or multiple residence, so much the worse for the formula. Necessity modifies our over-simple or over-rigid theories. The strong persuasions of defense or finance, making for unity, have countered the tenacious differences of religion or race, and have thus created not only new forms but new degrees of sovereignty.

The changing relation of Canada to the British Empire, therefore, instead of flouting any eternal principle of political sovereignty, is one of the crucial series of data to which our theories of sovereignty must conform. It is not too much to say that in the modern political world we find States showing every degree of the integration and the separation of sovereign powers. If the Constitutions of the United States and of Australia formally allocate residual sovereignty to the participant States, while in the Dominion of Canada this pertains to the Federal Government, both are nevertheless forms within which the unity of a State is realized. If Australia assigns a variety of concurrent powers to the States and to the Federation, the system nevertheless is a working unity. If the Union of South Africa is to be called a Unitary State rather than a Federation, it presents a very different type of unity from that of the United Kingdom. We might go further and suggest that even in the so-called Unitary State, whatever its legal form, there are sovereign powers which in fact are and must be exercised by municipalities, counties and other units of administration. Why then, we may well ask, should not the British Empire remain a unity although the aspirations of its parts for autonomy find the completest expression they may desire?

It will be said by the legalists that there is no political unity where there is no final authority. In reply, two observations may be made. In the first place we should notice the significance

of the system, which has grown up particularly in federal states, by which the settlement of constitutional problems, where there is a question of conflicting claims to sovereign powers, is assigned not to Parliament but to courts. In other words these problems are regarded as subjects for interpretation and not for legislation, for adjustment and not for enactment, and the court in such a case may perhaps be fairly regarded as the representative, not of the parliamentary sovereign but of that more profound though less coherent will, the will of the people itself. This leads us to the further and fundamental consideration that the final unity of any State is to be sought not within the form of government at all but in the consensus of political opinion, in the communal will which sets up and pulls down the instruments of political power. If there is that underlying unity it can support the gradation and division of ostensible sovereignty. A house divided against itself cannot stand, but if there is a common foundation it will sustain, without danger of their falling asunder, the divisions within the house.

We need not therefore despair of the unity of the British Empire because Canada and its other constituents, as they attain political manhood, claim a political sovereignty of their own; nor on the other hand need we think it necessary to construct, in advance of evolution, artificial props such as an Imperial Cabinet with definite over-ruling powers. What is best and safest is to strengthen the foundations of the common will, to cultivate the common heritage, to develop the intercourse among the members of the far-flung Empire as well as among the responsible Ministers of every part; to enhance in a word that sense of unity which the possession of a great and common tradition has built up in history and in faith. And if the resulting development contradicts fond theories of sovereignty, we may offer these up, in thankfulness for the unity we maintain and achieve, as a cheerful and willing sacrifice.

W. P. M. Kennedy.

THE MINERS AND THE LAW OF TREASON

BY JAMES G. RANDALL

ONCE again the quiet village of Charles Town, West Virginia, in the historic Shenandoah valley, has furnished the setting for a memorable State trial. As in 1859, when John Brown went to the gallows for a traitorous assault which was misconceived as a stroke for Abolition, so in the present year the eyes of the nation have been focused upon this same little county seat while hundreds of miners have faced trial on indictments for murder and treason in connection with the "insurrection" of August, 1921. Twenty-four of the miners who were associated with the armed march of several thousand men directed against the coal fields of Logan and Mingo counties have been charged with the grave offense of "treason", and it is with this phase of the question that the present article proposes to deal. Many circumstances unite to make the trials notable. The long continued efforts of the United Mine Workers to unionize the West Virginia fields, the elaborate litigation which included several federal injunction suits, the huge scale as well as the gravity of the indictments, the intensity of the industrial disputes involved, and the challenge to the State authorities to uphold elemental social order and yet deal fairly with both sides in an unusually bitter struggle—all these factors lift the case above the level of an ordinary criminal proceeding. Without attempting, however, to discuss the industrial phases of the "miners' war", the writer proposes to view the cases from a restricted angle and to consider their relation to the history of treason in our legal system.

Though the charge against the miners is the *rara avis* of treason against a State, the analogy of this crime with treason against the United States is very close, and it may therefore be useful to recall some of the outstanding points in the history of national treason. Treason is the only crime which the Federal Constitution undertakes to define. It consists "only in levying war

against the United States or in adhering to their enemies, giving them aid and comfort". To prove treason, the commission of an overt act must be established by at least two witnesses, unless there is a confession in open court. Congress has no authority to fix the nature of the crime, and can neither enlarge nor restrict the offense beyond the constitutional definition. Congress may, however, fix the punishment, and among the acts passed by the first Congress ever assembled under the Constitution was the Treason Law of 1790, which established the penalty of death for this highest of crimes.

In the course of time a well recognized body of principles has grown up around the law of treason. Thus it is recognized that "constructive treason" has no place in our legal system. There must be an actual levying of war. A mere plotting, gathering of arms, or assemblage of men is not treason, in case no overt act is committed. The "levying war", however, has been rather broadly defined by our courts. Besides formal or declared war, it includes an insurrection or combination which forcibly opposes the Government or resists the execution of its laws. Engaging in an insurrection to prevent the execution of a law is treason, because this act amounts to levying war. The mere uttering of words of treasonable import does not constitute the crime, nor is mere sympathy with the enemy sufficient to warrant conviction.

Treason differs from other crimes in that there are no accessories. All are principals, including those whose acts would, in the case of felonies, make them accessories. Those who take part in the conspiracy which culminates in treason are principals, even though absent when the overt act is committed.

This doctrine, that all are principals, is not inconsistent with that other doctrine of American law which excludes "constructive treason". To admit "constructive treason" is to hold a man as traitor when no levying of war has actually taken place. If such a levying of war has occurred, however, then those who were distant from the scene, but who gave aid, are principals in the perpetration of the crime.

Convictions for treason against the United States have been very few, and it is a striking fact that at no time in our national history has anyone actually been punished as a result of judicial

conviction for the crime. Some of the leaders of the Whisky Rebellion of 1794 were convicted and sentenced to death as traitors, but were pardoned by President Washington.

In 1798 an insurrection in eastern Pennsylvania to resist a land tax passed by Congress gave rise to the famous Fries case. Fries was tried for treason, and it was in his elaborate charge to the jury, since often cited, that Judge Iredell declared that opposing the execution of any law by force of arms amounted to levying war. Fries was convicted and sentenced to death, but was pardoned by President Adams.

The Burr case was the most notable treason trial in our history, and it illustrated well the many legal obstacles that stand in the way of a conviction for this crime. In spite of the intense popular resentment against Burr, and the efforts of the Administration at Washington under President Jefferson to have him convicted, the jury found it impossible under the instructions of the judge, John Marshall, to bring in an adverse verdict, even though it seems clear that they desired to do so. Burr was known to be connected with an assemblage of men on Blennerhassett's Island in the Ohio River, but as it was not proved that any act of war took place in connection with this assemblage, the evidence tending to show Burr's connection with it was ruled out, and the prosecution had no other evidence to offer.

During the Civil War, the general law of treason was used but slightly, special acts being passed which related to the existing "rebellion". The Treason Law of July 17, 1862 (called also the second Confiscation Act), is chiefly notable, perhaps, for its softening of the penalty for treason. According to the law of 1790, death was the only penalty, but few favored enforcing the extreme penalty against the thousands who were (according to the Union view) guilty of treason. The new act therefore gave the court the discretion to decree either death or fine and imprisonment for treason, while for insurrection or rebellion (which seemed to be recognized as a distinct offense in the law) death was not provided at all, the prescribed penalties being imprisonment, fine and confiscation.

Of the hundreds of thousands who were technically "traitors" during the Civil War, only a few hundred were even indicted.

Of these only a very limited number were brought to trial, and none were actually punished for the offense. Cases of disloyalty amounting to treason were very numerous in the North, but the Administration at Washington preferred not to prosecute them. Lincoln's well-known leniency was a factor of importance, and besides it was realized that conviction in regions likely to produce sympathetic juries would be difficult. To fail to convict would weaken the Government, while success might be even worse, for it would render the victim a martyr. Where zealous grand juries insisted on bringing indictments in spite of the district attorney's wish to avoid prosecutions, considerable embarrassment resulted, and some of the judges showed irritation where cases of this sort were actually brought to trial. After the war indictments were frequently brought, but they were all dropped before conviction, only a few of them coming to trial. General Grant's terms of surrender guaranteed that Lee's men would be released on parole, and would not be molested by United States authority for participation in the rebellion. While it was not within the military power to grant such terms, they were respected, and these men were deemed beyond the reach of prosecution for treason.

In the case of Jefferson Davis, preparations were made for his prosecution, the charge being treason before the Federal Circuit Court at Richmond under the act of 1790, the penalty of which was death; but the general amnesty proclamation of December, 1868, caused the dismissal of his and all similar cases.

During the Great War, the Treason Law was found unavailable as a means of punishing disloyal and hostile acts, and the Espionage Act was passed to deal with the emergency. Four prosecutions for treason were instituted merely as test cases to develop the possibilities of the statutes, but none of them resulted in conviction. In one of these cases (*United States vs. Werner* in the Eastern District of Pennsylvania, 247 *Federal Reporter*, 708) the Government's attorneys attempted to fasten the crime of treason upon the editors of a German language newspaper on the ground of discouraging enlistments, obstructing war measures, falsifying war news, and the like, but the court held that, while words published in a newspaper may be adduced to

show treasonable intent if taken in connection with an overt act, and while the conveying of messages valuable to the enemy is treasonable, yet something more than the mere publication of sentiments must be shown.

This recapitulation will make it clear that the severity and extreme features of the Federal treason statutes make them really unavailable as actual instruments of judicial prosecution, and that in the rare cases when conviction has occurred, Executive clemency has always interposed to prevent punishment.

Turning to the case of the miners, we find that the offense for which they (or rather a selected number of them) are held is treason against the State of West Virginia. In the Constitution of West Virginia there is the following provision:

> Treason against the State shall consist only in levying war against it, or in adhering to its enemies, giving them aid and comfort. No person shall be convicted of treason unless on the testimony of two witnesses to the same overt act, or on confession in open court. Treason shall be punished, according to the character of the acts committed, by the infliction of one or more of the penalties of death, imprisonment or fine, as may be prescribed by law.

It will be noticed that the provisions in the West Virginia Constitution resemble those of the Federal Constitution in the definition of the offense and the requirements as to evidence sustaining the overt act, but that the State Constitution goes farther than that of the United States in that it specifies the general nature of the punishment. An examination of the West Virginia code shows that the punishment, as further defined by the Legislature, shall be death, or, at the discretion of the jury, confinement in the penitentiary not less than three nor more than ten years and confiscation of the real and personal estate. Withholding knowledge of treason, attempting to justify armed insurrection by written or printed words, or engaging in an unlawful assemblage, are punishable by lesser penalties, thus indicating that these offenses are regarded as distinct from treason itself. As to what constitutes "levying war" against the State, this is largely a matter for interpretation by the court, and it appears that Judge Woods has made considerable use of Federal as well as State decisions in determining his rulings.

The acts for which the miners are on trial took place in con-

nection with the serious outbreak of August, 1921. As a climax of years of growing hostility, during which the United Mine Workers had made repeated efforts to unionize the mine fields of Logan and Mingo counties, several hundred men assembled on August 20 at Marmet, West Virginia, with the intention of making some kind of demonstration or attack, the exact purpose of which is disputed. An important feature of the case is that the Governor had previously proclaimed martial law in Mingo County, and had sent State troops into that county to preserve order. It is the contention of the prosecution that the acts of the miners constituted a defiance of this martial law, and an intention to resist the troops.

An appeal by "Mother Jones", a well-known leader among the miners, failed to disperse them, and the armed force, picturesquely uniformed in blue overalls and red bandanna handkerchiefs, proceeded on their march. The first violence occurred at Sharples in Boone County, where a small force of State police was resisted by the miners while seeking to serve warrants upon men wanted by the Logan County authorities. Several miners were killed and from this time the march assumed much more alarming proportions. By the time the Boone-Logan county line was reached the invaders numbered about eight thousand. Don Chafin, sheriff of Logan County, raised a defending force of approximately two thousand which he commanded until, after some delay, Governor Morgan commissioned Colonel Eubanks to take charge with State troops. For over a week the opposing "armies" confronted each other over an extended mountainous battle-front in the neighborhood of Blair, and there was considerable detached fighting. On the defending side three deputy sheriffs were killed, and it was for their deaths that the indictments for murder were drawn. Probably more than twenty of the invaders lost their lives.

Much of the trouble seems to have been due to the practice of employing in the non-union mining area great numbers of deputy sheriffs who were paid not from county funds but by the coal operators, and were referred to as "mine guards". Professional gun men were also supposed to have been employed by the companies. It has been a matter of bitter comment that the

prosecution in the treason trial was conducted not by the State's attorneys but by the operators' lawyers.

On the Governor's request, President Harding issued a proclamation, reminiscent of the language of Washington against the whisky insurgents, warning the men to disperse, but as this warning was disregarded, about 2,000 Federal troops were actually sent to the scene of the trouble. Their presence reinforced the conciliatory negotiations conducted with the marchers by General Bandholtz through the union leaders, and brought about the prompt dissipation of the whole movement.

Indictments for treason and murder were brought by the Logan County Grand Jury, and 120 of the cases were removed to Jefferson County, a farming region on the eastern border of the State, remote from the mining district. When the trial opened on April 24, the first manœuver of the defense was to move to have the indictments quashed, and on this motion Judge Woods delivered an important ruling on April 25. The motion to quash was based upon two points: the omission of the word "feloniously" from the indictment, and the general vagueness of wording. On the first point Judge Woods said:

> The position taken by the defendants is that . . . treason is a felony. In a sense, that is true. But still treason, in itself, is an offense of a particular kind and character and of a higher dignity than a mere felony. Treason is an offense against the State, against the sovereignty of the State. All other crimes, while offenses against the State, . . . are yet primarily offenses against individuals. . . . The proper word to describe the intent in treason is "traitorously", and that word, I think, is sufficiently conclusive to include the whole criminal intent that is necessary to be alleged in an indictment for treason.

Judge Woods found greater difficulty in dealing with the second point in the demurrer—the vagueness of the indictment—and admitted that this matter had caused him some perplexity. He settled the matter temporarily by overruling the objection, adding that the same question might be presented later on motion in arrest of judgment.

"To destroy and nullify by force of arms, violence, murder and open warfare martial law in . . . Mingo County," "to release persons . . . legally arrested and incarcerated," "to prevent the execution of the laws," and "to deprive the peo-

ple . . . of the protection afforded by the laws" in Logan and Mingo counties, "especially to destroy and nullify martial law in . . . Mingo County and to nullify the proclamation of the Chief Executive of the State"—these were the counts in the indictment which the defense objected to as vague and indefinite. After a full reasoning, Judge Woods concluded that the acts alleged fitted the counts of the indictment and he did not find any formal or substantial defects sufficient to overrule it.

In his ruling the judge called attention to those sections of the West Virginia code which deal with the calling out of State troops and with unlawful assemblages in resistance thereto. When the troops have been called out in the prescribed manner and under the proper circumstances to suppress a riot or tumult, and warning has been given for the assemblage to disperse, anyone who "wilfully and intentionally fails to do so as soon as practicable is guilty of a felony, and shall on conviction be imprisoned in the penitentiary for not less than one nor more than two years." If this provision of the code should be taken as applicable to the miners, then their guilt was felony, not treason under the statutes, and their penalty would be much lighter than if the treason charge should hold. It would still remain, however, for the courts to apply the constitutional definition of treason as superior to the code. "Any act that would constitute treason under the constitutional provision," said Judge Woods, "would have to be pronounced treason by the courts, even though the Legislature might have pronounced it a different offense."

One phase of the controversy in which the defense scored a point was in obtaining a ruling that each defendant must be tried separately, and that for each defendant a bill of particulars must be filed, specifying the overt acts of each and the time and place of his connection with the alleged crimes. Besides prolonging and complicating the trial, this placed a heavy burden upon the State in the presentation of its evidence, since in a case where thousands joined in an armed march it was practically impossible to specify the overt act of each one. Proceeding on this plan of separate trials, the prosecution selected, as the first prisoner to be tried, William Blizzard, a local official of the Miners' Union, a man who was not only a prominent organizer,

but who figured as a leader on the armed march. The proceedings from that point consisted chiefly in the elaborate testimony of many witnesses concerning the details of the march and of Blizzard's connection with it. Blizzard's selection came as something of a surprise, since the expectation was that this distinction would be accorded to C. F. Keeney, president of the Mine Workers' district organization, or to Fred Mooney, secretary of that organization.

Relying upon the doctrine that "in treason all are principals", the State sought to prove that an overt act was committed, and contended that all who participated in the conspiracy were traitors in the full sense. On this point John Marshall wrote as follows in the famous Bollman and Swartwout case:

> It is not the intention of the court to say that no individual can be guilty of this crime who has not appeared in arms against his country. On the contrary, if war be actually levied, that is, if a body of men be actually assembled for the purpose of effecting by force a treasonable purpose, all those persons who perform any part, however minute, or however remote from the scene of action, and who are actually leagued in the general conspiracy, are to be considered as traitors. (*4 Cranch*, 75, 126.)

It is true that Marshall resorted to some rather ingenious "explaining" in reconciling this doctrine with the Burr decision, but there was no real inconsistency, since in the case of Burr no levying of war was actually proved, and it was for this reason that the collateral evidence connecting Burr with the assemblage on the island was excluded, and not because such evidence was fundamentally irrelevant. The doctrine of the Bollman case as to the equal criminality of accessories and principals *in case the overt act is proved* still holds good.

The Blizzard trial consumed a month and developed a striking diversity between the two sides, not only as to legal contentions but as to the facts as well. Attorneys for the prosecution contended that the miners' march was more than murder, more than an unlawful assemblage, that it was war waged to destroy the sovereignty of the State, and that the very life of the State itself was at stake. They sought to show that Blizzard participated in every part of the movement, that he addressed the miners before the march, led several hundred marchers, procured

ammunition, and in general stood out as the man having greatest authority. Being required by the court to select which overt act it would rely upon for conviction, and being forced to select some act performed in Logan County where alone the court in which the defendant was indicted could have jurisdiction, the State announced that it would rely upon the presence of the defendant with the armed marchers in Logan County.

The defense maintained that the march was intended to make a peaceable demonstration, that the purpose was in no way treasonable, that no assault upon the Logan jail or the sheriff was intended, that the men were moved by a desire to protect their homes against thugs whom they understood to have been employed by their opponents, and that without the aggression of the State police there need have been no bloodshed. As to Blizzard's activities, witnesses for the defense testified that during all the time of the march and the fighting he was in District 17 headquarters at Charles Town, and that he only went into Logan County at the request of General Bandholtz to induce the miners to turn back.

When the prosecution had finished its testimony, Blizzard's attorneys made an interesting manœuver. Contending that the State had failed to offer evidence sufficient for the jury's consideration, they presented a motion to strike out the evidence and direct a verdict of acquittal. Judge Woods overruled the motion in an opinion which contained a significant passage on the general subject of State treason. The defense had contended that under our dual form of government there can be no such thing as treason against a State. The judge pointed out that the Federal Constitution itself recognizes the crime of treason against a State in that clause which provides for the rendition of any person charged with "treason, felony or other crime" (against the laws of the State) who may have fled to another State.

The State Governments, he argued, parted with only a portion of their sovereignty upon entering the Union under the Constitution. They remain in possession of all the great police powers, and they control those domestic matters which concern the people directly, including the protection of persons and property against violence. He continued:

> If we can imagine such a thing as the total destruction of the State Government, . . . we would picture to ourselves a condition . . . far more calamitous to the people of that State than would be the condition of the whole country if the Federal Government should be abandoned. . . . Anarchy would follow the destruction of the State Government, but not of the Federal Government. The State has citizens and is under the obligation to protect them in all their rights; it is under the obligation of punishing those who infringe on their rights. . . . Every citizen of the State owes . . . loyalty and allegiance. It would be a strange condition indeed if that Government should be vested with all the authority and power necessary to protect every individual within its borders, and yet be denied power to protect its own life.

Turning to the question as to whether the State's evidence was such as is proper to support an indictment for treason, the judge held that levying war does not necessarily imply a purpose to destroy the Government, but if there is an effort to coerce the Government by force of arms, and make the Government yield for any special object to the will of those who exert such force, that would be war against the State and would be treason.

On May 27 the initial case in the miners' docket was terminated by the acquittal of Blizzard. Further treason proceedings were then postponed while the court proceeded with the murder cases. Once again the difficulty of obtaining in this country a conviction for the grave offense of treason has been made evident. Whatever may be the legal refinements of the subject, treason to a jury means a determined, forcible defiance of the Government, involving a real menace to organized society, and the tendency of American juries to take a liberal and sympathetic view toward what may be called "near treason" seems now so well confirmed that convictions are to be expected only in the clearest and most extreme cases.

JAMES G. RANDALL.

THE MIRROR OF THE QUAI D'ORSAY

BY STÈPHANE LAUZANNE

THE Quai d'Orsay, like all self-respecting buildings where diplomacy reigns, is massive and solid; but in sharp contrast with the building that houses the State Department a bit higher up, and that of the Foreign Office, about which the tumult of the city is rife, it is situated in the calming shade of the trees that line the banks of the Seine. The waters of the river that at times flow turbulently beneath its windows seem destined to recall to the diplomats gathered in the historic building the tempests and wrecks of the past, in order that they may guard themselves in the future. With equal symbolism, the lordly trees that wave their fresh green frondage along the river-bank seem to call them to higher things—the ideal of the sun and the sky. In fact, the Quai d'Orsay is perhaps the very French Ministry where most harmony exists, and where tradition is most tenacious. At any event, it is the French Ministry that has the most beautiful table about which weighty matters of state are settled.

This table had long graced the private sanctum of the Minister himself. It dates from the eighteenth century, and is the work of the finest cabinet-maker France had ever known—a man of the name of Migeon, who was gold- and silversmith of Louis XV. It was on this table that one of the most glorious treaties of the world was signed, a treaty dear to the hearts of both French and Americans, that of 1783, which proclaimed the Independence of the United States of America.

It is said that, some years ago, a newly named Minister of Foreign Affairs made his way to the Quai d'Orsay, where the head usher showed him in and conducted him through the salons of the Ministry. When they reached the private sanctum, the usher stopped respectfully before the famous table, and explained with charming ingenuity: "This, Monsieur le Ministre, is the desk of the late Comte Charles Gravier de Vergennes, who was

the greatest Secretary of State the old French monarchy ever had. It is all that remains of him."

He might have added that this table is more than a table—it is the mirror of the Quai d'Orsay. It has reflected the image of all the Ministers of Foreign Affairs that France has had for the past hundred and forty years. It has seen many men and has heard many a weighty secret. It is a fragment of world history.

Very curiously, this mirror is always being shifted from one place to another. The first time I saw it, it stood near the window. M. Delcassé, one of the best known Ministers of the Third Republic, placed it there. M. Delcassé was a lover of light and sunshine. And for seven years he was there practically every day, working at his table near the window that overlooks the garden. For seven years, without consulting anybody, and without worrying about the events that passed over his head, he grasped the map of the world in his two hands and endeavored to give it a new gravitation. England, Russia, Italy, Spain—all turned in the orbit of France. Alas! All this was destined to end in a tragedy.

One evening in June, 1905, M. Delcassé entered his private sanctum for the last time, and for the last time sat down at the table of Comte de Vergennes, near the window. He was no longer Minister of Foreign Affairs. At a stormy council held at the Elysée, that morning, he had been obliged to tender his resignation. The Premier, M. Maurice Rouvier, and all his colleagues had disapproved his energetic attitude towards Germany in regard to the Morocco imbroglio. M. Delcassé sat down, pale but calm. He had all his files, his pencils and his bloc-notes removed, leaving only one sheet of paper, which he folded four times, and placed in the table-drawer. As he was about to leave, the Premier was announced. "Ask him to come in" he replied.

M. Rouvier entered. He shrugged his shoulders as if he wanted to rid himself of some heavy and annoying burden: "I am sorry for what occurred at the Council of Ministers this morning," he began in a voice that halted with embarrassment.

M. Delcassé cut him short with a movement of his hand. "Let us talk of other things," he interrupted. "That is of secondary

importance. I must pass the service to you, as you will replace me as Minister of Foreign Affairs. My collaborators will let you have all the files; but here, I want to give you this document myself."

He opened the drawer of the table, and took out the only sheet of paper remaining. It was a copy of a secret telegram sent by the Prince Von Radolin, then German Ambassador in Paris, to Prince Von Bulow, then Chancellor of the German Empire, April 27, 1907. It had been deciphered by the cryptographic service of the Ministry. Its conclusion was rather strange, and ran thus: "*M. Rouvier, the Prime Minister, dined at the Germany Embassy. He told me that he had a deep admiration for our Kaiser. Twice, he assured me that France wanted peace at any price, and that she is no longer nursing a spirit of revenge. He then asked me whether it was possible to negotiate the question of Morocco between his Ministry and ours. About ten minutes before the dinner, a confident of M. Rouvier told me that the Premier will willingly let M. Delcassé fall. . . .*" So, M. Delcassé had been dismissed to please the Kaiser. Between the two men there was no explanation, not a word, not a movement. Their eyes alone looked into each other, and the silence spoke for itself. M. Delcassé then rose, and left M. Rouvier to himself.

The first thing that M. Rouvier did was to move the table, the famous table of Comte de Vergennes. He caused it to be placed far from the window, near the fireplace. It was quite natural. Rouvier was a financier. And financiers like the roaring fire and the half shadows cast about a darkened room. His conception of international politics was much like that of many other financiers, that between nations there are no questions of sentiment, but questions of more material interest. He therefore felt that he could arrange the affairs of the nation much as he arranged the affairs of a bank.

"I do not understand," he often said, shrugging his shoulders, "that France can be on bad terms with Germany. It is ridiculous. Our situation is that of two individuals who, living in the same house, meet each other on the stairs all the time and never salute each other. That can only end in mutual enmity, insults and blows. As we must live together, it is best to be on good terms with each other."

He tried to get together with Germany; but he did not succeed. Every day Germany, having obtained a concession in the morning, asked for another in the evening. The situation became impossible. It could only arrange itself on one condition, that France abandon everything and get nothing in return. Every day the theory laid down by M. Delcassé was justified: "If we give Germany our little finger, she will take our hand, then our arm, then our shoulder, and then our entire body." One year later M. Rouvier left, having arranged nothing, and having come within an inch of compromising everything.

The table of the Comte de Vergennes then saw a procession of Ministers pass before it; and the mirror of the Quai d'Orsay reflected a whole series of physiognomies.

M. Léon Bourgeois, the indefatiguable apostle of international conciliation, who has the face of a High Priest and the spirit of a philosopher, passed before it; as did M. Stephen Pichon, who was indulgent and peaceable. He was clear sighted and listened to good counsel voluntarily, save when the telephone bell announced M. Clémenceau. Then he saw nothing and heard nothing. His voice became shaky and his hands trembled as with the palsy. The Tiger had for some time placed his heavy paw upon his shoulder; and he was fearfully afraid of the claws. After him came M. Jean Cruppi, who put the table back to its old place beside the window; but, unlike M. Delcassé, he placed upon it a whole series of strong-boxes: he was afraid of thieves as much as of the indiscreet, and shut up all his papers and all his letters in these reënforced boxes, locked and padlocked. Were it possible, he would have shut himself up in one of his own safes.

Finally, one morning of January, 1912, a man of small stature, with the head of a Lorrain, energetic and stubborn, entered the bureau of the Ministry at the Quai d'Orsay. It was the same man who was one day to be President of the Republic; it was the same little man who is to-day Premier and Minister of Foreign Affairs, M. Raymond Poincaré. His eyes, clear and straightforward, examined the table of the Comte de Vergennes with a sort of sympathetic affection. He seemed to say: "Here's a table upon which one can work well." He had it replaced facing

the fireplace, and carefully attended to the arrangement of the lamp above it. "I like lamps that give good light," he remarked to the attendant, "so that I can read easily."

A little door between the private office of the Minister and that of his immediate aides opened, and an aide entered, his arms full of voluminous reports. His features were not exempt of anxiety and apprehension as he murmured: "Monsieur le Président, I beg you to excuse me. These papers are heavy as they are long: they deal with the Moroccan question. . . ."

But the features of the Minister, cold and austere as a rule, lighted up with joy, "Ah!", he exclaimed, his voice clear as a clarion call to battle, "that's what I call a splendid case." He seemed to caress the thought of the work ahead of him; and he posed the heavy reports upon his table, as if he were placing an infant in its cradle, as if he were setting down some artistic treasure handed down in his family as a priceless heirloom. . . . By that evening, he had read everything, noted everything, and classed everything. And taking a large sheet of foolscap, he traced upon it with a firm hand a multitude of finely written lines. His writing is strange, small and rapid; but not a word is deletable, there is not an erasure, not a single accent is forgotten, not a punctuation misplaced; and the alignment of his paragraphs are as impeccable as a battalion of chasseurs on parade!

After that, M. Raymond Poincaré edited a multitude of other letters, acts and reports. He is still writing extraordinarily. For, of all the statesmen of the Third Republic, it is he who has been seen to write the most. He writes all his speeches, and thanks to an unusual feat of memory he can recall word for word just because he has written them. When he speaks, he sees in his mind's eye the very paper upon which he has written, with every line before him as clearly as if he had them before his eyes in black and white. Every sign that he traced upon the white paper is also indelibly traced upon the delicate filaments of his memory. This phenomena has developed itself to such a point, that should by chance the slightest erasure appear on the original manuscript of one of his speeches, his voice hesitates a bit as he reaches the part erased. One day, during an official

ceremony, after he had delivered one of his famous speeches, and the lights were being put out, he called a reporter of the Agence Havas, and remarked: "You have the original manuscript of my speech, I believe? . . . Will you be so kind as to look through the third paragraph of the fourth page, where I changed a word? I said '*everlasting* France', instead of '*immortal* France'."

This is indeed a wonderful feat of memory! For those who have such a memory are able to learn and never forget. If the table of the Comte de Vergennes could talk, it would say that it loves M. Raymond Poincaré, for it is a table with all the old traditions of France behind it; and France loves to work and those who work. It loves order and method, which much more than genius have often saved it from destruction.

No doubt that M. Raymond Poincaré himself also loved the table of the Comte de Vergennes, for, one day, looking at it tenderly, he exclaimed: "This table should no longer be here: its place is in the Louvre." And the mirror of the Quai d'Orsay, which had seen so many men reflected in its heart, which had become a fixture in the history of three monarchies, two empires, and three republics, went quietly to its well earned rest in the palace of the past, the Museum of the Louvre.

Yet, those who to-day visit M. Raymond Poincaré at the Quai d'Orsay may see in his private sanctum a table that is the exact copy of that of the Comte de Vergennes—every little feature has been reproduced with minute exactitude—so that those who do not know would still imagine themselves before the original. It has been there since 1913, and it will no doubt stay there forever.

On August 2, 1914, a man was sitting at this table. His face was pale, and his eyes were feverish. This man, M. René Viviani, as a rule nervous and temperamental, was that day unusually cold and calm. About five o'clock in the afternoon the telephone bell rang, and he answered it himself. A voice, with a foreign accent, announced Mr. Myron T. Herrick, the American Ambassador to France. "I know," he said, "that the German Ambassador will soon hand you the formal declaration of war. I also know that I shall be requested to take over

the interests of the German Embassy in France. But there is one thing I want you to know, and that is that I shall never fly any other flag on my Embassy than that of America. God help France!"

Of what the American Ambassador said, M. Viviani understood but one thing—that there was no longer any hope of peace, that in but another hour war would be declared on his country.

"My first thought," he said later on, "was for America. I knew her to be great and generous. She was our sister Republic. I wanted her to take over the protection of our citizens, and, later on, of our prisoners in Germany. I sat at my table and immediately dictated a pressing appeal, addressed to Mr. James W. Gerard, the American Ambassador in Berlin. I requested him to be kind enough, in the event of there ever being a rupture in the relations between France and Germany, kindly to consent to take possession of the records of our embassy and to watch over the interests of our countrymen. The telegram was sent off at once. It was not yet on the wire when Herr Von Schoen was announced, and handed me the declaration of war that Mr. Herrick had already indicated would soon be delivered. I did not try to discuss the matter with him. I did not try to argue. I simply took his paper and said: 'All right! France has been without reproach: she will be without fear.'"

Those were the last words that the departing German Ambassador heard from a French mouth. But, for three weeks, the same telephone that transmitted the message of Ambassador Herrick transmitted many other communications that were as full of anguish and as poignant as the first. Yet, every day, one voice dominated all the others: it was the quiet spoken and calm voice of Joffre, who, telephoning from his headquarters, invariably repeated without a quiver, "Nothing is lost! Nothing is to be despaired of. . . . We must wait, we must have hope. . . . We must have confidence! Everything is going well! Let us have confidence!"

The walls of the Quai d'Orsay also heard other voices—voices that were not transmitted by the telephone—and they witnessed other scenes. On September 1, 1914, they heard the famous

dialogue between the head of the Government and General Galliéni, who had been named Governor of Paris. "General," M. Viviani said, "the Government will confide to you the defence of the Capital."

"The defence of the Capital?" the old soldier replied; "You know what that means, Monsieur le Président. It means that we shall fight from street to street. It means that we must sacrifice all the monuments, all the art of Paris."

"I know what that means," M. Viviani retorted. "You may sacrifice everything; but you must fight to the very end."

And several hours later, a Council of Ministers was assembled at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. The Premier announced that General Galliéni had demanded that the Government leave Paris, and install itself at Bordeaux. Several Ministers discussed the wisdom of this eventuality. They proposed that the Government stay until the last possible moment. "We can have automobiles ready to leave at any hour of the day or night. Should the Germans come in by one gate, then only will the Ministers leave by another."

"No!" M. Viviani replied sternly, "We shall leave now or not at all. I am ready to leave; but I am not ready to fly before the enemy."

Later, in 1917, these same walls witnessed another scene that was equally strange. The Government, presided over by M. Ribot, had decided to accord to French Socialists the right to go to Russia to talk to the Bolshevist leaders who had successfully carried out their counter-revolution. Then a man presented himself before the Premier, and declared in a voice that cut like steel, "Monsieur le Président, rather than to see the French Socialists go to Russia, I would much rather have the entire German Army on my hands." The authorization which had been accorded the Socialists was immediately withdrawn; for General Petain had spoken.

To-day, the mirror of the Quai d'Orsay is being given a respite. It is still in the same place, in the middle of the room, facing the large fireplace, not far from the garden window, through which one gets a glimpse of stalwart trees that raise their green fronds above the tranquil vista. The very man who labored

over the table-top in 1912 is there now. M. Raymond Poincaré is at his task as in the past, working continually and without let-up, working day and night, endeavoring to bring some order out of the chaos through which Europe is now floundering, working in order that his country, which had definitely won the War, shall not definitely lose the Peace.

The other day, I was beset with the curiosity to see the original mirror of the Quai d'Orsay—the historic table upon which had been signed the *good* Treaty of Versailles, that of 1783, which liberated America. I found it in the Gallery of Apollo in the Louvre. It was placed next to the table upon which Louis XIV had carried on his correspondence, beneath immortal paintings portraying bevies of charming princesses. Yet, despite the fact that it was exactly like its copy at the Quai d'Orsay, it had something incomparably majestic about it, something I could not define. It had perhaps seen lesser leaders of the world; those who had bent over its top were perhaps less hard-working; but it has also seen less international cupidity, less international selfishness. It had perhaps not seen greater men than has its successor; but it had also seen less political chicanery, certainly less meanness.

STÈPHANE LAUZANNE.

Paris, August, 1922.

THE LABORER AND THE LADY

BY JOHN CORBIN

We have been accustomed to think of the manual worker as a victim—victim of the Industrial Revolution that in a little more than a century has transformed all living. But neither sociologist nor historian has recognized a fact, quite demonstrable to those who will see it, that his cause is bound up with the cause of a strangely assorted companion in misery, a companion whom he neither loves nor in any way considers, the woman of the middle class. It is true that their misfortunes are widely different, so different that one rubs one's eyes at realizing that they have a common cause. To the laborer the factory has brought grinding toil; to the lady it has brought deprivation of all productive function—everything that, since the far dawn of family life, has made her self-supporting, self-respecting. There is a further difference. Though the laborer has been a victim, he has already found a means of escape. Through his unions he has magnificently resisted oppression; in the doctrines of equality and democracy he has the promise of transcendent power, industrial as well as political. If he is victim of the present he is also protagonist of a future deeply portentous. In brief, what the lady has lost in productivity and in amplitude of life—all that and more—the laborer is winning, has won. It is a strange duel, this, between antagonists who have no thought of each other, are scarcely aware of each other's existence. What is to be the end of it?

First, let us pause to consider how far we have come since the dawn of the Industrial Revolution. The substance of our thought, social as well as political, has been largely made over. The process has been gradual, for the most part insensible; but it has been none the less profound—none the less ominous to the woman well born and well bred, to the middle class home.

When the Constitution was framed the nation faced formidable

problems. Individual States were jealous of one another. For fear it might be taken for only a small Commonwealth, lose its equality under the union, Rhode Island insisted on having two Senators, quite like New York. Senators were an asset in those days. To-day Senators have dwindled and States are no longer sticklers for the theory of equality. Rhode Islanders are citizens of "the greatest nation on earth" but Rhode Island is only as large as it is. That question was faced and solved at the outset; not so the question of State Sovereignty. To placate the South, nothing was said about slavery in the instrument of our liberty, about secession in the instrument of our union. So we had the Civil War. To-day the negro is as free as seems humanly possible and the nation is one and indivisible. Those issues, too, are as past—dead as the jealousy of Rhode Island for New York. It is a fact of prime importance: Everywhere the old local spirit has been submerged in a sense of common nationality.

One other question the Constitution evaded—whether the National Government should be weak or strong. It has been settled, or all but settled, by a peaceful process of growth. When Washington and Hamilton assumed office they sought to make the Nation organic and functional. An opposing party, largely created by Jefferson and ultimately led by him to victory, distrusted authority in all forms. Though they despaired of the glorious "unrestraint" of the life of the Indians, they exalted individual freedom, denounced central authority. Yet our deeper instincts have always been national. The structure of the Federalists stood. Of all Hamilton's "monocratic" measures, which Jefferson so bitterly, vindictively, assailed as leader of an irresponsible opposition, he did not venture to alter one, not one, when the tide of the new democracy swept him into power. More than that, he was the first to give rein to another deep national instinct which equalitarians among us still denounce as Imperialism. He bought Louisiana from the monocrat Napoleon and, instead of administering it as a free dependency, he governed it in Napoleon's own monocratic manner, as a subject colony—though he knew very well that in doing all this he made the Constitution, as he expressed it, "waste paper." Down to the present our "Empire"—the term is Washington's—has

widened always and has been in the main administered in the high spirit of liberty. Yet always the central government has consolidated its power. The Civil War gave to Federalism, the functions of union, a constitutional basis. The spreading growth of industry, and its rapid integration on a national scale, have given it a magnitude and diversity of responsibility which, though Hamilton foresaw it quite clearly in a general way, was beyond the power of any mortal mind to grasp in its complexity, its immensity. We do not yet know how far the federal power may extend in the world of business, even in the more personal affairs of the citizen, but so much is certain: Whatever the doctrinary democrat may say, the Federalist programme of Washington and Hamilton is an accomplished fact, firm and irrevocable. In proportion as the local spirit has faded, the national spirit has intensified.

There was only one other great issue. It was latent in 1787 and for the most part unsuspected, but it was destined to sow new seeds of internal strife and disruption, to transform the status of the lady—the opposition between rich and poor. The well-to-do had always led—manorial farmers, merchant traders, professional men. It was they who organized the Revolution, who framed our Constitution and gave it the bent of their genius while they administered it. Democracy was a word they avoided, an idea they distrusted. Those fit to lead were to that extent people apart, with a special scale of life, special resources. No one really objected, for the differences between man and man were not articulate, being by no means oppressive. Land was plenty and farming the principal, almost the only, occupation; ability, even mediocrity, was free to rise—did rise. The institutions of liberty functioned. Yet the doctrine of a universal and "natural" equality had been enshrined in the Declaration of Independence—and envy is always with us. Eventually Jefferson, whose political instinct was as deep and practical as his "philosophy" was shallow and doctrinary, recognized a strategic opportunity.

Rejecting the whole-visioned, unfactional government of the best which Washington dreamed, he accomplished his much vaunted "Revolution of 1800"—in effect creating the class

struggle half a century before Karl Marx. Conciliatory as was the intention of his inaugural address, the consciousness of having launched a new era breathes through it; he never ceased to vaunt his revolution as of equal moment with the Revolution of 1776. The credulous, narrow-minded gossip as to those perilous "monocrats" and "Anglomen", Hamilton and Washington, which he spread in his *Anas*, was probably not altogether inspired by an underhand, personal malice; it had also the purpose of recording for posterity the nature of the menace from which he had delivered his countrymen, the full scope of the opportunity which his Democratic Revolution had opened to them.

Doubtless there was a measure of truth in both his hopes and fears. Hamilton saw too vividly the envy, cupidity, thoughtlessness, of our national character—trusted too fully in the splendid rectitude, vigor and public beneficence of the institutions he was helping Washington to create. Doubtless also there was a genuine if superficial spirit of fraternity in Jefferson's democracy, an optimism as to American character which in some measure has been justified. Our national tradition is ampler, richer, warmer for the "Revolution of 1800". But all that will avail us little if the postulates upon which Jefferson founded it were false and if, through thick as through thin, we continue to act on them.

Of all the issues present or latent in 1787, that of equality and democracy is the only one that survives as a menace. More than that, it has grown hugely, enormously, until Jefferson himself, if he could see our plight, would be appalled. For, in spite of his "philosophy" and his affectation of a homespun equality, the architect of Monticello can only have loved beauty and distinction, believed that it is the prerogative of the able and the wise to lead. His beautiful mansion is an original creation quite apart from the Georgian movement and essentially superior to it. True, it is the work of an amateur. Jefferson played by ear not only in fiddling and in statesmanship but in his supreme accomplishment of architecture. But where Inigo Jones and Wren derived from Palladio, he had the purity of taste to go straight to the classic Roman architecture. His style of living

was grandly exclusive, his house planned with amazing skill, as the traveler may see to-day, to obliterate all sight of his many servants, all that busy human contact with them which was inevitable and manifestly welcomed in other manorial households, notably Mount Vernon. Washington housed his artisans and laborers substantially within a stone's throw of his industrial manor, and mingled with them freely; but Jefferson housed his slaves in distant dug-outs, wretchedly unwholesome, made them approach his manor through a tunneled passage and go about their ministrations in hidden halls and stairways.

This is the democrat who received the British Ambassador in slovenly homespun shorts and carpet slippers, who denounced Washington's simple dignity as monarchical. Henry Adams remarks in his *History* that, whereas John Marshall was among the most approachable and (as Marshall would *not* have said) democratic of our Revolutionary statesmen, Jefferson was, in his personal instincts, the most aristocratic. Land being the basis of independent seclusion, the great democrat scorned city life and looked to the future of the nation as purely agricultural. Hamilton recognized the vast sources of prosperity made possible by mechanized industry and, as a pupil of Adam Smith, foresaw that its development was inevitable in all countries; so he urged an intelligent preparation for it. Jefferson, as he tells us in his still delightful *Notes on Virginia* (1782), hoped to keep our nation free from its toils. "Those who labor in the earth are the chosen people of God. . . . The mobs of great cities add just so much to the support of pure government as sores do to the strength of the human body." To the angry protests of our incipient industrial population he added this soothing word, unconsciously and ironically prophetic. As yet, he wrote, American workmen were "independent and moral" and would "continue so as long as there are vacant lands for them to resort to". He little suspected that within a single century free land many times the area of the thirteen States would be taken up, that long before then democracy would wear a different front toward the kindliest sage, the most patronizing philosopher. He could not foresee that his Democratic Revolution would be met and be reënforced by a revolution far more subversive.

Thanks to the Industrial Revolution, undreamed in 1782, the nation is to-day richer than ever before, better fed, better housed, better educated. Yet there is a sore on the body politic. The city poor are multitudinous, wretchedly bound in servitude. It is not merely that, in the absence of available land, they are tied to their machines, held fast in dreary manufacturing districts to a mechanical monotony of toil. That fate is varied, though not improved, by periods of racking overtime, alternating with periods of unemployment that are even more demoralizing. The envy of the lowly, which Jefferson philosophically indulged and played upon for his political ends, is sharpened by every period of deprivation, spurred on by every pang of hunger—tantalized always by newspaper exploitation of the follies of the conscienceless rich. Against those who are abler and happier this envy has one present remedy, the doctrine enunciated in the Declaration of Independence and made a political force in the Revolution of 1800—the doctrine of equality, democracy. When the class struggle which Jefferson created in cunningly mingled self-interest and kindliness joined hands with the Industrial Revolution, both took on a grimmer reality, the articulate demand of which is—still another revolution, the most sinister of all. For if men are really equal they are equal not merely in politics but in all things. That is the essence of Proudhon's declaration, forty years after Jefferson's revolution, that property is theft; of Marx's demand that the "expropriators" be "expropriated"; of the Bolshevists' and Guild Socialists' programme of industrial democracy. If there is truth in the Jeffersonian maxim, it is the right of the Demos to rule not only the political state but that which alone gives it vitality in the world of to-day, its great productive industries.

It is only on the surface that this present conflict lies between workman and employer, between Socialist and Capitalist. In its deeper and more vital aspects it is, though all unconsciously, a conflict between laborer and lady. By exacting wage increases at the expense of the lady's natural helpmeet—the manager, the technician, the professional man—organized labor has already made huge inroads upon the middle-class scale of living, its vigor and fecundity. That we know. A greater danger lies in the

future. What of the new Socialism with its programme of industrial democracy? Would it not write finis to all the well-bred woman holds dearest, the labor of love and the life of the cultivated, the aspiring home? If the Industrial Revolution and the Revolution of 1800 join hands for good and all, is not civilization doomed to perish once more as it has perished in the past through the extinction of the educated, the educable, and the rise to power of what in ancient times was called the freedman? Or is it possible that there are the seeds of progress in what to-day seems merely subversive—that the Democratic Revolution can be modified and the Industrial Revolution somehow converted into a spiral of advancement, raising laborer and lady both to higher levels of living—and the whole nation with them?

It is not an easy problem. It differs not only in magnitude but in kind from all others our country has faced. To the question of federal expansion and organic federal functioning there was from the start only one answer. To the question of slavery and secession there were at most a brace of answers—one American State or many. In the present nationwide struggle of labor against capital, complicated as it is by the nationwide struggle of industrial democracy against middle-class distinction, if either faction were to triumph decisively, imposing its will upon the others, it would mean the end of liberty—the one great spiritual heritage of the Nation.

It is a curious reflection upon the competence of modern sociology that only labor and its champions have dealt at all realistically, progressively, with this problem of the Industrial Revolution. "Conservative" writers look backward, ignoring the fact that, like conservation, conservatism is important only as it meets the needs of an advancing and ever enlarging future. In even the most righteous demands of organized labor they see a crudely inverted tyranny. In the inexorable forces that are integrating our industries on a national scale, they see only a "conspiracy", a "restraint of trade", and impose against it a restatement of the ancient common law—anti-trust legislation that envelopes them in a mesh of obvious inconsistencies and flagrant ineptitudes. The tangle of our anti-trust laws as interpreted and re-interpreted by the courts has resulted from our

fumbling effort to solve twentieth century problems by applying the legal concepts that were already ancient in the eighteenth century. Everywhere there is the same confusion. The need of discriminating standards in citizenship, that shall keep our institution sound and strong, providing adequate service in peace as in war, is ignored as incompatible with equality, impossible in a democracy. Compulsory education we have; but against more fundamental projects of raising the national standards of birth and breeding, "conservatives" invoke all the eighteenth century conceptions of personal freedom. Yet unchecked competition and *laissez-faire* individualism were doomed at the very dawn of the Industrial Revolution, and not merely in economics but in sociology. The only question that remains is what, if anything, can take their place and still leave the essence of freedom unimpaired—a question seldom asked and never answered. So likewise to redress the wrong which the Industrial Revolution has wrought upon the middle-class woman and her home, the only remedy we have devised is the ancient panacea of political equality—a vote without a programme.

The laborer has faced the Industrial Revolution with a forward looking programme —in fact two programmes. They are worth a moment's scrutiny as pointing the way to us others.

The first is the pragmatical programme of the old-line trade unionist of the nineteenth century—better wages, better working conditions. Thanks to our wealth of natural resources and to the energetic skill of the American workman, that programme has prospered abundantly—superabundantly. Even before the war the wages of labor, and especially of unionized labor, were out of proportion to those of the vast majority of brain workers. The cost of living, in which the major factor is wages, laid an ever increasing pressure upon the middle-class home. This inequity was redoubled by the war. Taking advantage of the national crisis, of the peril that confronted the freedom of the whole world, the unions exacted increase after increase of pay; and, as they did so, Mr. Gompers proclaimed that "labor would never surrender" the gains thus perilously achieved. It proved an empty boast. Eventually the sway of economic forces again asserted itself. Few things are as instructive, especially to the middle

class and its women, as the shifts and dodges of organized labor in its effort to escape its banquet of crow.

One of the means by which bureaus of labor ingratiate the power that has created them, including the bureau at Washington, is by drawing up schedules of the cost of a "decent" or "American" standard of living. When the deflation of wages set in, in 1921, such calculations figured largely in labor arbitrations. As "economic advisor" for certain New York pressmen and paper-handlers, Mr. George Soule "of the Labor Bureau, Inc.," produced an official statement showing that "the minimum amount necessary for a laborer to support his family in New York" was $2,333.99. The wages of job pressmen were $2,135, or $199 less than this, and they were asked to accept a reduction. To the Labor Bureau, Inc., this was a scandal. Would the arbitrators consent to imposing an un-American standard of living? No reference was made to the cold facts with regard to American incomes as revealed in current returns of the income tax. Out of a population of 10,384,144 in the State, less than three quarters of a million individuals, or 742,704, made returns on incomes of $1,000 or over. Those who received $2,000 or over, including job pressmen and their like, numbered far less than half a million, 433,200. Now on the basis of five members to the family, which is that used in arriving at the "American" wage of $2,333.99, there are more than two million families in the State (2,076,828). Thus the families living on less than $2,000 a year, not to mention that exquisitely exact figure, $2,333.99, outnumber those who share the fortune of job pressmen almost four to one. In the nation as a whole, those who reported incomes of over $2,000 numbered 2,908,176—less than three per cent of the total population and less than one head of a family in seven. And the Labor Bureau, Inc., neglected the fact that in many workmen's families the older sons and daughters contribute to the income.

In discussing a similar problem, Mr. Charles M. Schwab said: "We talk of a minimum of living wage for the individual, but the community itself must be allowed to live." That is a fact to which organized labor is resolutely blind. How the working community outside of labor unions manages, is a long familiar tragedy. The average salary of university professors, assistant

professors and instructors is less than this wage claimed for job pressmen. The average salary of ministers was, in 1916, $735 and is still much less than $1,000. A vigorous campaign has long been waging in our churches to give the spiritual leaders of the nation "a parsonage and $1,500 a year". Naturally arbitrators in labor disputes paid small heed to labor bureaus incorporated and their ninety-nine cents.

At the Denver meeting of the American Federation of Labor Mr. Gompers gave an engaging twist to the demand for an "American" wage. The Railway Labor Board was in session, dealing quite sensibly and by no means severely with wage schedules that in the case of conductors and engine drivers approximated the average salary of full professors in our universities and of the governors of our States. So Mr. Gompers affected to scorn the requirements of mere food, clothes and housing, as to which, by the figures supplied from his own Labor Bureaus, he hadn't a leg to stand on. Instead he demanded for the American worker the wherewithal for the larger life—cultural opportunities. As he subsequently expressed the same idea, the hog has his sty and his swill but the American laborer demands something better. The fact is, of course, that not only cultural opportunities but wealth and power have always been open to those who can and will work for them; that is the ultimate triumph of our free institutions. In spite of the fact that college graduates have, on the average, one-child families, in spite of the low level of American wages as revealed by the income tax returns, our universities are frequented as never before. The immediate followers of Mr. Gompers may have been flattered by his concern for their advancement in culture; but other effect there was none.

Obviously, the old-line unionist has reached an impasse. In the matter of wages he has, by all national standards, achieved justice and more than justice; and beyond wages neither he nor his leaders have any clear programme. The idea of a share in the dignity and responsibility of industrial management seems to them quixotic. All that remains is the familiar output of bluster and verbiage—against employers, against congress, against the courts. That, and not Mr. Gompers's sturdy years, is the cause

of his seeming decline in mentality. Having no longer a wrong to right, he can only make a noise that sounds good to the confused mass, on whose support his leadership depends.

In one way and one way only can organized labor deserve more pay than it has—by coöperating loyally and efficiently with other elements in our life to raise the productivity and the wealth of the nation as a whole. Unquestionably the Federation leaders realize this. In their calmer moments they have often stated the fact explicitly—but not during labor arbitrations or at labor conventions held in a period of deflation. The larger programme has no appeal to their followers, for to reach that ultimate goal present sacrifice is needful. In order to take labor must give, and in its traditional philosophy giving has no part.

The situation is vividly illustrated in another happy thought, frequently broached, that was urged once more at Denver in 1921. Mr. Gompers waved the bogey of an alliance between the 4,000,000 Federationists and the 14,000,000 of our farmers, which would enforce upon the nation the financial claims of both factions. Apparently it did not enter into his calculation that certain interests of labor and agriculture are unreconciled and, at least for the present, irreconcilable. What the laborer wants is cheap food, cheap clothing; but the farmer is out to get the maximum price for the raw materials of both. What the farmer wants is cheap transportation, cheap manufactured commodities of all sorts; but to achieve this the first requisite is a reduction of union wages. This opposition of interests was dramatized during the war—rendered obvious to the humblest intelligence. With wartime crops in the ground, the factory had drawn from the farm the cream of its laborers. Lured by union hours, union pay, and all the delights of silk shirts and the movies, the man with the hoe dropped it and made tracks for the city. The farmer, accustomed to labor from sun-up to sundown for gains that are at best problematical, has little use for the unionist. Genuine coöperation between farm and factory would of course result in a general lowering of prices, a general increase of production, and so inure to the benefit of both, of the nation as a whole. But this was farthest of all things from the intention at Denver. The farmer is learning that he has no business in that

galley. He has a programme in tune with his necessities—a national federation of his own, financed to market crops in the manner of other business men. The Washington agricultural conference of 1922, which met to consider measures of relief for the prostrate farmer, called for the deflation of wartime wages on the railways as essential to a reduction of rates. Mr. Gompers loudly protested—and was firmly though courteously given to understand that the Brotherhoods were profiteers against the nation.

And the lady, whose fate is so strangely allied to that of the laboring man? The American Federation of Labor makes no overtures to her, even when talking for Buncombe. Yet far more than the farmer she is its victim. What is to be the defense of the middle class home, its means of regaining the dignity, the natural function, of which the industrial revolution has robbed it? Few if any questions are as momentous as that.

The more obvious answer is an organization of brainworkers such as labor has achieved. In point of fact workers in many professions are already enrolled under the American Federation of Labor—newspaper reporters, teachers, clerks, musicians, actors. The musicians and actors, once helpless victims of managerial oppression, have profited as signally as ever a bricklayer or pressman. Yet there is one of those clouds on the horizon, no bigger than a hand. It is, in fact, the stage hand—who has joined in strikes for both actor and musician and for whom they are morally bound in turn to walk out, as musicians have already done. It is not only in this matter of the sympathetic strike that the professional class, when it joins the Federation, is bound to the wheel of organized labor. Between handworker and brainworker there is an essential, deep-seated opposition; and, however fully the brainworkers became organized under the Federation, they would always be outvoted by the millions of hand laborers. Especially in the case of far-seeing projects that promised a national benefit to be ultimately shared by all they would be hampered by the necessity of converting craftsmen who have little vision beyond present wages and working conditions. It is largely a sense of this that has prevented the organization and affiliation of salaried workers and professional men.

In England this difficulty has been avoided by forming a

separate group, the Middle Class Union. Though recently organized and having only some 300 local branches with an aggregate membership of a quarter of a million, it has already performed prime service. When a strike is threatened that would shut down any basic industry, tie up any public utility, the Middle Class Union calls for technically trained volunteers from its own membership to take the places of striking motormen, enginemen, motor truck drivers, electricians, until the dispute can be settled equitably. In the transportation strike of 1919, and again when a general strike of the Triple Alliance was threatened in 1921, the Middle Class Union was a powerful factor in the uprising of the public which overawed the strikers and defeated the strike. In America the danger from national strikes, though distinct and increasing, is less and the movement to organize the middle class, though already on foot, is backward; but there can be no doubt that in both countries there is a future of great service for the Middle Class Union.

The gain will not be limited to the protection afforded against selfish or unreasonable demands of labor. A Middle Class Union should be the most powerful of correctives to our social and political thinking. When national industrial conferences are called, such as those at Washington in October and December, 1919, an effort has been made to represent what is called "the public"; but the spokesmen of "the public" lack weight and indeed a programme, being members without a constituency. There is in fact no such thing as a "public" that is distinct from labor and capital. To adjust the balance of national interests it is necessary that the brainworker should be represented as such. When we have an adequately national Middle Class Union its representatives will sit in at such conferences; they will speak with the voice of an organized, vigilant constituency and be backed by its industrial and political power.

There remains the second programme of organized labor, "industrial democracy." It is a plausible phrase glibly used by many who little comprehend it. If it means anything it means the blending and the consummation of the Industrial and the Democratic Revolutions in a socialist state. Whatever else may be said of this idea, it is not static but dynamic; for good or for

evil it could only result in the transformation of our national life, political, economic, social. It is not, like the trade union programme, the fabric of opportunist intelligence, invoking chimerical policies in order to gain immediate and class-limited ends. Nor is it, like the Middle Class Union, the product of a backward-looking, though educated and patriotic, conservatism. It was conceived by men of genius of a sort, middle-class in their origin and education,—what it contemplates is a renovation of society from its depths,—the logical culmination of the two historic revolutions of the nineteenth century.

If the new Socialist is a menace—the I. W. W., the Syndicalist, the Bolshevist, the National Guildsman—it is because he has taken seriously, and logically built upon, the doctrine of equality and democracy—which we others have so long professed, and disregarded. That is his only offense against reality. In the main body of his thought, he is a pioneer, a builder. While conservatives among us dwell amid phantoms of the past, he knows that the Industrial Revolution has violently shifted the national center of gravity. Our actual daily life and all the sources of our material power center in the great industrial units of the twentieth century. What Massachusetts and South Carolina, New York and Virginia, once were, that to-day are the coal mines, the steel trade, the steamships, the railways. The strongly federal Nation, which Washington and Hamilton conceived in terms of mainly agricultural States, cannot be achieved to-day without a federation of national industries into an intricately inter-dependent yet harmoniously functioning whole. Yet our publicists still unconsciously think in terms of the agricultural individualist and the ancient industrial household, while our legislators struggle legalistically at the task of adapting the static common law to the regulation of a new world, splendidly dynamic. The modern Socialist rejoices in the instinct for the jugular vein. Thanks to the war, he has been able not only to think but to act realistically, dyeing his hands deep in actuality.

Like the traditional conservatives, it is true, he accepts the dogmas of equality and democracy—and ignores, much as they do, the middle class and its claim to a special scope. This doubtless results from his need of justifying his claim that the pro-

letariat shall rule. In the name of native equality he can overturn the world. But the strength of his theory has proved the weakness of his practice. Where syndicalism was put into actual working, as in Russia and Italy, the fact that it rejected the middle class proved its undoing; where the attempt failed, as in England and the United States, it was the silent strength of the middle class that defeated it. In the way of actual progress, few things are less important than past-war experiments in the New Socialism—industrial democracy; but nothing in the world to-day is quite as significant as the joint spectacle of the thing it intended and the manner of its frustration.

The middle-class man has little use for democracy, social or industrial. What he holds dearest is his home, and the very special standard of his living. With regard to the woman well born and well bred, whom the middle-class man holds so dear, the industrial democrat is stone blind, abject in dehumanized theory, in economic materialism. In his eager if inadequate striving toward an ideal of democracy, he ignores the one thing that gives life its ultimate importance and dignity. In all the literature of the new Socialism there is no rustle of feminine drapery, no accent of the child—no thought of the middle-class family, with its traditions of character and culture, of the national need of always passing them on.

With every generation, it has been said, the life of the nation passes through the bodies of its women, is formed anew in the warmth and light of the home. But what if, in this curious, unconscious conflict between laborer and lady, the laborer should permanently triumph? Those who know the middle class best, its dwindling in numbers and in resources, know that the laborer will triumph, inevitably, unless we realize, and very soon, whither we are tending. First and foremost among the needs of the nation is that women well born and well bred shall lead wholesome, seemly lives—that those who are of sound body and able mind shall transmit to the future the most precious of a people's treasures.

JOHN CORBIN.

PALIMPSEST

BY E. A. CROSS

A WORD set in motion a stream of thought that for me, at least, upset an education fallacy.

The word itself was simple enough. It was "palimpsest". Any good dictionary will tell you what the word means. The fallacy it upset is that in education a straight line is the shortest distance between two points. At one time that was a simple axiom in mathematics, but that was before the fourth dimension and Einstein and a twisted universe. This supposed axiom is assumed to be a fundamental educational truth. But after I met "palimpsest" that day, I was sure that the longer way is the shortest distance in any kind of education that makes the least pretense to the mastery of the art of living. This thing is no axiom in education. Let Einstein and Michaelson and the Euclidians fight it out in the world of mathematics. I will take a random shot at it in the educational.

I could prove my point easily by referring it to any girl on her way to a soda fountain. She knows that straight down the avenue from her home to The Idle Hour is not the shortest distance to the refreshments. It all depends upon whom she is with. But I must not resort to such a simple illustration and call it proof, no matter how obvious it is, nor how convincing. I must go a longer way about it and demonstrate logically how "palimpsest" bowled over an educational axiom for me. Not that I ever believed in the axiom. I didn't. But I was at a loss how to disprove it until I met "palimpsest". Then the way cleared.

We were reading a delightful nature narrative by William Beebe. He called the piece *The Convict Trail.* In our reading we had come to his description of the four cashew trees. "Their trunks," said Mr. Beebe, "were their most striking feature, the bark almost concealed by a maze of beautiful colored lichens

forming a palimpsest of gray, white, pink, mauve, and lilac." And there was that word—beyond the comprehension of my youthful auditors—"palimpsest". It required three good minutes with careful explanation and illustration to get it over to to them. But the thing was done, and there was a lighting of eyes that told the story of a treasure acquired.

In the past, higher education was first for the ministry. Then it was extended to the other traditionally called "learned professions"—law and medicine; and within recent times, since the days when ministers and priests were the teachers as well, to teaching and engineering. The idea of higher education has changed. A century ago it consisted almost entirely of readings in the classics, mathematics, and the humanities, with only a very limited excursion into strictly vocational or professional studies. It is not so today. We go to the other extreme. We neglect the old cultural, disciplinary studies and center our whole attention upon those which train in the technic of the calling or profession to which we aspire.

But nobody who observes the tide of events regrets the fact that education is in the process of casting its skin. We are all curious to know what kind of creature will emerge. The standardized contest has been over the study of the classics. This has come to such a pass that it is an accepted sport with established rules, like golf or boxing. The partisans of Greek and Latin are few, but they are intrepid and masterful. They lose to superior numbers, but win in a trial of skill, of adroitness.

That is a gentleman's game. There is another going on, however, which is red-handed—still in its tooth-and-claw stage. Just as in the world of toil there are some who seek results by the "direct method", so there are syndicalists in the teaching world who preach sabotage in education. This they do, not because they have a quarrel with the owners of the machinery which they would wreck, but because they wish to destroy slow-going, and consequently inefficient, machinery. Instead of rebuilding and modernizing the educational plant, beginning with what has been found good and evolving the new from that. they would destroy a substantial and tried machine and set up a newer and simpler one which would attain its objective with a

commendable directness. These men and women sincerely believe that a straight line is the shortest distance been two educational points. If this is an axiom in mathematics, they reason, it must also be true in education, where one of the points is Relative Ignorance and the other Relative Learnedness. If the straight line is the shortest distance between these two points, why not catch the nearest way?

My neighbor down the street is a plumber and expects his son to follow in his steps; but, like most fathers, he wants his son to have a better chance than he has had. He wants the son to grow up to be the owner of a plumbing business and become a contractor in plumbing and heating. My neighbor learned his trade in the shop, but his observation has taught him that the man who has had a technical training in college, preceded or followed by practical experience in the shop, has a decided advantage over one with shop training alone.

He interviews a new educational shortcut expert. The expert finds out what technical processes are involved in the plumbing and heating business, determines what sciences, what mathematical studies, what mechanical drawing, and what hand skill are necessary prerequisites to a mastery of the trade. The young man takes the expert's advice and applies himself to those studies and becomes a master of plumbing and steamfitting. He has taken the straight line—what he believes to be the shortest distance to his goal—but that line seems to me to be the longer way.

There is a definition of education which implies that its whole purpose, its ultimate aim, to use a nauseating pedagogical phrase, is to fit the youth to make a living. My plumber is undoubtedly well prepared to make a living—to acquire money to pay for food, clothing, and shelter. But his education has not fitted him to live. Living is an art far removed from the mere act of earning the means to preserve life. There is such a thing as practicing the fine art of living, and that man who has taken the educational straight line toward a trade or vocation does not catch the nearest way to the mastery of the arts of life. "Palimpsest" will be forever a lost word to him. But he will never miss it. That is the pathetic thing about it.

The efficiency expert in education who lays out the shortest cut to the mastery of plumbing and steam-fitting would make no provision for either history or literature. There would be no place for ethics or philosophy; none for music and art; no room for the sciences, except those which apply to the operations involved in his trade; none for modern languages, except for those which he might possibly use in his business transactions; and least of all for the classics; and yet these are the doors through which one must pass if one expects to live a life in a real world in which the art of living is practiced while one is earning the means to live.

The efficiency expert will strenuously deny that he is a syndicalist, that he is destroying useful, precious educational machinery in his search for the short cut to an education. He will tell you that he discards only wornout rubbish. But some evening after the expert's eight-hour day, while he is resting his mind at the "movies" or patiently searching some superficial magazine for its five per cent of genius and inspiration,—and missing it, because his mind is not trained to perceive the divine flash,—the man who took the longer way to an education will be sitting quietly at home before his fire with his wife and children in the circle with him. He may see the word "palimpsest" on the page he is reading—and with that word he will be transported to ages long past. In a flash he will see a patient monk in the copying room of his monastery removing from a fair piece of parchment the priceless words, perhaps of Homer or Marcus Aurelius, to provide himself with the page upon which to transcribe some poor homily of his abbot. And so beneath the black letters of what he has written there will appear the faint traces of the words of a master thinker of an earlier day—and as the educated man pictures that manuscript with its precious faint lines beneath the worthless bold letters, "palimpsest" with all its rich associations will be his word.

You do not mistake my meaning, do you? I am not making a new plea for the restoration of the classics to their old and dominant place. We cannot have that. I would not have it if we could. But if a young man or a young woman should come to me for advice about his or her education, just as they

would go to a physician for advice concerning their physical well being (I wonder why young people do not seek such educational advice), I should make an appeal to him or her, them, if they should do me the honor of coming together, to get, along with the education they will require as a means of earning their bread, that liberalizing education which will give them an insight into the mystery of living a full, a beautiful, a satisfying life.

I have used the word liberalize. And I am off again upon a bypath as fascinating to me as that one along which I pursued "palimpsest". Liberalize means to set free. Liberal also implies the poise and balance that accompany freedom. Those who take the longer road and find it the direct way to the heart of the full life, those who learn to make books their intimates, as well as men and women, find new avenues to freedom, new elements of life to fuse with what is immediate and practical, and thus they free themselves from the little world of three meals a day, clothes to their backs, and a place to sleep. They are no longer merely animals, earth-bound and groveling. They will be able to find themselves in a spiritual, an intellectual world, independent entities. Ariels, serving no gross Caliban.

You have followed me to the end of it. You do not mistake my meaning. You understand what I would have young people do if they should do me the honor to come to me for professional advice in the field of education. With the growing complexity of life, one who expects to earn a living is almost obliged to get his training in a professional or technical school. Fortunate but few are those who can have two years or four years of training in a college of liberal arts before entering the professional or technical school. The greater number of young people find it necessary to go at once from their high schools into vocational colleges. I would have them choose a liberal college, neither bound by ancient traditions nor yet revolutionary—a progressive institution. It should be a college in which the student could fix his attention upon effective preparation for his life's work without becoming intellectually narrowed to fit a single groove. I would have students see life from as many angles as possible. If their chief interests were in history, for example, I would advise science and music and art and mechanical drawing and home economics,

if the student had any natural aptitude for these, as angles for their liberalizing outlook. If one were planning to be an engineer, languages, music, art, literature, and history, or such of these as would appeal to him, should make up his extra-technical course.

These are only imaginary cases. I am trying to say that a young man's technical, vocational, professional education should be supplemented by as many parallel and contrasting interests as he has taste and time for, that these should be determined for each individual by his own aptitudes and not by the prescription of an expert in education, and that they should be followed up with the same diligence and zest that are accorded to the bread-and-butter studies. I would have those who are to pursue the callings that require the very highest degree of specialization and concentration to enable them to succeed in earning a living and making a material success of life choose as liberally as possible from other fields, intellectual and spiritual, and thus prepare themselves to practice the fine art of living in the midst of the insistent struggle for material success.

Life is a parchment with a double text; the one bold, compelling, the other faintly traced upon the page, but full of the philosophy, the hidden meaning, that makes life worth the effort which one must put forth to earn the means to live. Thus I return to "palimpsest". The external and practical courses college students are obliged to take to fit themselves for their particular jobs in a physical world will become the visible blackletter text on the parchment. Beneath this text, if they plan their education wisely, liberally, will lie faintly visible the words of wisdom which will be their key to living happily and fully in a world of mind and spirit above the no less real world of meat and drink and raiment. Those whose education is such a palimpsest will find themselves able in imagination to take wing and poise balanced high above earth's confusion, and to flash their thoughts through time and space while their hands toil and their bodies sweat in the relentless here and now.

In education the straight line is neither the shortest, the safest, nor the surest way. Take the longer, the liberalizing way.

E. A. Cross.

INCONSTANT COASTS

BY HENRY BELLAMANN

Year after year
I have seen the spring
Spread like a green tide
Through the woods;
I have watched its waves
Shatter at tree-top to thin leaves,
And foam in sudden flowers:
Year by year the exquisite frailty
Of fluttering spray
And quick melting petals—
Year by year
All that eager questing wearies:
Year by year
Green and foam settle and sink
And sweep back again
To the depths
From whence they came.

I have seen the clouds arise,
Day after day,
At behest of genii builders of the sky;
I have seen them sway and struggle
Toward an ultimate perfection—
Incredible and still unguessed.
Day by day they break,
And the ocean whirls their color
In its dark—
Strewing their fragile splendor
Twinkling on the sand.

. . . And the stars:
Nightly they move
From violet pavilions
Seeking their final station—
Their terminate design:
All the bright confusion
Trailing on the way
Of some far fulfillment.

It is a restless river,
Or a sea—
Spring and clouds and stars—
Whose tides draw ever and ever
From silver-light infinity
To these inconstant coasts,
Striving to mould some shape
Unknown to us,
Striving to sound some music
Strange to us.

But the moving crystal breaks—
Turns back—
And all along the rocks are shells,
Delicate pale shells
Whose fantasy
Hints of fairy land,
Whose faltering slight music
Tells of ceaseless thunder
In the deep.

It is a restless, changing river,
Or a sea—
Clouds and spring
And stars.

A WOMAN SITS IN THE TWILIGHT

BY MARJORIE MEEKER

Why does this twilight remember you,
The calm grey twilight of my calm grey land?
Why does the quick wind call your name?
How do the hours know the time you came?
How can my twilight thrill with the touch of your hand?

This is the time;
This is the end of day.
This is the hour that comes
In the same way.

The owl stirs in its trance;
The moon is a withered flower;
The bat starts from the eaves;
This is the appointed hour.

Let me be free . . .
You are one with twilights that drop strangely
In dusky petals over a blue, blue sea,
Where time is like the shadow of far ships going
No one knows where,
And there is no knowing
If happiness is wise . . .
And none to care.
Only the old, old eyes
Of stars that watch unwearyingly
Twilight and night and lovers by that sea . . .

Why do you trouble my twilight from far lands,
My still, grey twilight?
Why do you claim me so with shadowy hands?
I have made my eyes calm
And my heart dumb,
And my lips smile . . .
Why do you come?

This is the time;
It is past the sun's setting.
Here or far away
There is no forgetting.

The moon is a broken flower
That the old day cast.
This is the appointed hour
Till love is past.

TO A STRANGER

BY WILLIAM ALEXANDER PERCY

When I see your beauty the beasts in me lie down,
And I know the good man that I might have been.
To watch you is more cleansing than clear sunsets,
And more regretful than the deeds that I have done.
If memory could only keep me perfect,
And not fade out to leave me with myself!
With all my altars ashes and my gods asleep,
You with your marvellous sad infinite beauty
Make me kneel down and know what life could be—
Unhurtfulness and worship and sure trust.
But I have missed you in the passing of the ships,
And as a stranger only watch you pass.
Yet, seeing you tonight in your great beauty,
I shall dream calmly of a clear green sky
Filled with wild white swans flying, flying over,
Against the hardly-visible, wide-swarming stars.

"HAMLET AND THE MYSTERY OF AMY ROBSART": A REPLY

BY HORACE HOWARD FURNESS, JR.

It would almost seem as though Professor Thompson had written his elaborate exposition of the parallelism between the Mystery of Amy Robsart and *Hamlet* (in the May number of The North American Review) in ridicule of those complicated ciphers which others have declared exist in some of Shakespeare's plays. The whole scheme and unraveling of the tangle is so superficially ingenious that one hesitates to treat it seriously, lest he be greeted by the derisive laughter of the author at the success of this literary hoax. Even at the risk of this ridicule it may be well to show just wherein Professor Thompson's conclusions are not warranted. In the first place: The hypothesis that Shakespeare composed *Hamlet* in order to expose a court scandal, and inveigh against the glaring sins of the times, is not supported by any evidence whatever; at least Professor Thompson produces none. We should be furnished with facts as to Shakespeare's source of his knowledge. We should be shown that Shakespeare was smarting under rebuffs from those high in office, and thus divulged state secrets out of spite. We should be shown that Shakespeare's particular animus was against Leicester, and should be told the incidents which aroused it. Without this information there is no reason why Shakespeare should rake up concealed facts in a case which had been discussed and sifted almost before he was born—Amy Robsart died in 1560—and throw out veiled hints accusing the principal agents, one of whom, Leicester, had died ten or twelve years before Shakespeare wrote his play. What person then witnessing the play would cast his memory back thirty years or more and at once apply some obscure reference to a case which had long since ceased to excite any interest? Furthermore, even had Shakespeare openly avowed his belief in Leicester's guilt, who

would have paid any attention, or attached any importance, to the words of a young playwright, who at that date, 1598, was only beginning his career?

But let us examine Mr. Thompson's statement of his facts in the order wherein he presents them.

Mention is made of but two Quartos, 1603 and 1604, as appearing before the Folio of 1623, whereas there were three others, one in 1605, one in 1611, and one undated, a clear witness to the great popularity of the play, although Mr. Thompson several times refers to it as but "caviare to the general". The Quarto of 1604 is evidently a rewritten version of the play as it appeared in 1603; there are many additions and some omissions. But when Mr. Thompson declares that "it is an inescapable conclusion that in the revised version Shakespeare introduced a large element of the personal equation", it is taking for granted that we know just what that personal equation might be. Did Shakespeare ever show himself completely? Such phrases as "beyond doubt", "it is quite certain", are somewhat dangerous when applied to a theory touching Shakespeare's creations, and are apt to excite antagonism, in place of acquiescence. Until we have more positive evidence of Shakespeare's own character I, for one, shall not accept this dogmatic assertion that Hamlet *is* Shakespeare.

Again: "In a play purporting to be based on actual history it was natural, even inevitable, that Shakespeare should have woven in contemporary allusions or incidents which, however much metamorphosed in the drama, nevertheless were recognized as familiar by the audience." This is, of course, true to a certain extent. The chance mention of some actual incident, whereof the date is known, is one of the few ways we still have of establishing the date of composition of any play. But it is the despair of the historian that of these historic allusions Shakespeare has far fewer than any of his contemporaries. He seems to have been so immersed in his own story and drama that the everyday events passed him by almost unregarded. Still less is it likely that he should have traveled back thirty years and more to cast out obscure allusions to an incident which few among his audience would be likely to recall; or if they did vaguely, would they have instantly applied it to the case of Amy

Robsart and Leicester? What if they had? What satisfaction could Shakespeare have found in thus covertly accusing one dead these ten years? Of one thing we may be sure: had these pointed remarks and veiled allusions been thought to apply either to the Queen or Leicester, even remotely, the players would have been severely reprimanded; as they were in 1589 on the direction of Burleigh, who accused them of introducing matters of state upon the stage. Burleigh himself died in 1598, but his son and successor would doubtless have been quite as vigilant.

Mr. Thompson lays great stress upon the parallelism between the concealment of Polonius behind the arras and an incident mentioned by Camden wherein Sir Robert Cecil, during the trial of Essex in 1601, overheard an accusation of himself by Essex and hastily appeared to answer and refute the charge. "It is not recorded," adds Mr. Thompson, "but it might easily have occurred, that when Cecil made his abrupt appearance as it were from 'behind the arras', Essex's sarcastic comment was 'I thought I smelled a rat'." Why stop our supposititious case here? By all means let us imagine Shakespeare slyly ensconced behind another portion of the arras and, anticipating Burns, remarking to himself: "A chiel's amang you taking notes, And faith, he 'll prent it!" As a matter of fact the concealment of Polonius was not original with Shakespeare. It occurs as an incident in the earliest version of the Hamlet story that has come down to us,—that of Saxo Grammaticus—where the King's spy conceals himself under the rushes on the floor and is slain by Amlethus. The hiding of a spy behind the arras was a favorite device on the Elizabethan stage. Shakespeare had already used this device in two earlier plays. In the *First Part of Henry IV* (II, IV, 549) the Prince bids Falstaff: "Go, hide thee behind the arras," where later he is found "snorting like a horse". Again, in *Much Ado About Nothing* (I, III, 63) Borachio says: "I whipt me behind the arras; and there heard it agreed upon that the Prince should woo Hero for himself." There can be little doubt that such was the practice even in everyday affairs.

Mr. Thompson says: "*Hamlet* is Shakespeare's protest against the condition of Elizabethan England. It was not Denmark but England that was rotten. Not merely Hamlet, but Shakespeare

felt that 'the time is out of joint'." Again we are moved to ask, Why should Shakespeare have had the smallest interest in such matters? He was a player, playwright, and poet; politics or the affairs at court were out of his sphere. He was no meddler with such dangerous topics as court scandal. It must be remembered also that the Earl of Leicester's company of actors was the company with which Shakespeare was first allied. This alone would have withheld him from calling attention to any unknown facts about his patron, when the Amy Robsart scandal was almost forgotten. If there was one sin Shakespeare despised above all others, it was ingratitude.

"As long as Elizabeth lived it was, of course, impossible publicly to criticize her, were it never so guardedly done. It is significant that the appearance of *Hamlet* upon the stage coincides with the death of Elizabeth." Had Mr. Thompson said the appearance of *Hamlet* in print, he would have been within the truth. As a matter of fact, *Hamlet* was probably composed between 1598 and 1600, and acted first either in 1600 or 1601; and Elizabeth was not so decrepit then as to suffer any upstart player to traduce her or her former favorite. This seems fatal to the success of Mr. Thompson's elaborate conclusion, that the play of *Hamlet* is merely an intricate exposition of facts in regard to the death of Amy Robsart. By his own showing those facts are still clouded in mystery; that Shakespeare should have had access to original sources for his information is simply unbelievable.

Having presented the outline of his case Professor Thompson then proceeds to give quotations from *Hamlet*, "which seem to have a positive index, and probably do darkly refer to the case of Amy Robsart, to Leicester and Elizabeth". This is, at best, a rather fallacious means of proving a point, since isolated lines without their context may be applied to almost any incident we may choose. Any collection of quotations for occasions will show how easily this may be done. This then is how Professor Thompson does it: "Most seeming virtuous Queen." "Assume a virtue if you have it not." "One can imagine," he comments, "men in the audience who heard these words look at one another with question in their eyes . . . or shrug their shoulders with shrewd amusement." No; I, for one, cannot by the widest

stretch of imagination, picture members of Shakespeare's audience doing any such thing. They heard the context, and when the Ghost says that Claudius "won to his shameful lust the will of my most seeming virtuous Queen", they had no reason whatever to think that Shakespeare, by such words, referred to Queen Elizabeth and Leicester, since the rest of the sentence was quite inappropriate.

Why they should have smiled significantly at the line, "Assume a virtue," etc., I am at a loss to understand; or to what dark mystery this was supposed to refer.

On the line "Though this be madness, yet there's method in 't," Professor Thompson comments: "Who were there among the wise in worldliness and the intricacies and chicanery of the politics and diplomacy of that day who did not find a fang in this remark? None but men steeped in the great secrets of the reign of Elizabeth could have fully perceived the significance of Hamlet's words, or the marvelously subtle method Shakespeare employed to convey his message, and with them silence was discretion."

Why should any one think a hidden meaning intended here? Consider the situation: Polonius has set himself to force Hamlet into a betrayal of his state of mind, and is met by replies pregnant with meaning and wisdom. What could his comment have been otherwise than this very line? (And by the way, the words are not given to Hamlet as Mr. Thompson says they are.) Had the line occurred in an epilogue to the whole play, as a warning to the audience to look below the surface, there might be some slight possibility that it referred to a political satire; but as it here occurs, in the middle of a dialogue, with direct reference to what has gone before, there is not a chance but that it means exactly what we all must understand.

Again, if this sinister meaning could be perceived only by those who were thoroughly acquainted with "the policies and diplomacy of the day", of what avail was Shakespeare's elaborate method of telling them what they already knew?

But how did he become the repository of these tremendous state secrets?

It is sincerely to be deplored that Professor Thompson is not more accurate in his quotations of lines, or references to situations

in the play. Such carelessness is apt to beget a lack of confidence in his deductions. It has just been shown that the line "Though this be madness", etc., is wrongly assigned to Hamlet, and here again we find in the next paragraph: "The dullards were given a broad hint in the seemingly casual mention that a play might be 'an abstract and brief chronicle' of the time, an idea repeated in Hamlet's exclamation, 'The play's the thing Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the King.' King or Queen mattered little to Shakespeare. The principle and the point were identical in either case. Hamlet explains to the court assembled to hear the play: 'You shall see anon how the murderer gets the love of Gonzago's wife.'"

In the first place, it is not a *play*, but the players, who are spoken of by Hamlet as "the abstract and brief chronicles of the time"; and secondly, Hamlet's exclamation has no relation whatever to his former remark in regard to the players. Thirdly: Hamlet does not explain the play to the court at any time; he interprets certain lines to Ophelia, and comments on others to the King and Queen. The line which Mr. Thompson quotes is the climax of the whole scene, and is hurled almost in the King's face as he rises in terror. How or in what way this particular line could be twisted into a reference to the murder of Amy Robsart, Professor Thompson does not explain beyond coupling it with the four line stanza, uttered by Hamlet:

> For thou dost know, O Damon dear,
> This realm dismantled was
> Of Jove himself, and now reigns here,
> A very, very—pajock.

And here the Professor's hobby has led him into a quagmire indeed. As is seen, Hamlet omits the word rhyming with "was". To this Horatio remarks, "You might have rhymed"—that is, the word which fits it, by implication, is *ass*. Mr. Thompson asks: "What word most naturally occurs to the mind which will rhyme with 'was'?" And then proceeds to answer his question with the extraordinary suggestion that the missing word is "coz", the familiar abbreviation of the word "cousin" and here used to indicate Leicester, who may have been so addressed by Elizabeth. The two words in present day usage have a certain resemblance in

sound sufficient for rhyming purposes, but in Shakespeare's day *was* invariably rhymed with such words as *glass*, *pass*, etc. For example, in a preceding scene Hamlet says: "Why, 'As by lot, God wot,' and then, you know, 'It came to pass, as most like it was'" (II, II, 434). Again, in *Lucrece*:

> Without the bed her other fair hand was,
> On the green coverlet; whose perfect white
> Show'd like an April daisy on the grass.

As regards the word "coz", as it was a contraction of the word "cousin" it retained the pronunciation of the first syllable of that word, which in Shakespeare's time was like that of the French word *Coozin*. By no possibility, therefore, would the words *cooz* and *wass* rhyme. Is it worth while to discuss the applicability of the stanza to Leicester after showing how the word suggested is quite inadmissible on the score of rhyme?

These are fair samples of Professor Thompson's use of certain lines in the play and his deductions. The two or three others seem to me quite as wide of any hidden meaning.

Many readers will doubtless read with interest Professor Thompson's entertaining article. That he will likewise gain a corresponding number of adherents to his view of the matter is quite another question.

HORACE HOWARD FURNESS, JR.

GEORGE GISSING, HUMANIST

BY STANLEY ALDEN

THE casual reader of critical reviews must have been struck by the recurrence of the name of George Gissing, a novelist who, in the normal course of things, ought to have been long ago forgotten. That the name of a writer whose career began forty years ago should persist in the columns of the reviewers is enough to establish the assumption that its owner must have in his work something either unique or uniquely said; must have either intrinsic or historical value. In the case of Gissing, one can but infer from the constant use of his name in a single connection that present-day reviewers and critics regard him as the father of what may be vaguely termed "English naturalism", as opposed to that older type of realism of which in their respective times Fielding and George Eliot are exemplars. It is significant that Gissing's name almost invariably appears linked with the names of three or four Continental novelists of his own or a slightly earlier day; with Dostoievsky, Zola, Balzac, and, less often, with Daudet. Seldom is he accounted brother to Howells or George Moore. And, in common with his more widely-known European contemporaries just mentioned, he is invariably—or all but invariably—dubbed "naturalist", with the implication of praise. From such linkings it seems safe to infer that he is regarded as the same sort of naturalist, or realist (for the terms are loosely used), as his Continental confrères, while differing not only from his British contemporaries, but from the older English and American realists as well. What does such a distinction imply? Obviously that as it is habitually used "realism" means writing that deals with a certain type of matter; a type that may be roughly defined as that dealt with by Zola, or by Hardy in such a novel as *Jude the Obscure*. In other words, our younger critics have been using the words "realist" and "naturalist" almost interchangeably, and chiefly to characterize writers preoccupied with a particular

milieu, rather than to identify a method of treatment, or an underlying purpose.

Into such a category it is possible to fit Gissing with no close familiarity with his works. For casual readers he is merely the author of such reprinted novels as *The New Grub Street*, *The Whirlpool*, or possibly *The House of Cobwebs*, a volume of short-stories which have had some vogue. If other titles are known, some of them suggest matter in the province of the naturalist. *The Unclassed*, for instance, or *The Nether World*, and *Human Odds and Ends* might carry such a suggestion. It will, therefore, be seen to be significant that he has not been mentioned along with Fielding and Eliot on the one hand, nor with George Moore or Howells on the other, for, with the exception of Mr. Moore, these writers have been distinguished as realists not so much by their subjects as by their literary methods and their philosophy. It is worth while to seek a reason why George Gissing has not long since been forgotten. Is it that as an innovator George Gissing has importance historically, or has he something to say which teases the interest of novel-readers, and may even trouble the complacency of critics who dispose of him so cavalierly with a word?

Mr. Frank Swinnerton in his critical study of Gissing makes it clear that he does not consider him a realist, but dismisses the matter summarily with the remark, "He was too personal," evidently disagreeing with Gissing himself when he says: "But there can be drawn only a misleading, futile distinction between novels realistic and idealistic. It is merely a question of degree and of the author's temperament." Thus Gissing plainly understood the word as applied to manner. Now an opinion on such a matter as realism from so distinguished a realist as Mr. Swinnerton is not to be lightly dismissed, but one regrets that he has not buttressed it with additional reasons, or taken occasion to "place" Gissing with reference to his literary type. It may be valuable to consult with reference to the matter, others of his fellow-craftsmen.

Discussing "Mr. George Gissing" in his volume *Fame and Fiction*, Mr. Arnold Bennett says: "To take the common gray things which people know and despise and, without tampering, to dis-

close their epic significance, their grandeur—that is realism, as distinguished from idealism or romanticism." (This comment about Gissing is best understood when one recalls that Mr. Bennett regards *The Nether World* as his "most characteristic novel".) Here we see that realism includes both matter and manner, with equal emphasis on each.

Mr. H. G. Wells, writing in *The Monthly Review*, remarks that "he whose whole life was one unhappiness because he would not face realities, was declared the master and leader of the English realistic school". If, then, Gissing's novels are what Leslie Stephen believes novels should be, "transfigured experience—based upon direct observation and the genuine emotions which it has inspired", one could hardly expect them to be realistic, for Mr. Wells is right in asserting that he was afraid of facing, in his own life, the stern realities. His ineptitude in money-matters, a defect which he bestows so liberally upon his leading characters, is a case in point. Surely an anomaly this, a realist who shuns reality.

Gissing's own ideas on realism are illuminating. In his invaluable study *Charles Dickens*, for instance:

> In what degree, and in what direction, does he [Dickens] feel himself at liberty to disguise facts, to modify circumstances for the sake of giving pleasure or avoiding offense?
>
> Our "realist" will hear of no such paltering with truth. Heedless of Pilate's question, he takes for granted that the truth can be got at, and that it is his plain duty to set it down without compromise; or, if less crude in his perceptions, he holds that truth, for the artist, is the impression produced on him, and that to convey this impression with entire sincerity is his sole reason for existing. To Dickens such a view of the artist never presented itself. Art, for him, was art precisely because it was not nature. Even our realists may recognize this, and may grant that it is the business of art to select, to dispose—under penalties if the result be falsification.

Here we see something of what realism meant to Gissing, as we do also when he refers to Balzac, Victor Hugo, Dostoievsky, and Daudet as "Realists . . . men with an uncompromising method, and utterly heedless as to whether they give pleasure or pain."

With distinguished insight he blames Dickens for fearing to write of disagreeable facts, so that he commits a capital artistic

crime by causing Little Em'ly to seem to flee with Steerforth for mercenary reasons, while if the affair had been shown as Dostoievsky would have displayed it, with abundant though disagreeable detail, we should have been able to understand Emily's temptation, and to sympathize with her weakness. George Eliot, he points out, is, like Dickens, at fault in not motivating more fully the fall of Hetty, in *Adam Bede*. Out of deference for British susceptibility these two realists of an older school tampered with their "fact" and thus falsified, artistically, in a way that would have been impossible to Gissing, or to the leading Continental realists. Again, he speaks of the difference between Dickens and the novelists of the French and the Russian schools, "a difference which seems to involve the use of that very idle word 'realism '".

But by whatever type-name he would have chosen to call the novelist, Gissing's conception of him should be clear: "'truth, for the artist, is the impression produced on him" and his business is to convey that impression with "entire sincerity"—a fine ideal, and one which Gissing attained in no mean degree. It is not by choice that he writes so largely of the submerged or semi-submerged world. He wrote oftenest of the people, the places, and the life that he knew best; the life of a literary toiler in London, a young man educated usually above his class and thus alien from it, as well as from the casual associates which his poverty and lack of social connections forced upon him. In a number of novels this hero recurs. Godwin Peake will come to the minds of those who have read that not very life-like novel, *Born in Exile*. And besides him there are Earwaker, Piers Otway, Osmond Waymark, Julian Casti, Kingcote, Harold Biffin, and Whelpdale, and other less conspicuous wanderers in "the Valley of the Shadow of Books". But he does not confine himself to portraying the unfortunate dwellers in the poorer quarters of London, though he is best known as the exponent of Lambeth, Clerkenwell, Tottenham Court Road, and of all that sordid East Side which, in so different a guise, is now being pictured by Mr. Thomas Burke.

The glimpses one gets in the Gissing novels of Surrey, Yorkshire, Devon and Cornwall, and the detailed pictures of Italy and Greece, are no less vivid and no less accurate and complete in detail. Of the life in these places, however, we hear less, and cer-

tainly what he tells us makes no such lasting impression as those pictures of squalor and distress with which his London scene abounds. Mr. A. C. Benson says of Gissing's novels that they had, "when he treated of his own peculiar stratum, the same quality of hard reality which I value most of all in a work of fiction. The actors were not so much vulgar as underbred; their ambitions and tastes were often deplorable. But one felt that they were real people." If we were speaking of Gissing's settings alone, realistic would be a fairly adequate tag; but obviously enough, setting is only the background for his picture of life.

In these settings one constantly happens upon bits of description so striking as to fix themselves in the consciousness like a vivid dream:

> An evil smell hung about the butchers' and the fish shops. A public-house poisoned a whole street with alcoholic fumes; from sewer-grates rose a miasma that caught the breath. People who bought butter from the little dealers had to carry it away in a saucer, covered with a piece of paper, which in a few minutes turned oily dark. Rotting fruit, flung out by costermongers, offered a dire regale to little ragamuffins prowling like the cats and dogs. Babies' bottles were choked with thick-curdling milk, and sweets melted in grimy little hands.

This, with its appeal to so many of our senses, is the sort of thing that earns him his title, realist. But it is not always of the disagreeable that he gives these pictures:

> An exquisite after-glow seemed as if it would never pass away. Above thin, gray clouds stretching along the horizon a purple flush melted insensibly into the dark blue of the zenith. Eastward the sky was piled with lurid rack, sullen-tinted folds edged with the hue of sulphur. The sea had a strange aspect, curved tracts of pale blue lying motionless upon a dark expanse rippled by the wind. Below me, as I leaned on the seawall, a fisherman's boat crept duskily along the rocks, a splash of oars soft-sounding in the stillness.

Such passages and others as carefully wrought are legitimately realistic, if by this term we mean that they have been written from actual observation and that they represent the impression made upon the author, reproduced without that "tampering" which Mr. Arnold Bennett decries. Seldom indeed does one detect any tampering, any attempt to suppress evidence, to falsify logical conclusions for the sake of public taste. Especially in his earlier work is it observable that Gissing permits a flat and un-

interesting ending, strongly suggestive of the Russians, rather than by any artificial heightening, an ending of the sort nine-tenths of all English and American fiction has led us to expect, and which even so veracious a writer as Dickens (as Gissing points out) was almost always guilty of. The endings of *The Nether World*, *The Emancipated*, *Thyrza*, *A Life's Morning*, and of most of his short-stories, will illustrate the point. In no case, even where there is comparative happiness at the end, does the outcome seem other than the logical one, or the story fail of being a faithful presentation of life.

Now Mr. Swinnerton, very properly, is thinking of the substance of Gissing's novels when he says that he is "too personal" to be a realist. Does he mean by this remark any more than that he has too often used himself, in one guise of another, for hero, and that because he represents his own special angle of vision he falls short of that impossible objectivity which so many present-day realists claim for themselves? Mr. Swinnerton is in agreement with Mr. Thomas Seccombe as to Gissing's being "too personal", for the latter in his introduction to *The House of Cobwebs*, beyond question the most valuable because the most sympathetic study of Gissing (and one to which Mr. Swinnerton acknowledges indebtedness), says:

> He has no objectivity. His point of view is almost entirely personal. It is not the *lacrimæ rerum*, but the *lacrimæ dierum suorum*, that makes his pages often so forlorn. His laments are all uttered by the waters of Babylon in a strange land. His nostalgia in the land of exile, estranged from every refinement, was greatly enhanced by the fact that he could not get on with ordinary men, but exhibited almost to the last a practical incapacity, a curious inability to do the sane and the secure thing.

A little earlier in the same article Mr. Seccombe says of his realism:

> His approximation at times to the confines of French realistic art is of the most accidental and incidental kind.

And he continues by saying that he is "a thorough moralist and sentimentalist". Sentimentalist he may have been, if by the expression one means that he drew an occasionally sentimental picture of a young woman, but in the deeper implications of the

word, he was far from sentimental. That is, emotion for its own sake he constantly decried, and it is in the more intellectually sympathetic relations of women and men that he finds their truest self-expression. When Alma Rolfe consents to being reasonable and trying to understand the point of view of her husband, she is most lovable and winning, and Nancy Tarrant dons her aureole only when she is sweetly reasonable. His women who have risen above merely sentimental relationships with men are those whom he most lovingly delineates: Ida Starr, Irene Derwent, Thyrza, Rhoda Nunn, and Miriam Baske, after she has become Mrs. Ross Mallard. He would have said of his realism that "it is merely a question of degree and of the author's temperament".

Although his attitude toward women is often slightly contemptuous, a circumstance not difficult to understand when one considers his marital tragedies, he seems to have had a deep and almost mystical reverence for womanhood. Apart from his more or less distorted and grotesque pictures of womankind, one recalls his many idealized portraits of girls. To mention some of the more conspicuous, there are: Cecily Doran, a lovely and vivid maiden, dimming slightly into a too-self-immolating wife; Sidwell Warricombe, conventional but of a quiet and virginal charm; Irene Derwent; Thryza, a greatly idealized character in the book to which she gives her name, one of his most delicately wrought novels; Adela Waltham; Jane Snowden, touching bit of humanity tossed up by the wave of slum-life in London; and the too ethereal Veranilda.

There is moreover a vein of the romantic in his preoccupation with little-known places. His characters have a way of going off suddenly to Odessa, St. Jean de Luz, Honolulu, Tasmania or the Bahamas, and their mastery of foreign languages and familiarity with out-of-the-way literature is astounding. Someone has always returned from a trip round the world, or is setting forth for Egypt or Queensland. All his chief characters are citizens of the world and by preference of that part of the world distant from main-travelled roads.

Besides these evidences, one may point to his humanitarian and romantic interest in animals and in the suppression of war.

Marcella Moxey is (ironically enough) killed by the kick of a horse that she is defending from his cruel driver; in *The Crown of Life* there is bitter satire on the wanton shooting of wild birds, and Lee Hannaford, the inventor of highly destructive munitions, is mercilessly flayed. But I do not mean to show that these romantic and idealistic interests predominate; only to show that "it is merely a question of degree", and that to dub Gissing "realist", unqualifiedly, is not warrantable, any more than it would be to call him "romanticist" or "idealist". Some larger category is needed, one taking into account not only his literary methods and temperamental leanings but also his central philosophy, for this is one of his chief merits and raises him above the level of the minor novelists who were his contemporaries—above his brother Algernon, for instance—as well as above most of his successors.

In discussing Gissing's philosophy one must remember that he lived chiefly by his pen, or by the equally exhausting business of private teaching. This fact, and the one that his formal education ended when he was a mere youth, are eloquent and account measurably for the crudity both in construction and content that all but the blindest of his critics must recognize in his books. A philosophy is the result of extensive and mature study as well as of having lived. The fact that as a boy of fifteen he won a first place in the kingdom in the Oxford local examinations says much for the calibre of his mind; a mind which if it had had the opportunity and leisure to flower would have been more orderly and better balanced. But his career at Owens College was sharply terminated through his boyish folly, and never again had he either the leisure or the opportunity for that rounded and traditional education which has done so much to produce the English gentleman and scholar.

Like his own Edwin Reardon in *The New Grub Street*, he had ideals which, though they might repel the public, should have won for him a higher place than he now occupies. For he had ideas; a fact quite generally overlooked. At a time when all Europe was holding itself in leash while preparing for war, Gissing busied himself with exposing the futility of war; in *The Whirlpool* he discusses with much point the education of children; the inroads of manufacture upon village life and the impracticability of a com-

munistic solution of the problem of labor and capital, he treats seriously in *Demos*, while he glances at it in *Ryecroft* and in some of his short-stories such as *The Firebrand;* scarcely one of his novels but contains a serious study of marriage. Note the following wise observation as to commerce:

> If trade is not to put an end to human progress, it must be pursued in Montcharmont's spirit. It's only returning to a better time; our own man of business is a creation of our own century, and as bad a thing as it has produced. Commerce must be humanized once more. We invented machinery, and it has enslaved us—a rule of iron, the servile belief that money-making is an end in itself, to be attained by hard selfishness.

Newspapers and periodicals, particularly those that cater to the ignorance and prejudices of their readers, he often satirizes, as for instance when he has Whelpdale hit upon the expedient of changing the name of his journal *Chat* to *Chit-Chat*, and of reducing the length of the articles to correspond to the average reader's capacity for sustained attention. Only now, in America, are we beginning to observe the deleterious effect of cheap journalism (aided unfortunately just now by the more pernicious moving-picture) upon the power to sustain attention. We have discovered a system for de-intellectualizing the drama, the novel, and even the essay.

At a time when few novelists in England spoke with understanding of the new place that woman is destined soon to fill, he constantly pointed to the necessity for widening her horizons by humane education. The following is from *Born in Exile* (1893):

> The defect of the female mind? It is my belief that this is nothing more nor less than the defect of the uneducated human mind. I believe most men among the brutally ignorant exhibit the very faults which are cried out upon as exclusively feminine. A woman has hitherto been an ignorant human being; that explains everything.

Although this sounds somewhat old-fashioned hardly a generation after it was written, one recognizes that by no means all of the novel-reading world has even yet come to understand its underlying truth.

But while making these discriminating observations he recognizes the evil results sure to come from imperfect and nominal

education of women—or of such education in general—which he exposes to ridicule in *In The Year of Jubilee*, particularly through Jessica Morgan, with her dry manuals and little black-bound note-books wherein she marshals her dates and facts against the coming examinations. Nancy and Horace Lord, and Samuel Barmby, in the same novel, are also shown to be the victims of this charlatan-education. Gissing's England was suffering from the malady of a newly-popularized education, with its wide but superficial appeal, in a way similar to that in which the United States is suffering to-day.

It seems to me as I read Gissing chronologically, that he made progress through the twenty-three years of his literary career, not always in artistry, but certainly in philosophical grasp of the implications of life, until at the end he had come firmly to believe that man is indeed the measure of all things. Beginning with the larger social problems of the mid-century, problems with which his idol Dickens, Kingsley, Ruskin, and Carlyle were likewise deeply concerned, he gradually worked away from these, since he found them insoluble (and because he found them so, earned in company with all humanists the mob-bestowed title of "pessimist"), to the basic problem of man's nature and its betterment. Here he is more nearly in the tradition of Meredith, Browning, and Matthew Arnold.

Yes, on the whole, Gissing is on the side of the humanistic angels. But he did not immediately nor easily take his place there, partly because of those very defects in education which he exposes in some of his characters, and partly because of the devastating poverty that prevented normal contact with human life and its sanative power. A world of evidence for his humanism could be adduced, but let me present all that seems needful, under his conception of the gentleman; his recognition of the importance of the individual as embodying, in little, the human race; and his emphasis upon what is characteristic, as the essential thing.

Fortunately in his *Charles Dickens* he has given us his notion of a gentleman, a valuable contribution to the study of any writer's philosophy:

> I cannot fall in with the common judgment that Dickens never shows a gentleman. Twice, certainly, he has done so, with the interesting distinction

that in one case he depicts a gentleman of the old school; in the other, a representative of the fine manhood which came into existence (or became commonly observable) in his latter years. In John Jarndyce I can detect no vulgarity; he appears to me compact of good sense, honor, and gentle feelings. His eccentricity does not pass bounds; the better we know him the less observable it grows.

In other words, Gissing recognizes that there is a standard or normal gentleman by whom we may measure any pretender to that grand old title. Sir Leicester Dedlock he finds not quite a gentleman because "his special characteristics overcharge the portrait". He is too far from the typical or normal. He calls Cousin Feenix (in *Dombey and Son*) one of Dickens's best sketches of an aristocrat because "his heart is right, his apprehensions are delicate".

One of his most widely quoted and soundest dicta is on just this point of refinement of the feelings: it is from *The Private Papers*, and he is speaking of his housekeeper:

> In my youth, looking at this man and that, I marvelled that humanity had made so little progress. Now, looking at men in the multitude, I marvel that they have advanced so far.
>
> Foolishly arrogant as I was, I used to judge the worth of a person by his intellectual power and attainment. I could see no good where there was no logic, no charm where there was no learning. Now I think that one has to distinguish between two forms of intelligence, that of the brain, and that of the heart, and I have come to regard the second as by far the more important. I guard myself against saying that intelligence does not matter; the fool is ever as obnoxious as he is wearisome. But assuredly the best people I have known were saved from folly not by the intellect but by the heart. They come before me, and I see them greatly ignorant, strongly prejudiced, capable of absurd mis-reasoning; yet their faces shine with the supreme virtues, kindness, sweetness, modesty, generosity. Possessing these qualities, they at the same time understand how to use them; they have the intelligence of the heart.

Perhaps Gissing's own gentlemen may seem a trifle anæmic, bookmen, self-centered and aloof, yet he has created some rather vigorous types who would not measure so badly by the standard gentleman. For examples, there are: Ross Mallard, especially after he has been humanized by marriage; Hugh Carnaby, surely vigorous enough; Edmund Langley; and, of course, Ryecroft himself.

In *Born in Exile* he once bursts forth: "I can't pretend to care for anything but individuals." Later, in *Our Friend the Charlatan*, Sir William Amys, one of the few sound characters in this melodramatic and mechanical picture of types the author hated, remarks:

> I don't know that I have much faith in leagues. I am a lost individualist. Let everyone try to civilize himself; depend upon it, it's the best work he can do for the world at large.

Now although Gissing's preoccupation is with the individual, especially in his later work, he sees that the individual is valuable only as he is limited by human law: as a member of society. "Never yet did true rebel, who has burst the barrier of social limitations, find aught but *ennui* in the trim gardens beyond," he says in *The Nether World* (1889), at a time when he was groping for and just beginning to discover the significance of life. The English novelist would have been in complete accord with the Norwegian diplomatist and scholar, Mr. Sigurd Ibsen, when he says:

> I cannot discover any thoughtlessness, any defective power of judgment, in the appreciation of the great personality in itself, without regard to the service he has done or the harm he has caused. On the contrary: I see in this a sound and correct judgment, which feels that the greatest values must be sought in the human being as such, and that they who in their own existences have shown us a human summit, have rendered the most excellent service possible to perform.

Gissing's appreciation of the importance of the characteristic, as opposed to the merely accidental or individual, is no less real than his grasp of the theory that the business of mankind is to produce as its crowning achievement the perfect human being. Sigurd Ibsen once more may be his spokesman:

> As a rule, it is in what is characteristic that we find what is worthy. The superiority of a rose in our eyes, consists in those qualities that distinguish it from other flowers, and the horticulturist's efforts are not directed towards obliterating these qualities by driving them back to common type, but, on the contrary, to force them more to the foreground so that the rose becomes even more a rose than it was before. Likewise should the task of culture be to make man more and more manlike.

In discussing Dickens's character-drawing, Gissing praises

Mrs. Gamp as a singular example of excellence of her kind. After saying that she represents the most delicate idealism, he calls this picture "a sublimination of the essence of Gamp", and continues:

> No novelist (say what he will) ever gave us a picture of life which was not idealized; but there are degrees, degrees of purpose and of power. Juliet's nurse is an idealized portrait, but it comes much nearer to the real thing than Mrs. Gamp; in our middle-class England we cannot altogether away with the free-spoken dame of Verona; we Bowdlerize her—of course damaging her in the process.

This passage throws light obliquely on Gissing's view of life at the same time that it shows his conception of the novelist's art: what is essential is the significant, the invaluable; and to exhibit this in art one must "idealize", select—no transcript of life will suffice.

Are we not able, then, to unify his reading of life and of art, and to find in these, together, the quintessence of George Gissing? Realist he is only in part, and by no means in the commonly accepted sense of the word, for always, but especially toward the end of his career, he designed his books to body forth an interpretation of life, which interpretation is that the perfected individual (the man who keeps to a golden mean between the extremes of freedom and restraint), and not the mass, is mankind's chief concern. Never is he "naturalist", for his philosophical emphasis of the distinction between nature as represented by civilized man and by "outer nature" is an outstanding characteristic and separates him forever from those who for their gloss upon human nature study the barnyard fowls. In *Sleeping Fires* he has Langley say to Louis Reed: "The world never had such need of the Greeks as in our time. Vigor, sanity, and joy—that's their gospel." And it is Gissing's own gospel.

It has already been observed that at the outset of his career he was concerned with the problems of class, particularly with the lower middle class, and with those who having once belonged to it had through economic pressure sunk beneath and become a part of the flotsam of London. In those early novels he would study the conditions among these people, not very sympathetically to be sure, though I can by no means agree with anyone who holds that Gissing did not know them quite as well as anyone could who, not of them, was obliged to dwell among them. Strictly speak-

ing, this class never has a spokesman, for it is and always will be inarticulate.

Toward the end of his life Gissing busies himself with the discovery of a working philosophy for the individual. Nowhere more than in *The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft* and in *The Whirlpool* do we find his explicit answer to the question, "What is the end of man?" Both Harvey Rolfe and Henry Ryecroft, I take it, stand forth his spokesmen. (It is hardly necessary, now, to point out that *Ryecroft* is in no literal sense an autobiography, but it may be worth while to remark that it is much more truly biographical than that thinly masked malice and scandal, *The Private Life of Henry Maitland.*) Each of these two men finds himself absorbed in the solution of his relation to the universe, and each arrives at the conclusion that to make one's self the centre, to work for intensive not extensive development, is the thing to be desired. Rolfe would write the history of some corner of English soil (perhaps of a single market-cross), study the microcosm in order to understand the macrocosm. He is another less distinguished Henry Adams, only his twelfth century is a moment of time in the late nineteenth century, and his Chartres, some bit of ground "that is forever England". Ryecroft would spend his declining years amid the slopes of his beloved Devon, beguiled by the reading of old books and cheered by country rambles. Nature to Gissing was ever a solace, a guide, too, in that it spoke of the simple fundamental processes of living and growth, such as a man of his complex and not quite normal nature was likely to forget. One would like to think of this tired, ill and unhappy writer, the scholar *manqué*, the misunderstood and little-appreciated philosopher, as having opened his eyes for the last time upon the sweet Devon meadows instead of the unfriendly mountains in alien St. Jean de Luz.

STANLEY ALDEN.

THE KNOCK AT THE STAGE DOOR

BY ALEXANDER WOOLCOTT

ALL about us in the theatre to-day are the players who will be the Mrs. Fiskes, the Julia Marlowes, the Laurette Taylors, of tomorrow; the young fry of the stage whose names will be big and black in the playbills of 1935 and 1940. Of these youngsters none is lovelier, none has a richer or more glowing talent, none seems more surely possessed of a little of an ancient magic, than the one named Margalo Gillmore, a fair-haired, sunlit girl who, unheralded and decently abashed, emerged out of obscurity in our theatre a few seasons ago. When, among the first of her adventures, she caught all our eyes as the daughter of the famous Mrs. Fair, those of us who had seen the John Drew plays of the early 'nineties experienced a little twinge of recollection, recalling the gangling and stringy but marvelously sweet girl who, just as shy and just as awkward, ventured forth then under the shelter of a celebrated uncle. Now we nodded our heads and whispered one to another, "She is like a new Ethel Barrymore."

But what few of us knew (though all of us might have guessed) was that she was like Ethel Barrymore in another respect. She was like Ethel Barrymore in respect to her grandmother. They both are children of the theatre, each as a matter of fact born in the fourth generation of a celebrated theatrical family. As Ethel Barrymore is the granddaughter of the famous Mrs. John Drew, so Margalo Gillmore is the granddaughter of the famous Emily Thorne, who was a favorite in London in the 'eighties. We might, I say, have guessed as much. Indeed, after watching the exits and the entrances of a dozen seasons in New York, one is minded, when the young pretenders write down from Poughkeepsie and Northampton (explaining that they will be free for all sorts of careers in June and asking how to go on the stage)—one is minded, then, to answer in this wise:

My Dear Young Lady:

There are many ways in which you might prepare yourself for the theatre, but one thing is essential. You may do as you think best about selecting an experienced actress for your teacher, but you MUST select an experienced actress for your grandmother.

Such a reply might be dispiriting in its effect, but there is wisdom in it. It says something about the theatre that is true and significant; something which, twenty-five or fifty years ago would have gone without saying, for the theatre then was still thought of as a world apart, a strange place where a black art was practiced by a gipsy folk, bred to it, doubtless, through generations, though of course one did not pretend to know enough about such people to say with any certainty.

Even to the end of the nineteenth century, this notion of the theatre as a world apart persisted. It may have been a long while ago that the laws of England classified actors along with rogues and vagabonds, and the churches there forbade them burial in consecrated ground. It may have been a long while ago that the first actresses to venture before an English audience —French hussies, they were—were hooted and pelted and generally treated in a manner so discouraging that it was clear, according to the delighted Puritan diarists of the day, that so unfeminine and offensive an exploit would never be repeated.

But it was not so very long ago that the Church of the Transfiguration in New York earned its cosy and hospitable name of the Little Church Around the Corner when it opened its doors to the burial service of an actor after a more haughty House of God on nearby Fifth Avenue had declined the opportunity. And it was not so very long ago that many of the more righteous among our preachers, when busy in exorcising the evil spirits from their communities, were rather given to using the word "actress" and the word "harlot" as interchangeable terms—both opprobrious.

It is only recently that this situation (still visible enough, of course, in some quarters) has begun to take on a slightly archæological aspect. Indeed, the pendulum has moved far in the last twenty-five years; swinging from the day when it was assumed that no decent woman would appear on the stage to the

vague liberalism of the present day, when it is apparently assumed that any decent woman can. In such a day it is worth while pointing out that there is no art in which the force of heredity seems to play so controlling a part. To the young pretenders (by way of giving them pause, perhaps, or at least of instilling in them a little decent humility toward the house at whose doors they are knocking) it is worth while pointing out that the theatre has an aristocracy older and more deeply rooted than that which any other activity in American life can boast. The banker or the woolen merchant or the pedagogue who can say that his father and grandfather were bankers or woolen merchants or pedagogues before him, feels so great a strength and continuity in the fabric of that life that he fairly glistens with pride and with a sense of well being and security. But compared with the foremost actors of our stage, these tradesmen and philosophers are the merest parvenus.

Of this impression that the talents of the theatre are husbanded through the years, handed down from father to son, from mother to daughter, the annals of the American stage furnish repeated reminders and reinforcements. Such reminders come at odd times and in odd ways. Go into the Players Club, standing there on the south side of Gramercy Park, smoky, unpretentious and (for New York) quite thick with memories. There they will point out to you, with a certain unfathomable satisfaction, that the club, in all its years, has had but three presidents. The names of the three are written on the walls: Edwin Booth, Joseph Jefferson, John Drew. But what they do not point out, probably because they think of it as a matter of course, is that each of these men, in his fleeting eminence, was no *nouveau riche* of the theatre, but one born in its purple, one trained to its speech from the cradle, one bred of showfolks.

The name of Booth has been in our playbills for more than a century. It is still there. The Jeffersons were of even older lineage, and time was when a performance of *The Rivals* was managed in this country with every rôle played by one or another of the Jefferson clan. And Drew, of course, stands midway, the grandson of a popular English actor, the son of a superb comedienne, the uncle of the three Barrymores.

I watched his enigmatic smile off and on through that uncomfortable evening when two of these children of his sister were lending their potent name to a spurious play called *Clair de Lune*, a sleazy and pompous dramatization of Hugo's *L'Homme Qui Rit*. It worked itself up by easy stages to one scabrous scene wherein a degenerate Duchess made hot love to the hideous cripple with the mangled face; the part played, of course, by John Barrymore. That rôle of the Duchess seemed the most tempting in all the list of characters, and at first one wondered a little why Ethel Barrymore had passed it by and taken for herself the less palpitant part of the Queen. But, after the love scene, the reason was clear enough.

Consider, instead, who did play the Duchess. The part fell by this default to the slender, deft, uncanny hands of Violet Kemble-Cooper. Now if it be true that on our great occasions the spirits of our forbears gather around us, to brood over us, to wish us well and to watch what, of all they knew and handed on, we have remembered and kept bright—if that legend be true, what a throng of ghosts must have hovered in the wings at the Empire that night! For playing opposite to the heir-apparent of the Drew-Barrymore tradition was a young actress of an even more illustrious inheritance. Maurice Barrymore was there in the wings, of course—the handsome Barry who fluttered a thousand hearts in the days of the bustle and the redowa and the phaeton. And, of course, there was old Mrs. Drew, pounding her disapproval, I should think, with the now inaudible cane of Mrs. Malaprop. But there, too, were Fanny Kemble and John Philip Kemble and a score of other memories of Drury Lane and Covent Garden, awake in those wings because two heirs of theirs were out on the stage before an audience playing a love scene.

In writing of heredity, the word "environment" pops up as quickly and as inevitably as does the far end of a see-saw when, with firmness and conviction, you plant yourself on the other. It is difficult always to say of any player that he was born with his talent, since, just because he *was* born in the theatre, he wandered early upon the stage, and so was bent and shaped to its needs while he was young. One does not have to be a profound student of the stage to see the tremendous advantage that is held

on it by those who begin their work there so early in life that they are as unconscious of it as of the air they breathe and of the sun that warms us all. They are growing up in the theatre in the precious years when the rest of us are outside, not only not learning how to act but, by every experience and precept and taboo of the breakfast-table and the sidewalk and the school-yard, are busily learning not to act at all.

Consider for a moment the most beautiful art which the theatre of our time has known, the incomparable art of Eleanora Duse. Her biographical note in *Who's Who in the Theatre* starts off with the single, significant line, "Born of strolling players." Are we to find the explanation of her art in that fact? Or is there no need to go back of the mere fact that she went on the stage as a baby, so young that by the time she was seven she was experienced enough to take over the post of prompter, and by the time she was sixteen she had had enough training to play the foremost rôles; enough, at least, to play Juliet in a production at Verona. Sixteen and playing Juliet at Verona! The next Vassar girl who writes down in April to Mr. Belasco that every one is so good as to call her pretty and that they did all admit she was perfectly splendid as Tweenie in *The Admirable Crichton*, and that she is only twenty-one, and please would he take her under his instruction and make a star of her some day—such a one might well receive back from him just a little engraved card with this legend on it: "When she was sixteen, Duse played Juliet at Verona!"

That biographical note of hers, so rare in its bluntness among the more pretentious paragraphs which are carefully and sometimes cryptically edited to adorn such records, might, as a matter of fact, be written after most of our best names in the theatre. Minnie Maddern Fiske, E. H. Sothern, Maude Adams—born of showfolks all and born while those folks were on tour. That was why it was possible for Maude Adams to make her first appearance on the stage at the age of nine months—her first entrance was on a platter—and why when little Minnie Maddern made her New York debut at the age of four it was as an actress who, though the advertisements at the time mendaciously announced it as her first appearance on any stage, had already

played a dozen rôles in as many towns and simply reeked of experience.

And lest it should seem from this review of the generations in respect to our players that it is only among them that this inheritance is marked, it should be noted that the same tradition can be observed at work among the other arts of the theatre. It is, therefore, worth mentioning parenthetically that the two best plays written by Americans in our time—*The First Year* and shall we say *Anna Christie*?—were the work of playwrights born of show-folks, the work of children of the theatre born on tour. And for those enthusiasts in matters of decoration who seem to feel that the actors and the playwrights are but negligible and rather annoying functionaries and that the true man of the theatre is he who dreams its scenes and brings them into being in a new beauty of line and light and color, it must be noted that their leader, too, was born on tour. For Edward Gordon Craig, before whom even George Jean Nathan bows himself in public and who was for so long a mere voice crying in the wilderness, not only had an actress for a daughter but an actress for a grandmother. It was out of the orthodox theatre of canvas palaces, flat flights of stairs and no end of grand draperies, that Craig went out to preach the new gospel. His mother, by the way, has also been a good actress. Her name is Ellen Terry.

There is a story in some old showman's memoirs of a visit paid back stage in the late 'sixties, when Tom Davey and Lizzie Maddern managed the stock company out in Columbus. The visitor was all for a little idle gossip and sat down for his comfort on the nearest costume-hamper which had been pushed against the dressing room wall; whereat Davey roared with alarm and dragged him off exclaiming: "Here, don't sit there, or you'll be smothering America's future tragedienne before she has had a chance!" And he lifted the cover far enough to show that that basket was serving as temporary cradle for a red-headed baby named Marie Augusta Davey, who was destined, in time, to get out of the basket and, after a necessary and proper interval, to become Mrs. Fiske.

Such tales as that have in them the tingle of the eternal renewal of the theatre, the same tingle I felt one hot night in the Summer

of 1916, when I was watching some children in a settlement house on Avenue B, New York, perform with tremendous gravity the *Sherwood Forest* of Alfred Noyes. The boy who played Robin Hood was a striking, swarthy, unexpectedly deep-voiced youngster, who was later snuffed out in the war. The sight of his name in the programme had a little thrill in it for those of us who were out front. It was Richard Mansfield, 2nd.

So, when, from time to time, I hear a mighty sighing in the land over the fact that we have no great players any more, I manage to bear up because of my own suspicion that the next Ada Rehan is asleep tonight in a costume-hamper in some obscure theatre. And I think that, after all, we might better write to that girl in Poughkeepsie something in this wise:

My Dear Child:

Come if you must. You will find your way in the theatre full of the most heart-breaking discouragements and, even if you are not to be driven out of it, it is probable that the great rôles will never come your way. But you will have a daughter some day and the way will be easier for her. As for your granddaughter—why, she may play Juliet in Verona.

ALEXANDER WOOLCOTT.

PAUL AND TWO WOMEN—II

A MORE EXCELLENT WAY

BY ANNE C. E. ALLINSON

It was a May evening and Rome was drenched in silvery light from a moon, brilliant and serene, riding in a windless, cloudless sky. In a modest house near the Porta Capena a few men and women had gathered, according to their custom on one night in the week, to exchange confidences about their new faith. No one of them held this faith composedly as an inheritance or a part of family tradition; rather, each had won it as an individual possession, in an emotional crisis of life. To some, perhaps, it had come full flowered, while in the hearts of others it had dropped like a seed to fructify in the daily ways of living; but to all, certainly, it was a new thing, a break from the old order of thought, a wonder still and a high romance. Their meetings were not formal or crystallized. These people came together just because they could not help sharing with each other a secret which to them seemed full of power, of sweetness, of joy. Their frankness was not the easy babbling of sentimentalists but the welling of clear streams of feeling across the barriers of ordinary reserve.

The house in which they met to-night belonged to Rufus, a repairer of musical instruments, and was redolent of refinement and an exquisite orderliness, as if harmony were the principle of his daily life, whether among the lyres and flutes in his workshop on the Via Sacra or here at home under the shadow of the great gateway. It was oddly placed in a noisy, restless neighborhood, where travelers leaving or coming into the city by the Appian Way were likely to halt on all sorts of errands. Directly opposite was a station where horses and carriages for a journey could be obtained and exchanged. Shops catering to every need crowded in and fastened like leeches upon the passing tour-

ists. Eating houses and wine rooms of all grades sought the patronage of Senator or slave. All day long and into the night the street was vocal with hawking cries and boisterous with the clattering feet of horses and men. But the house of Rufus preserved within itself a quiet apartness.

The dining-room where he and his friends were eating supper together, simple as it was, gave evidence of taste. On the walls were painted two pictures, good of their kind although they indicated no great artist's hand. One of them was a landscape, with a green meadow and a brook, and a flock of sheep guarded by a shepherd, young and strong and debonair. The other showed a young Orpheus playing his lyre under an olive tree and drawing the birds and beasts of the wood to him by the lure of his music. "Both are like Jesus Christ," he used to say to new-comers, with a smile. To-night, however, only familiar friends had gathered about the supper table. The cloth and napkins were white and fine. Terra-cotta lamps, excellent in design, although inexpensive, threw a soft glow on the table, and over the baskets of fine wheat bread and the graceful earthenware mixing bowl and wine-cups.

After supper, Rufus read letters recently received from Christians in Antioch and Ephesus and Corinth. They were written in Greek, but had been translated before the meeting by Matho, a Greek government slave who was a copyist in the Palatine Library and had recently been brought to the "new way" by Lucius. These men and women and other groups like them in Rome, unimportant as they were in the life of the metropolis, were connected by long lines of communication with different parts of the Empire. Outside of the imperial and government circles, probably no other kind of Romans had so keen a sense of connections elsewhere. Back and forth over the long Roman roads and across the conquered seas passed news of the Kingdom of God. Although Christians lived the simplest daily lives, such as alone were open to their class and estate, they had an extraordinary reach of imagination. An idea connected this modest house near the Porta Capena with cities in Greece and Syria, and along the whole coast of Asia Minor. Those who believed in the idea were emissaries of a Kingdom to which all the nations

of the earth must some day be gathered. In addition to living rightly themselves they conceived it to be their duty to pass on to all mankind the principle that had transfigured them. This vast hope lifted them over the ordinary frontiers of thought. Not even Rome herself could girdle their vision, which swept the whole empire, and even pierced, as keenly as that of the philosophers, beyond the "flaming ramparts of the world". An imagination so alert made it easy for them to establish a personal intimacy with unknown men and women at a distance. Such new relationships were more enlarging even than the common interests of their labor guilds. Nearer than their Roman neighbors, nearer even than some of their own households, seemed those far-off Greeks and Syrians who shared their citizenship in a new city of the mind, who united with them as sons and daughters, brothers and sisters, in the family of God. One of the charms of the evenings at Rufus's house was that this little band of hard-working people could lose their daily routine in a sense of wide affiliations without arousing ridicule or suspicion. To outsiders the very mention of such ideas seemed either the wordy extravagance of fools, or a sort of veiled treasonableness, as if in some way Rome and the Emperor were thereby made secondary.

Sometimes the meetings were interrupted by a loud knock at the door, with an errand from a neighbor or an inquiry from a stranger which laid claim to the courtesy or goodwill of the master of the house. But to-night no shadow from the world outside fell athwart the peace within. This was apparent when, after the reading of the foreign letters, conversation, friendly and warm during the supper, grew more earnest, and then, with a fine simplicity, changed to prayer. It was always the prayers of these people which were the most self-revealing, because, unlike the ritualistic formulas of their inherited religion, they had become a spontaneous mode of inward renewal, means, not of placating a God, but of "civilizing the whole inner man". On some nights the burdens of life would become apparent, needing to be lifted by common supplication to the God of comfort. The strain of toil, the bitterness of sorrow, the poison of anxiety, would be revealed in passionate pleas for strength and succor. But tonight it seemed as if only joy impelled the friendly com-

munion. One after another, each prayer became an expression of love and praise and thankfulness. Rufus himself closed the hour. His gift for prayer was singular and preëminent, because he found it more natural to talk to God than to other men. When the spirit fell upon him he seemed to become oblivious of any human being near him. Prayer to him was the normal expression of a faith so burning that it consumed any ordinary shyness or unwillingness to reveal the innermost thoughts. More than once some stranger, touched lightly by the new faith and only persuaded by a friend to come to a meeting, had been swept onward by a prayer of Rufus to a compelling knowledge of the God to whom he prayed and the Christ before whom he laid bare the secrets of his conviction. To-night the desire of his prayer was that "the way" might be made clear to all who traveled in darkness. He prayed as even his friends had rarely heard him, until it seemed as if the walls of the room must disappear, and the infinite break through the expectant sky upon their straining vision.

Nobody tried to come after him. After a silence the company quietly broke up into smaller groups or pairs, and gradually drifted into the larger atrium where they could have music and sing together. Anna, the mother of Rufus, stayed behind to give some gentle order to the maid who came to clear the room. Lucius lingered to talk with her as he often did. After the servant had disposed of the table and the supper couches, they drew chairs toward each other and fell into conversation, while from the atrium floated in the soft refrain of a favorite psalm of Paul's, translated and set to the lyre by Rufus. Lucius always wanted to talk with Anna, because of all the Christians whom he knew, men or women, she seemed to him to have most completely made her own the star which was in the gift of Jesus Christ. His own delicate and sensitive nature felt in her something more delicate and more sensitive than himself, and at the same time something so high, so starry, that his friendship for her was mingled with a profound reverence. This quality, indeed, was felt by everybody who came in contact with her. She was no longer young. Her hair was gray, parted in the middle and curving across a low sensitive brow, but her skin

was smooth and tender, like a child's, with a little flush in her cheeks like a pale pink rose. Her body was slender and small and graceful, like the stem of a birch tree in a soft winter landscape. Her ways were so courteous that everybody felt especially singled out by her for kindness and consideration. She never made any difference between people, because her manners clung to her as a quality of her own, not to be changed by the attitude of those who came near her. People invariably, therefore, gave her their best, restraining their tempers, hiding their littlenesses, trying unconsciously to measure up to her own largeness, of which she in turn was beautifully unconscious. Indeed, in the last analysis, Lucius had come to believe, it was the complete omission of self in her that made her the most potent personality among all their friends. He wondered about it a good deal. She never talked about unselfishness, never seemed conscious of doing her duty by other people, was only perplexed and even a little distressed if people told her that she helped them. When Narcissus had said once that he thought that you should assure yourself every night before you went to bed that you had helped somebody, she had seemed startled. "But how can I?" she said to Lucius afterwards. "How can we ever be sure that we help each other?" And yet among all the men and women who believed in this new religion of Love, nobody seemed to love as completely as Anna did. It must have been a native endowment, Lucius concluded, born with her in her cradle as physical beauty is born, and then cultivated and increased a hundredfold by the power of Jesus Christ within her. Her self simply was not there to form an obstruction, as so often it did in others, to the outpouring of a larger life. Through her, this life flowed out toward all around her. Old men and young men sought her friendship and counsel, women came to her with their troubles, children turned to her as flowers turn to the sun. Nor was she above the common facts of life. For the children she always had sweetmeats, for men and women a direct and penetrating common sense. It was evident to Lucius that deep within her were great areas of reserve. She talked less than any of them at their common meetings, and never prayed in their hearing. And yet of them all she supremely conveyed the im-

pression of a life fed at inexhaustible sources. Excellent as was her intelligence, it was spiritual insight that set her apart and made her, in all her social obscurity, seem to those who knew her a really distinguished personage. Without analyzing it they perceived in her the result of habitual commerce with spiritual forces which were sought after by themselves with heavier travail. None who loved Paul wondered that he turned to Anna on terms of peculiar personal intimacy.

To-night Lucius wanted especially to ask her about the imprisoned leader whom he had not been able to visit for some time. There was a boom in the building trades and he had been working almost more hours than there were in a day. A little shadow fell over Anna's face. "I saw him only this afternoon," she said, "and I found him very tired and very sad. Who do you suppose had been to see him? Honoria, the sister of the lovely young Felicia—I think you were here one evening when she came. It was very fine of her to let her maid bring her, and we all thought her exquisitely courteous—do you remember? I have seen something of her, and also at her house I have met the sister. I had heard that Honoria was very learned and clever, but she met me the first time in a simple, natural way, and I felt at once for her a strong liking. Since then we have had several talks—I have found it unusually easy to talk with her because she is so honest. I knew that she had been very happy over her sister, but I never dreamed that she would herself go to see Paul. She had just left him when I arrived. He seemed more depleted than I have found him after arguments and discussions with the Jews. In surprise I said to him, 'But if she came at all, she must have been willing to receive. She was not defiant, was she?' 'No, no!' he said wearily enough, 'but she held out the wrong cup to be filled. She brought me her intellect, and to that Jesus crucified is but a stumblingblock and foolishness.'"

Lucius leaned forward, eager to listen, and as the tender music swelled a little more loudly through the open door, seeming, as it were, to isolate and protect them in their comprehension of each other, Anna told him, as she had told no one else, not even her son, of the hour of agony through which she had sat with Paul. To Lucius she could entrust her sorrow for the torture of a

great soul. And from the story his sensitive spirit garnered a new understanding, which bore fruit thereafter in the lives of other men and women. Such was their creative transmutation of Paul's hour of hopelessness. Fevered and uncontrolled as Anna had rarely seen him, walking up and down the room without his usual regard for the soldier who must walk with him, their leader had poured out to her in burning words how Honoria, searching for his ideas, had entirely missed the central passion of his life, the beginning and the end of all his thinking. He had not made Jesus Christ real to her. His own passion had evidently sobbed itself out to Anna as if he had betrayed his Master, as if he had crucified Him afresh, in failing to stamp His image forever on one more human heart.

But that had not been all. If the immensity of his regret seemed far to transcend the importance of Honoria, it was because Honoria's state of mind had widened out for him into sweeping memories of his own past. Once he, too, had relied upon the intellect, immured himself within the understanding, measured the ways of God by the learning of men. And what had been the result? He had persecuted and denied Jesus Christ in the persons of His followers. He had breathed out fire and slaughter against those whom he should most have loved. He had been "exceeding mad" against those whose feet he should have washed in humility and reverence.

Sin—sin—the sin of his blindness—not even Christ could forever wash away the memories of it. Only when he was suffering for Christ, stoned or beaten with rods, hungering or thirsting, subjected to perils of land or sea, knowing weariness or painfulness—only then could he feel at peace. And here in Rome, well treated although in prison, fed and clothed and victim of no sudden peril by day or night, there were hours when the madness of remorse had its way with him. Honoria, for all her responsive courtesy, had created for him such an hour. At its close—so he told Anna—all he could see was the face of Stephen, looking like an angel when they stoned him, and himself holding their garments that they might the quicker kill him. Yes, Anna said to Lucius, it had been a cruel time for Paul; and she dreaded the night ahead for him—sleepless, prob-

ably, tortured by hatred of himself, agonized by thoughts of the world's blindness, exhausted by the futility of his yearning to bring light among the shadows.

She ceased speaking and they sat in silence for a long time. The music in the atrium had given place to a murmur of contented voices. The soft air from the summer night came in from an open window on the quieter side of the house. The moonlight strayed in, too, and fell across a little bird in the picture of Orpheus playing the magic music. A thoughtful slave, who had been allowed to share the singing in the atrium, slipped in to replenish the lamps. Anna's face had grown serene again. She clasped her hands quickly in a young, happy gesture that her friends loved, and turned to Lucius with a smile. "Ah, dear friend," she said, "he is a great man, and he is our leader and guide and teacher. But he, too, needs just to become a child again. That would be the way of Jesus Christ."

ANNE C. E. ALLINSON.

MUSEUMS OF ART

BY MRS. SCHUYLER VAN RENSSELAER

"Too big! Too big!" So exclaims a friend of mine, an intelligent friend, when I boast of something newly acquired by the Metropolitan Museum of Art. "The place is much too large. We should be far better off if we had several small museums instead of such a big one."

"Why?" I need not repeat the answer in detail. Physical fatigue, mental confusion, inability to find what one wants to see, eventual vexation and discouragement—dwelling upon trials such as these, many other intelligent people deplore the size of the Metropolitan. Intelligent, I repeat, to point the fact that they are of a kind that ought not to be unintelligent in this matter. They have not thought about it. They have thought only of their own personal pleasure in visiting a museum. They should think with a broader sympathy. They should think as they already do about public libraries. They do not declare that the New York Public Library, or any other, is "too big".

But, you may say, the Metropolitan is what it is—a great general museum of the arts. It is big and it will stay big and grow bigger. Why dwell, then, upon a merely academic question? It is not academic; it is a living and an important question. It is very important that the public should be satisfied with its museums and the way they are managed, should understand what they are meant to be and how they may best be used and enjoyed. It is important also that possible givers should not be tempted to fancy that any museum needs no more gifts. And it is important that the citizens of other American towns, so apt to look to New York for examples to follow or avoid, should not be misled.

A surprisingly large number of museums of art have been founded in this country in recent years, foreshadowing, of course, many more to follow. No general rules can be laid down as to

how they may rightly be started: the problem ought in each case to be studied afresh with an eye to the size of the town, its resources, the character of its population, and its nearness to other towns which already possess museums of art. But I may at least try to explain why no great and wealthy city need hesitate to plan for collections which will grow into a great and varied museum; why, in fact, such a museum will serve such a city better than could a number of small ones each devoted to certain branches or periods of art.

The first reason is the lesser cost of a single large than of several small museums. In respect to sites and buildings this may easily be understood. But the public does not understand the great expense of running a museum properly or the difficulty of getting money for the purpose. He who gives or bequeaths money for the purchase of works of art can see with his mind's eye concrete results, and among them those little labels affixed to the objects bought with his "fund" which will keep his name agreeably alive. But he who gives for maintenance, or gives without restrictions knowing that his money will probably be used for maintenance, does so out of pure unselfish love for his fellow-citizens. Therefore his gifts are rarer. Despite the aid it gets from the city, the Metropolitan is so short of money for running expenses that year by year a large deficit must be met from funds which should if possible be used for purchases, and from the pockets of its trustees.

Such troubles would be still greater were there several museums instead of one. With segregated collections there would be no need, perhaps, for any large increase in the number of officials and employees of certain kinds; but of other kinds, beginning with the Director himself, as many would be required in each small museum as in a great one. So it may be said of other costs as well as of salaries—for example, of the expense of maintaining the necessary photographic ateliers and repair shops. Moreover, a single reservoir of money that may be used for purchases as occasion prompts can do the public better service than several small funds each confined to a limited class of objects.

But pecuniary arguments are in this matter merely the beginning of wisdom. There are also questions of supervision and management. Even in a city as large as New York it is hard to

get the right number of persons of the right kind to give without recompense their time and thought as trustees of a museum. To multiply such boards would inevitably decrease efficiency; and to think that a single board might supervise several museums situated in different parts of the city shows little knowledge of what such work would mean. Again, it is hard to find as yet properly accomplished museum directors and curators. Often they must largely train themselves for their work after it begins, and it is well for them if they can have the help of association with many colleagues.

Most important to consider, however, are the needs and desires of the frequenters of a museum. Broadly speaking, these fall into five classes: serious students, professional or amateur, of art and the history of art; lovers of art who do not care or have not the time to study it; sight-seers; school children; and persons practically concerned with the applied arts.

The serious student is not likely to complain of the size of a museum—of the multiplicity of its collections or of the extent of any one of them. He knows that the arts of one time and country cannot be understood without some knowledge of those of other times and lands; or, if he is working in a different fashion, he knows that one branch of art cannot be intelligently examined in its parallel and consecutive manifestations without some knowledge of the development of other branches. He knows that in either case, in any case, *comparison* must be the basis of study, the touchstone of judgment. And the nearer together he finds the various objects that he must consider, the lighter his labors will be, not only lighter in the physical sense but easier intellectually. He will be thankful that he does not have to wait till another day and go to the other end of the city to make comparisons; and the more objects of any kind he can observe, the better right he will have to feel sure of his conclusions. Of course he will complain if he finds a professedly rich collection "stuffed" with inferior material, but if the material be good he can hardly have too much of it.

As it is with the collections, so it is with their necessary or desirable adjuncts—the photographs and casts that may supplement and the books that may elucidate them. Necessary indeed

are the books. The library of a museum of art is not a bibliophile's collection of rare or beautiful volumes. Such volumes it may contain, but its purpose is to supply books which, whether beautiful or not, facilitate the study of the arts. Very large it may be, for the possible books are many. Large it must be, for it must serve not only the public but first of all the curators of the museum, and their needs are wide. Their work is not simply to watch the market, find things for the trustees to buy, arrange the galleries attractively, and keep their contents in good condition. They must *know* about the things that they wish to buy and that living or dead people wish to give them, and also they must impart of their knowledge to the public. They must compile catalogues, handbooks, and bulletins and write labels, and when this is done as copiously and instructively as it is at the Metropolitan it means much knowledge of an accurate kind, much research carried, very often, into fields of art with which the object in view may seem to have little relation. And what the curators must know, other students will wish to know. Could we hope, therefore, to have a really good library in each of our imagined small museums? Would it be worth while thus to spend the money that would be needed for duplication and reduplication? Or should the books be segregated to match, so to say, the segregated collections? Would this, indeed, be possible without, again, much reduplication? In certain books, of course, the subject-matter is distinctly and more or less narrowly limited. But even upon these, as I have implied, the student of some other phase of art will often wish to call, and many costly books and voluminous periodicals deal with many branches or periods of art. No—we shall do all that even a city like New York can hope to do if we build up a single reference library such as a museum of art should contain.

When the lover of art who is not a student deserves his name, when he takes true delight in the interesting and beautiful works of the human hand, he should have no quarrel with a museum on account of its size. If it is strange to him he may lose his way, but he can hardly lose his time. Or, if he wants especially to pasture his eye in some particular field, surely he should have intelligence enough to ask his way and to pursue it until he reaches his objec-

tive, no matter how many green fields and flowery copses open seductively from his path. And in either case he should have intelligence enough to be satisfied with what he can see within the limits of his time and strength. That under the same roof there is much else to see—why should this annoy him any more than it would to know that there are other things in other buildings or in other towns?

But too often the professed lover of art is merely a sight-seer, and quantity is the test of a sight-seer's satisfaction. Curiosity, not true interest, is his motive power. If he has "missed" anything the fact that he has seen a great deal does not console him. He does not wish really to see the things in a museum, to appraise them, enjoy them, and put them away in his mind for remembrance. He wants to "see the museum", to find out what it contains. To leave some parts of it unseen afflicts him as it would to leave a theatre before the last act. Especially if he comes from afar he wants to go home with the feeling that he has "seen the Metropolitan"; and if he has not seen the whole of it he is likely, whether he comes from afar or lives close at hand, to protest in explanation, "Of course it is much too big." It is from him, from the sight-seer who may or may not think himself a lover of art, that come the complaints about the undue size of a museum.

There must be many true lovers and real students of art in New York who have never seen everything in the Metropolitan and are content that so it should be. Interested in certain things, they look at these as often as they can and contentedly let other things wait for ampler hours—or let them go. It may seem odd that even a sight-seer cannot do the same, and odd that he would not feel so discontented were there several small museums instead of one large one and he had not visited them all. But this is a fact, for it is a fact that, although there are other places in New York besides the Metropolitan where fine works of art may be seen, the sight-seer seldom laments his ignorance of them. And his frame of mind is not odd; it is merely illogical.

As for our school children they are, with a difference, in the same case as the serious student. Although their needs are very different their immediate wants are the same. They too are best

served by many collections gathered together under a single roof. Of course they cannot yet really study or really appreciate works of art, but they can learn something about them and form fruitful habits of mind and eye and hand. And it is by no means only to learn about the arts as such that we are now taking our children to museums. At last we are discovering that the arts have not been developments set apart and aloft beyond the horizon of the common man but have been part and parcel of the growth of the nations. We are learning to see, in addition to their prime value as creators of beauty, their indispensable value as illustrators of human life, as interpreters of the customs, the belongings, the deeds, beliefs, ideas, and ideals of the people who produced them. And so we are learning to utilize their products not only as object lessons in the nature of beauty and in the principles of design, and not only as cultivators of good taste, but also as aids to text-books of different kinds—as aids that will both stimulate interest and enlarge knowledge, that will illustrate, accentuate, clarify, vivify what the text-book in history, for example, in geography, in literature, in mythology, endeavors to convey. And how many fields of art one such attempt at illustration may need to traverse! Think, for instance, of a text-book chapter on the Crusades—what a multitude of things may illumine it, from the model of a cathedral and the casts of statues to relics of armor and weapons, jewelry, textiles, utensils, and also the modern pictures in which such things are sometimes more fully represented than by their actual remains. The path of a school class bent upon such a quest may be a long one within the walls of a great museum, but how much longer and more difficult if it led hither and thither from a picture gallery in one part of town to a collection of casts in another part and, elsewhere again, to a museum of Oriental art.

For children who use a museum library the case is again the same. They do use it, some of them, it may be worth while to aver. Recently I sat in the library of the Metropolitan at the same table with two girls of about fourteen who were making notes from manuals of Egyptian archæology. I found them at their task, an hour and a half later I left them at it, and in the meantime they had spoken barely a word to each other and scarcely

raised their eyes from the open books and diligent pencils. Just what they were doing I do not know, but certainly they were doing it seriously. Of course, young students of this kind, who need guidance more than older ones, are best served by a single museum library. Neither they nor their teachers have to wonder where they will find what they want; they know that the Metropolitan is the place. Nor do they have to learn to feel at home in several places amid several groups of librarians and attendants.

Once more: as it is with the children so it is with those among their elders who go to a museum, who are learning to go there in ever-increasing numbers, for help in some branch of industrial or decorative art. Manufacturers of many kinds of things, dealers, salesmen, artisans, designers, illustrators, scene-painters, costumers, actors, "movie" people—the list is long, the needs of those who figure in it are manifold and often cannot be met without wide opportunities to make comparisons. I may add that to both children and working adults museums now offer special study-rooms, "gallery talks", and lectures, all of which, like the lessons of the school-teacher from outside, need to be supplemented by visits to the galleries. We have begun to understand that without what has been called "visual instruction" no verbal instruction in matters of art can be of value, and often the visual instruction demanded by a single lecture or gallery talk must be gathered along many paths.

Not long ago it would have seemed strange enough to bracket together as entitled to consideration in the establishment and the conduct of a museum of art all these differing kinds of possible visitors, from the historian of art and the expert in criticism to the school-child and the maker of neckties or spoons. (I have seen in a department store neckties labelled as made of silks designed from examples in the Metropolitan.) In the old days museums and galleries were thought of as safe repositories for valuable things prized by people already cultivated in this special direction. It was understood that such people would get pleasure and profit from such things. But it was hardly thought that the public at large would greatly concern itself about them, or that anyone would wish to learn about them—or, at all events, that anyone would expect their guardians to aid and supplement, in

the museum itself, such instruction as its contents might in themselves afford. Proper conservation and perfunctory little catalogues, and the guardians' duty was done. But a time came when the museum wished and hoped to attract the general public, and now it feels that it must also instruct the public while serving the scholar and continuing to give delight to the connoisseur. Not long ago one of the administrators of an American museum told me that when he began his work all that he cared to consider, all that he thought worth considering, was the approval and the benefit of other scholars. To-day he is one of those who know best how to attract and to teach the public. "No museum," said recently another such official, "now has a right to ask to be supported by the city or the public unless it works for its living."

Of course it is not to be understood that in a museum size should be first considered, quantity and variety exalted above quality. From every point of view a few fine things, even though they represent a narrow field of art, are preferable to many poor ones. And the larger a museum grows, the higher the standard of quality should be set. Things that the Metropolitan might rightly have accepted when it was small and poor it may now with a clear conscience refuse. In certain directions, indeed, it should now look only for masterpieces, leaving all else for newer, needier institutions.

Nor should it be thought that there is no honorable, useful place in the world for a small museum excepting in a small town where, if it is rightly planned and managed, the people may be as well content with it as with their small public library. A city with the largest predicable museum will always have place for small collections that are good of their kind, and of certain kinds it will always have need. A school of design like Cooper Union needs its own illustrative collections and its own explanatory books just as a law school needs its own library. To take a very different example, it is as important that Spanish art as that Spanish literature should be represented in the rooms of the Hispanic Society. And to find an example of still another sort we may look at the Egyptian treasures owned by the New York Historical Society. A few years ago those who tried to make acquaintance with them could hardly bear the thought that they

had to stay where they were. Slowly, or not so slowly, many of them were perishing through neglect, and they were quite forgotten by a public never encouraged to visit them. They might almost as well have been reburied in the New World to which they had been brought half a century before. If, we felt, they could be transferred to the Metropolitan they would be rescued, they would be seen, they would be explained, and—many of them very unusual, some of them unique—they would admirably enlarge a treasury already rich and high in favor with the public. But four or five years ago the Historical Society rediscovered them, so to say, and put them in charge of an expert who is gradually saving and reviving them, and so displaying them that they instru ctively supplement the Metropolitan collection. That is, at the Metropolitan the material is, of course, arranged in chronological order, all the various things of the same period grouped together. But at the Historical Society, most wisely in view of the amount and the character of the material, the grouping is not according to periods but according to kinds. Thus anyone, who at the Metropolitan has familiarized himself with periods, sequences, successive styles, will here be able to study advantageously this or that kind of object as in divers periods it may have been produced. There is still room for a difference of opinion. Still it may be felt that these treasures might better have been added to those in the great museum. Yet no one can question the interest or the value of the smaller collection as it will be when its arrangement is completed and, we may hope, proper galleries for displaying it are built.

Different from any of these is the private collection that has passed into public keeping—a collection of pictures, it may be, or, like the Altman collection, of pictures and other beautiful things. Many grieved, very naturally grieved, when the Altman collection was moved to the Metropolitan from the well arranged and delightful galleries where it had been assembled. And everyone, I think, is content that the Frick collection should stay where it is. For, despite all that may most truthfully be said about the prime need for a great and widely hospitable museum, about the need for study, for instruction, for the opportunity to make comparisons, we also need sometimes to enjoy the mere passive contem-

plation of beautiful things, and for this a small collection, if harmoniously composed, gives the better chance. But, let us remember, the Frick collection, all of our small collections and any that we may hereafter acquire, would be far less valuable were not the Metropolitan at hand to help us to learn how to enjoy them.

And it should also be remembered, especially by intending benefactors, that there is one place where a small collection, whether of pictures or of varied things, has no right to exist. It has no right to exist inside a large museum. Here all the things ought to be incorporated with the main collections, distributed in accordance with the general scheme of arrangement. Of course a public which does not thoroughly understand such matters might well blame a museum for refusing fine things even when offered under hampering conditions. A donor who is its real friend will not put it to so severe a test.

There is still another argument in favor of large museums. More limited collections, unless they serve actual working places like Cooper Union, are always in danger of dying. A great museum ought to "work for its living" but a small one must in some way work to keep itself alive. A great museum ought to justify its demand for public support by doing its best to inform the intelligence, cultivate the eye, and improve the taste of the people, but its mere size, the multitude and variety of its contents, will keep it in the public mind. The mere fact that we find it difficult to see everything it owns, added to the fact that, like a river draining a wide watershed, its riches constantly increase, brings us back to it again and again. But small museums, which are usually like lakes that remain at the same level, incur the danger that familiarity breeds. They are likely to decline from places of living interest into morgues or mausoleums, such as were for many years the galleries of the Historical Society—not only those that contained its Egyptian treasures but those that were filled with interesting and valuable pictures. It is not alone in our restless immature America that this may happen. We can all remember in European cities small collections of very beautiful things which virtually no one visits except the passing tourist. Nor is it only the sight-seer who craves the charm and stimulus of novelty. So does the student or the true lover of the arts.

Besides his cultivated bodily eye he has a cultivated mental eye which sees very clearly such things as he has taken pains to hang in the chambers of his memory. What he has often seen he carries with him wherever he goes. Of course he likes to see it again and again with his bodily vision, but he wants still more to see new things, for this means not only an hour of fresh delight but also a growth in knowledge and the enrichment of his permanent mental treasury. The true amateur of beauty as well as the simple sight-seer makes a special effort to visit the museum where new acquisitions of kinds that appeal to him are put on view or a loan collection of them has been gathered. Even the largest museum ought in this way to excite an interest which will stimulate and develop interest in the museum as a whole, in its familiar as well as its novel possessions. I need hardly say that it is much more difficult for a small museum, which most often has no money to spend except upon mere maintenance, to vivify public interest either by the proffer of new things to see or by explanatory instruction. And the more narrowly specialized it is, the harder is the task.

I want especially to emphasize this point—that the desire to see new as well as familiar works of art is no more a sign of superficiality or stupidity or apathy than the desire to read books one has not read before. The more we care for the Rembrandts or the Titians that we have seen, the keener we are to look upon others. When a lover of Rembrandt sees for the first time the great landscape that Mr. Widener owns, or a lover of early Italian painting the splendid Bellini that Mr. Hamilton lent not long ago to the Metropolitan, it is an epoch in the history of his high pleasures, just as would be to a lover of literature or music his acquaintance with a hitherto unknown poem by Milton or a newly discovered Beethoven symphony.

It is a great part of the duty of a museum to gratify such right and reasonable, natural, laudable desires by borrowing as well as by purchasing or by accepting gifts, and this duty may well include the temporary exhibition of the work of living artists who have been much talked about even though they may hardly have the right to expect a welcome as permanent residents in the museum.

Many people who do not understand that a museum wants and even needs to borrow good things are bashful about proffering them when they wish to make safe disposal of their treasures for a time. They feel that they are asking a favor, perhaps too great a favor. Really, if their things are fine, they are conferring a favor on the public and on the museum as its intermediary. The business of a museum is to show the public beautiful or interesting works of art. If it can show them in perpetuity, so much the better; if it can show them for a time, this also is well. Circumstances may, of course, prevent the acceptance of even a very tempting offer. For example, I have known a museum to decline regretfully the loan of a pair of small mediaeval stained glass windows because it would have been unwise to make openings in the outer wall of the building for the display of temporary possessions. But in general a museum is glad to borrow good things whether a loan collection is in prospect or not. In fact, such things are especially welcome when they can be placed where they rightly belong—among other objects of a similar kind. More and more this matter of grouping, of the close association of kindred things, is seen to be important. It was an innovation but an admirable one when a couple of years ago the Metropolitan, assembling a remarkably fine loan collection to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of its own birth, did not keep the things together but distributed them through many galleries, each borrowed object being placed with its fellows but labelled as a transient possession.

It cannot be too often said that the modern, or at all events the American, museum of art now feels that its duty is to serve the public in every possible way. The more use that people make of it for the benefit of the public or of an individual, the better its guardians will be pleased. And the better the people will love it, and the more convinced they will become that, while small collections are desirable and sometimes are necessary, the chief need of a great city is for a great and diversified, an ever-growing and ever-active treasury of the arts.

M. G. Van Rensselaer.

THE RIGHTS OF CHILDREN

BY MARY VIDA CLARK

It is a hundred years since we have heard much of the Rights of Man. The French Revolution put a quietus on that topic. The past century has talked volubly of Women's Rights, but apparently the problems of feminism are among those largely solved by the Great War. It will soon be the turn of the last remaining unenfranchised class of human beings to claim their rights—the children.

Just as women were considerably unsettled by the egocentric struggles of their mates and would try their hand at the same game, so the extramural activities of mothers have increasingly upset the objects for which home and hearth are supposed to exist, and doubtless will in time make for the wider recognition of the particular brand of servitude to which this class is subjected. From among the innumerable rights to which the child is entitled as corollaries of his inalienable constitutional rights to "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness", a few may be selected for present consideration.

First in importance and chronology is the child's right to life—to be at all. In these days when no one is too young and innocent to chatter glibly of "birth control", the right of the next generation to exist seems in danger of being overlooked. The philosophers of an earlier day reduced our many human instincts to the two fundamentals of self-preservation and propagation, but it remained for this generation to stir up an open conflict between the two, and to exalt the egoistic over the altruistic.

But we who with such equanimity contemplate the denial of the duty of parenthood in general, and the exercise of the right of the woman "to live her own life", could hardly conceive a world in which we personally were deprived of participating. How monstrous it would seem to us if we ourselves had actually

been denied existence because of the preference of our parents for French millinery or what not! And yet this is what we see all about us. How many so-called families do we not know who, on incomes of from $5,000 up, cannot afford a child or more than one, but who can afford to spend on "little dinners" at restaurants or on "girl and music shows" and on extra frills at home enough to support in decency several young hopefuls? Someone may urge that such people are not fit to be parents. Perhaps not; few people are, for that matter. But perhaps if they had the gumption to make the sacrifices that parenthood demands, the qualities that survived the conflict of motives might make them fit. To how many people who feel it desirable to restrict their progeny to the minimum, would the luxury of children, which might be so good for them, be possible through abstinence from those things that they would be better off without? From the point of view of self-interest and a forward-looking calculation of profit and loss, many couples might support children by saving the large fees for medical and sanatorium care for the neurasthenia that their mode of life is likely to induce.

The right of the married to be childless appears to go hand in hand with the right of the unmarried to have children, which seems to be one of the tenets of the new religion. The result of putting this preachment into practise, as it affects the chief agents, does not concern us here; but how about the party of the third part concerned therein—the child? What this school of thought tends to minimize or ignore is the fundamental right of the child to have a father.

It is not only in Bohemia but also in Mayfair that one is now likely to meet the female free-thinker and theoretical free-lover, generally a spinster of unspotted reputation, who proclaims the right of every woman to have a child if she pleases, and out of matrimony, if matrimony is undesired or unattainable. The *modus operandi* to effect this "woman's right" is not touched upon, and the earnest inquirer is left in doubt as to the method. What is generally kept in the background is the child's relation to the paternal parent, if there is to be one, or its relation to life without the customary equipment of a father.

Does it occur to no one to plead that a child has a right not merely to a begetter but to a father, a real father, with a back and shoulders to ride on at the appropriate time, who develops into a companion for fishing and such activities, with whom a fellow can stand gazing at machinery, and who knows a thing or two about it—just a plain father, who lives at home and supports his family?

Of course it is not to be denied that there are unfortunate children who are deprived by death of one or both of their properly married and publicly recognized parents, and that such may live a reasonably normal and happy life. But it seems a pity that these "acts of God" should be copied by human institutions already too imperfect.

Nor should we decry the admirable and rapidly increasing tendency of the home-loving spinster who has abandoned thoughts of a husband, to satisfy her maternal instinct and do her bit for the world by adopting a homeless child. A fatherless home with a good foster-mother is a better place to rear the young than an orphan asylum. Perhaps the phenomenon of the modern excessive supply of maternally-minded unmarried women is Nature's method of providing for the also excessive products of marriages prematurely dissolved by physical or moral disaster.

All these exceptions, however, are at best makeshifts, and serve chiefly to call attention to the fact that the child who is properly equipped for life has two parents, as well as two arms and legs, however many cripples there may unhappily be in the world.

Next in importance is the child's right to brothers and sisters, or what our eugenic friends call by the comic name of "siblings". If the plural is in all cases too much to demand, at least one "sibling" should be a minimum concession. The liability of the only child to the danger of being "spoiled" has been long and widely recognized. The expectation of moral life which can be calculated for an only child is about equal to that of the proverbial "minister's son". But it is not only in the strictly moral sphere that to be an only child is an extra hazardous occupation. Our ultra-modern psychologists and psychiatrists are calling attention to previously unrecognized mental risks, and warning us that this way madness lies. The first decade of life is no longer pictured as a garden of delight, but as a field of battle where "invisible armies

clash by night". It is in these infantile conflicts ("conflict" is the technical word) that those wounds of the spirit are acquired, which, after festering in "the unconscious" for a few decades, break out in the neuroses and psychoses of middle life. One of our leading Freudians has produced a learned monograph entitled *The Only or Favorite Child*, a signpost pointing out the *descensum Averno* down which these pre-ordained victims of infant damnation are pushed by the fatuous and doting parents who are called by an inscrutable Providence to do the work. According to this school of thought, the superior opportunity that the only child is afforded by his freedom from domestic competition is that of ending his days in an insane asylum—and being able to be a paying patient.

But even without these lurid lights on this dark subject, we can feel our way to the sensible realization that an only child is at best a forlorn and unnatural object, arbitrarily and unjustly deprived of the company of his peers, and condemned to excessive and demoralizing association with rude-mannered adults, constantly intruding their unwelcome attentions, and making the unfortunate an object of ridicule to the more happily situated groups of brothers and sisters to be observed in the outer world. To fail to conform to the requirements of this abnormal environment, where one is the only one of his kind in his world, makes for immediate misery; and to conform, it now appears, results in even more serious disaster in the future. A cruel dilemma indeed for a guileless enterer in life's handicap! And yet the senile speak of "childhood's happy hours"!

Consider next the child's right to respectful treatment. The rudeness exhibited by most adults in their relations with children is fully recognized only by the victims themselves, who are too forbearing and well-mannered to speak out in their own defense. The child is a very serious-minded individual, engaged in a life and death struggle for existence and growth and knowledge, in a world ill adapted to meet his needs, to which he must by increasing and herculean effort learn to conform. Self-respect and consideration for others demand the repression, so far as possible, of external indications of the conflict going on within the soul; but to the combatant, conscious of the struggle, life and himself are

very serious propositions. To the adult, however, whose growing pains have ceased and been forgotten with the conclusion of his stunted development, the child, because of a certain meretricious outer appearance of calm, seems for some inscrutable reason an object of hilarity, to be treated jocosely when not subjected to autocratic domination and suppression. A sense of humor, in cases where it exists at all, is a development of maturity, a thing not born but made. The child still regards life as real and earnest. Yet his serious observations on his discoveries in the natural and supernatural world are treated by thick-headed grown-ups as funny sayings to be bandied about for public entertainment. Who is possessed of a memory so short as to include no example of the humiliating experience of overhearing, or even hearing in his presence, his elders' hilarious enjoyment of his carefully thought-out comments on the nature of things as they are or seem to be? The otherwise civilized adult who would not dream of greeting with roars of laughter, or even with a smile, the *naïvété* of another adult who had not enjoyed similar privileges of education or experience, will unhesitatingly laugh in the face of a child who has paid him the compliment of confiding an observation or asking a question regarding some matter of serious concern. The child, naturally sensitive to ridicule, soon learns to keep to himself his queries and his discoveries, painfully and laboriously acquiring knowledge by putting two and two together through æons of time. Who cannot recall certain of the problems of his child mind? How, for instance, did a war come to an end; was it when one side had lost its last man? Did contemporary kings and queens wear crowns and ermine, or clothes just like other people? What was a wing of a house referred to in a story book; did some houses have attached to them gigantic birds' wings, under which the happy inmates could sit in the cool shade? One must be on the lookout for such houses. As for those fundamentally important and puzzling questions regarding the sources of life, the evidence was really too confusing, and what colossal accumulations of twos and twos were required to put anything together satisfactorily in that department of essential knowledge!

The right to conform is an important but little recognized right of the child which deserves thoughtful consideration by the

humanitarian. It should be remembered that childhood is the reproduction of the age of taboo, which presumably afflicted our ancestors even more than it does us, since its more rigid forms are more widely prevalent among partly-civilized tribes of every continent. The "instinct of the herd" so learnedly described by the delightful Trotter is perhaps the strongest motive power of our "contemporary ancestors" of the age of eight to sixteen.

Think of the tortures to which youthful conformists are subjected by unconventional parents, given to erratic ideas about dress reform, or a tendency to refrain from regular church attendance or to indulge in public speaking, divorce, or other aberrations of conduct. "What Maisie Knew" is nothing to what she suffered in her silent and sensitive little soul from the social eccentricities of the parents who squabbled alternately to grab her from each other and to dump her upon each other.

Parents who subject their male offspring to the humiliation of curls and kilts, and the young of the "eternal feminine" to simple white lawn party dresses where silk and lace are the mode, should be arrested and prosecuted for being instigators of the indecent exposure of the young and corrupters of public morals.

These are but a few of the fundamental rights to which the many evidences of suffering child humanity call the attention of the seeing eye. And as women depended for their enfranchisement upon the all-powerful male voter, so the helpless child must await its liberation at the hands of the omnipotent grown-up. Happily for the cause of childhood, every adult has at some more or less remote and forgotten period, experienced in his own person what it is to be some kind of a child—an advantage that the child has in his relation to the adult over that of the woman to the man. With the aids to memory increasingly furnished by our literature, scientific, fictional and pictorial, relating to the nature and activities of the young at every age from the prenatal to "Seventeen", there is hope that the world may in time move to the liberation of the last of the subject races.

Mary Vida Clark.

THE FOUNDING OF MAIN STREET—IV

BY STANLEY T. WILLIAMS

THE LETTERS OF MATTHEW ARNOLD

"Dear Mr. Arnold," wrote the great P. T. Barnum, as Matthew Arnold neared Bridgeport, "you are a celebrity, I am a notoriety; we ought to get together." The American magazines of 1883 and 1884 congratulated themselves that this visitor was really a celebrity, a celebrity who had studied our institutions, and who was likely to make more than insular comments on our *mores*. Had not Mr. Arnold already written an essay on America, and had he not spoken with sympathy regarding our liberalism? More than any other Victorian who had examined the founding of Main Street he possessed a vision of the hopes and aims of society as a whole. True, his learning was not deep, but his culture was broad and of the best. He was neither a statesman nor a politician, but he knew a good deal about democracy, and other social experiments. Moreover, although one might question the working value of Arnold's phrase doctrines of "culture" and "sweetness and light", no one could deny the fine quality of their idealism. In fact one periodical said outright that he would be a better judge of America than other recent visitors, William Black, Herbert Spencer, John Freeman, or even Professor Geikie and Mr. Bagley Potter.

It is a little discouraging, then, to read in *The Nineteenth Century* of 1888 what the celebrity said of this infant democracy. The "remnant", "numbers," "*Gemeinheit*"—how these cool tributes to our social organization reverberated through the rocks and rills, the woods and templed hills, of America; or rather through the editorial offices of every magazine and newspaper! The celebrity was hard on our society. Of course he found some things to praise: He pointed out—Mrs. Trollope to the contrary on this point—that there was real equality in America; and

in American women, though their voices were by no means gentle and low, he discovered the charm of naturalness. About other things—Arnold was never silent concerning our social evolution—one may read for himself what Arnold thought of our democracy. At this moment we are interested rather in what Arnold thought of American life and manners; with what eyes he beheld the persons and things which irritated Mrs. Trollope, which disgusted Dickens, and which amused Thackeray. What, for example, did the celebrity think of the notoriety?

It is all in the *Letters*. Mrs. Trollope had been gone from America more than forty-five years; Thackeray more than twenty-five; Dickens about fifteen. What had happened in the interval to Main Street? Arnold marched down it, a critical judge. We were seen, naked and unashamed, by the elegant Jeremiah, the priest of the kid-glove persuasion, the Professor of Greek, the man who believed in the well-known preference of the Almighty for University men. He suffered. There can be no doubt of that. I fancy that, had he been here in Mrs. Trollope's day, he would not have endured it. All that was better in our culture since the visits of these others was offset by the quality of this mind that surveyed us in the 'eighties. Commodus visiting the barbarians of Germany could not have felt more distant than Matthew Arnold contemplating the American Philistine. Arnold was kind towards us, kind as Plato might have been when he watched his artisans hammering out a suit of armor; kind, but equally remote. He failed—let this be our comfort—to comprehend the sweat and toil of those who are founding a new civilization. "Quebec," he wrote Walter Arnold, "is the most interesting thing by much that I have seen on this continent, and I think I would sooner be a poor priest in Quebec than a rich hog-merchant in Chicago."

It is monotonous to notice that Matthew Arnold came to America to make money. Neither his inability to make a speech, nor even Frank Harris, could keep him from the mint of a public lecture tour in the United States. His first adventure here was with an old friend of his, the young reporter, Leo Adolescens, as he had christened him in *Friendship's Garland*. In a letter to his sister he describes the busyness of this person. He had not

yet landed. "We were lying," he writes, "off Staten Island, a beautiful *orné* landscape with spires, villas, hills, and woods. 'Just like Richmond,' I said to someone by me, 'and not a single Mohican running about.' This precious speech," he concludes, "has got into the newspapers here." Chiefly because of the newspapers he writes: "The blaring publicity of this place is beyond all that I had any idea of." Curiously enough, American newspapers were able to sting Arnold as those of England could not. The earlier letters which describe the attacks of London papers are models of good humor. And when Frederick Harrison burlesques him in an imaginary dialogue called *Culture* he "laughs till he cries". But *The Chicago Tribune* was his master; it lacerated him. This paper, he says, "is sent me to-day with a violent attack upon me for lecturing for 'filthy lucre', and the people catch the cries of their newspapers wonderfully." On January 21 he writes his daughter from Chicago: "A Detroit newspaper compared me, as I stooped now and then to look at my manuscript on a music stool, to 'an elderly bird pecking at grapes on a trellis'—that," he says, "is the style of the thing." Some comments were more pleasing. At Newport he found in a newspaper the following: "The Baptist Union recommend all good Christians to give at least two hours to reading their Bible for every hour they give to hearing Matthew Arnold. This shows," the wise editor concludes, "that in the judgment of the Baptist Union Matthew Arnold's doctrine is very nearly twice as powerful as that of the Bible!"

Another *contretemps* with American newspapers is recorded in part in the *Letters*, but is revised and enlarged in Arnold's essay on *Civilization in the United States*, which appeared in *The Nineteenth Century* in April, 1888:

> You must have lived amongst their newspapers to know what they are. If I relate some of my own experiences, these will give a clear enough notion of what the newspapers over there are, and one remembers more definitely what has happened to oneself. Soon after arriving in Boston, I opened a Boston newspaper and came upon a column headed: "Tickings." By *tickings* we are to understand news conveyed through the tickings of the telegraph. The first "ticking" was: "Matthew Arnold is sixty-two years old"—an age, I must just say in passing, which I had not then reached. The second "ticking" was: "Wales says, Mary is a darling;" the meaning being, that the Prince of

Wales expressed great admiration for Miss Mary Anderson. This was at Boston, the American Athens. . . .

I proceeded to Chicago. An evening paper was given me soon after I arrived; I opened it, and found under a large type heading, "*We have seen him arrive*," the following picture of myself: "He has harsh features, supercilious manners, parts his hair down the middle, wears a single eyeglass and ill-fitting clothes." Notwithstanding this rather unfavorable introduction I was most kindly and hospitably received at Chicago. It happened that I had a letter for Medill, an elderly gentleman of Scotch descent, the editor of the chief newspaper in these parts, *The Chicago Tribune*. I called on him, and we conversed amicably together. Some time afterwards, when I had gone back to England, a New York paper published a criticism of Chicago and its people, purporting to have been contributed by me to *The Pall Mall Gazette* over here. It was a poor hoax, and many people were taken in and were excusably angry, Mr. Medill of *The Chicago Tribune* among the number. A friend telegraphed to me to know if I had written the criticism. I, of course, instantly telegraphed back that I had not written a syllable of it. Then a Chicago newspaper is sent to me; and what I have the pleasure of reading, as the result of my contradiction, is this: "Arnold denies; Mr. Medill [my old friend] refuses to accept Arnold's disclaimer; says Arnold is a cur."

It is difficult to surpass this, except in the heading of *The Chicago Tribune* in huge letters: "*Matthew Has Whiskers.*"

On the whole, Arnold's letters give a pleasant picture of our virtues, but one cannot help feeling that he thought these virtues second-rate. In Hartford he stayed with "a nice old couple called Clark". (Here he whispers that "Hartford is the richest town in New England, and Mr. Clark the richest merchant in it." Arnold seems to be quite sensible of the distinction of wealth.) What he found in the Clark family he thought typical of an American virtue. "The whole family have," he wrote, "compared with our middle class at home, that buoyancy, enjoyment, and freedom from constraint which are everywhere in America, and which confirmed me in all I have said about the way the aristocratic class acts as an incubus upon our middle class at home. The universal enjoyment and good nature are what strike one here."

Indeed, pleasant adventures are manifold. Arnold is thrilled by a spin behind "two American trotters". He is pleased with Henry Ward Beecher. General Grant, although he attends the lectures and cannot "hear the British lion roar", goes out of his way to serve Arnold. Oliver Wendell Holmes is interested, and

"dear old Whittier" meets him at luncheon. He likes Dartmouth and finds the five hundred young ladies of Wellesley College "charming". He dines with the president of Amherst, "the president (who is a widower), his three daughters, and a favourite student, who perhaps is going to marry one of the daughters?" Of the fare at these entertainments there are endless, itemized chronicles. Arnold is learning to like this morning porridge of "split oat groats", which the Americans call oat-meal. He is delighted with the elms of Concord and with "Queeny" Emerson, who, he concedes, has "manners of high distinction". Most of all he likes Virginia which, he notes, "was colonized not by the Puritans, but by English gentry." In fact in Virginia "the cloth is drawn after dinner in the old English fashion".

Yet, after all was said for these things, they could not, Arnold thought, dye out the true American mood, the mood of commonplaceness, of *Gemeinheit*. Even our hearty good nature he found more than counterbalanced by the attendant lack of reserve:

> Some of the best English qualities are clean gone; the love of quiet and dislike of a crowd is gone out of the American entirely. They said Washington had it; . . . but I have seen no American yet, except Norton at Cambridge, who does not seem to desire constant publicity and to be on the go all the day long. It is very fatiguing. I thank God it only confirms me in the desire to "hide my life" as the Greek philosopher recommended, as much as possible.

At the Capitol Mrs. Trollope and Dickens are brought vividly to mind by "the dirt, untidiness, and spitting." He whirls about the country at reduced rates with tickets bearing the inscription, *The Matthew Arnold Troupe*. Finally, at St. Louis, the truth is borne in upon him of the assertion of an American bishop, that "Denver was not ripe for Mr. Arnold".

The *Letters* as a means of studying Arnold's opinions of our culture should be supplemented by passages from the essay in *The Nineteenth Century*. All our Philistinism had its focus, Arnold thought, in our defective sense of beauty:

> I asked a German portrait-painter, whom I found painting and prospering in America, how he liked the country? "How *can* an artist like it?" was his answer. The American artist lives chiefly in Europe; all Americans of cultivation and wealth visit Europe more and more constantly. The mere

nomenclature of the country acts upon a cultivated person like the incessant pricking of pins. What people in whom the sense for beauty and fitness was quick could have invented, or could tolerate, the hideous names ending in *ville*, the Briggsvilles, Higginsvilles, Jacksonvilles, rife from Maine to Florida; the jumble of unnatural and inappropriate names everywhere? On the line from Albany to Buffalo you have, in one part, half the names in the classical dictionary to designate the stations; it is said that the folly is due to a surveyor who, when the country was laid out, happened to possess a classical dictionary.

"The truth," Arnold adds, after declaring that Washington was but an English officer, and that Lincoln lacked distinction, "is that everything is against distinction in American, and against the sense of elevation to be gained through admiring and respecting it. The glorification of 'the average man', who is quite a religion with the statesmen and publicists there, is against it. . . . Above all," he says, and we smile, "the newspapers are against it."

So they saw us, these Victorians. They saw the beginnings and the growth of Main Street. They spoke frankly of us, and they made us angry. No one enjoys comments from strangers on table-manners in his home. This is the real difficulty: that their criticism made us angry instead of thoughtful; that we would not criticize ourselves. Arnold saw this weakness more clearly than Mrs. Trollope, Dickens, or Thackeray. "The worst of it is," he said, "that all this tall talk and self-glorification meets with hardly any rebuke over there." This was true then. It was very nearly true a score of years ago. It is not true now. In fiction, in poetry, in every form of writing, the protests are louder and more persistent. Our dissatisfaction with ourselves must preface something. Mr. Chesterton says, I believe, that it is but another sign of our commercialism. Many of us believe that it is a sign of something quite different—the dawn of a new intellectual life.

STANLEY T. WILLIAMS.

AFFAIRS OF THE WORLD

BY WILLIS FLETCHER JOHNSON

"UNLESS the Russian note of May 11 is withdrawn, what can be accomplished at The Hague?" The question was asked in the interim between Genoa and The Hague, by the Hon. David Jayne Hill, writing in this REVIEW about the illusions of the Genoa Conference. It was perhaps less an inquiry than a prophecy, and as such it has been fulfilled. The Russian note was not withdrawn, and nothing was accomplished at The Hague. Dr. Hill will not regard me as belittling his prescience if I say that this was one of many cases in which a prophecy is merely one man's courageous utterance of something which others know but fear to say. It would be an intolerable reflection upon the intelligence and judgment of the world to suggest that it had not yet learned the truth set forth—also in a question—by the herdsman of Tekoa nearly thirty centuries ago: "Can two walk together, except they be agreed?" The one entirely essential basis of agreement was lacking at The Hague, as it had been at Genoa. But I have not quoted Dr. Hill fully. He demanded to know, in case the Russians refused to conform with the Powers on what is perhaps the supreme moral and legal point in international negotiations, what could be accomplished at The Hague "or anywhere else". Comrade Tchitcherin supplied the answer: Nothing, anywhere! It ought not to require further demonstrations to convince even the most optimistic of that fact. It is of course regrettable; chiefly on altruistic grounds, for the sake of the Russian people. As for the rest of the world, it is not for one moment to be conceded that its rehabilitation is dependent upon restored fellowship with Russia. Perhaps such relations would facilitate and expedite the return of normal conditions. But the world would be paying "too much for its whistle". Far better to endure the delay and the continued burdens which Russian estrangement may entail, than to compromise the character of the world by accepting "the easiest way".

Out of evil comes at least a little good. The fiasco of The Hague reënforces that of Genoa in vindicating the wisdom and the righteousness of the American policy not only of the last year in declining to take part in these futile conferences but also in the last century in consistently holding aloof from the tortuous mazes of European politics. It is an interesting and suggestive coincidence that the conference at The Hague occurred almost exactly at the centenary—next month—of the notorious Congress of Verona. The latter was the culmination and end of that series of conclaves of the Holy Alliance which determined the United States to crystallize the primal policy of Washington into the Monroe Doctrine; and the meeting at The Hague was the latest—probably the last—of a series which has given every thoughtful American cause for profound gratitude for the wisdom of a hundred years ago and for the resolute loyalty to that wisdom which prevails today.

An inspiring contrast to the meddlings and muddlings in Europe is presented in the splendid achievement of our Government in securing a potential settlement of the forty-year controversy between Peru and Chile over the Tacna-Arica territory. Indeed, with the signing of the protocol by those two Powers the settlement may be regarded as assured. We cannot doubt either that the President of the United States will prudently and equitably discharge his great duty as arbitrator or that both the litigants will loyally accept his decision. The achievement is wholly admirable from every point of view; notably from three: It is well to have the dispute decided by arbitration, a method exactly adapted to it; it is well to have those American Republics thus seek a purely American disposition of their differences, instead of turning to the "Big Five" of the League of Nations, though of that latter body they are both nominally members; and it is well to have them accept the United States as umpire between them, not because this country desires or aspires to anything like a hegemony of this hemisphere, but because such a transaction will perceptibly strengthen the bonds of confidence, sympathy and friendship between us and our southern neighbors. Because of this fine achievement, the American Secretary of State will be welcomed with peculiar fervor when he presently visits the

Brazilian Centenary Exposition. Meanwhile it is scarcely probable that the League of Nations will undertake to discipline or even to reprove Chile and Peru for ignoring its authority and offices in the matter,—though technically they might have been expected to turn to it instead of to the one great Power which has held aloof from it,—seeing how haltingly and ineffectually the League, even in its secret meetings, is getting along with the Balkan and other problems with which it has attempted to deal.

One of the most instructive incidents of the extensive railroad strike has been the definition of the right to strike which was made by a leading Socialist organ, *The New York Call.* President Harding in his proclamation recognized frankly the right of men to cease working, and insisted upon the equal right of other men to work; and declared the disposition of the Government to be to protect both categories in those rights. Against this *The Call* protested, declaring that the President thus aligned himself against the strikers. The strikers, it held, should be protected in their right to strike. But to protect others in going to work in place of the strikers was to deny the right of the strikers, since the right to strike necessarily implied the right to make the strike effective by whatever means might be necessary. In other words, strikers must be free, not merely to quit work themselves but also to prevent other men from taking their places and to prevent the railroads from conducting their business without them. They have a right to "make their strike effective", even if it be necessary to resort to violence, sabotage, arson or murder. The significant fact is not that a Socialist organ enunciates that detestable and intolerable doctrine, but that Mr. Gompers's American Federation of Labor seems to acquiesce in it. Although, as a rule, Mr. Gompers is antipathetic toward Socialism, *The Call* is at present his chief journalistic champion, and if he and the Federation dissent from such extreme utterances as that which I have cited and repudiate the making of them, the fact is not known to the public. It was pleasant last month to applaud Mr. Gompers's manly and successful stand against Bolshevist Communism. It is regrettable that he does not similarly stand against the equally abominable principles of his Socialist advocates.

Discussion of national anthems is again rife, somewhat more extensively, earnestly and persistently than ever before; taking chiefly the tone of unfavorable criticism of both the words and music of *The Star Spangled Banner.* It is to be hoped that the time will never come when Americans will not love that historic poem and be thrilled at sound of its stirring air. Indeed, it is to be wished that more than one in a hundred of them would love it enough to learn its words. Yet it might be even finer than it is in both words and music without being well suited to the purposes of an official national anthem. The indisputable objections to the words are two: That it is a "poem of occasion", based upon a single specific incident not of the first importance, and therefore unsuited for permanent use; and that its spirit is almost entirely martial, not to say belligerent, and therefore unsuited to the peaceful uses of a peace-loving nation. The objections to the music are that it is of foreign origin, that its earliest association was with an obscene drinking song, and that it is difficult to sing. Not one nor all of these five objections can ever banish the song from the hymnary of patriotism, but they may well impeach its claim to supreme distinction and official adoption. I cannot recall that any air has ever been adopted as a national anthem which was not composed for that purpose or at least for patriotic use; nor that, with a single obvious exception, any was ever thus adopted that was of alien origin. The one exception to the latter rule is, of course, that air which Beethoven, Haydn, Weber and other great musicians regarded as one of the noblest compositions of human genius and which beside being the *God Save the King!* of England has been the official and favorite national air of at least half a dozen other important countries. It might, to the uninitiated, seem passing strange that it should be opposed on account of its foreign and especially its English origin by the very persons who are most zealously in favor of *The Star Spangled Banner;* and it is of curious interest to recall that Samuel F. Smith, when he "shouted a song for the brave and the free", supposed that he was fitting it to the notes of a German folk ballad! It is not clear that there is any imperative necessity of our officially adopting a national anthem, but if we should do so, we should make sure that in all respects it is appropriate

and worthy. As to the argument that national anthems are, as poets, "born, not made," it must be remembered that at least two of the best that ever were written were in fact "written to order".

There has been a revival of prosecutions of publishers for issuing reputedly "obscene" literature, with varying results. Amid a flood of injudicious babble, *pro* and *contra*, two facts stand forth conspicuous. One is, that it is disgraceful and should be intolerable to have the terrorism of censorship held over the literary world by self-appointed meddlers who are usually conspicuous for ignorance and absurdity of judgment, but who, under one of the amazing anomalies of our governmental system, are invested with a quasi-official and peculiarly arbitrary power. The other is that there are now being written and printed entirely too many books impossible of justification on grounds not of morality but of common decency. Prudery is generally prurience, and is detestable; but equally detestable is filth written for filth's sake, even though it be spuriously labelled "art". "Clear your mind of cant," exhorted Ursa Major; and the urging is as pertinent today as it was a century and a half ago. We all know that there are many books in which sexual intimacies and aberrations are portrayed and discussed with clinical frankness, yet which have no unclean purpose and which it is simply ridiculous to ban as "obscene"; some of them, such as the masterpieces of Hawthorne and Daudet, being imbued with the noblest of moral inspirations, and others, from Petronius to Maupassant, being written faithfully to depict and record the manners of the times. We know, too, just as well, that there are books being printed now—as in years past—with no such purpose or excuse for being, but solely for their appeal to lubricity. To discriminate between the two classes, and to protect the one in the freedom of letters while suppressing the other as a public nuisance, must be recognized as one of the most difficult and important of tasks, which it would be scandalous to entrust to an irresponsible and arbitrary 'prentice hand, yet which needs to be performed for the sake of literature and art as well as of social and personal morals.

While New York and other communities are agitated over conflicting schemes for war memorials which differ chiefly in degrees of fantasticality and bad taste, "they order this matter better in France." In the Forest of Compiègne, on the spot where the Armistice was signed, is being placed a simple slab of stone, bearing this inscription:

Here, on the 11th November, 1918, Succumbed the Criminal Pride of the German Empire, Beaten by the Free Peoples Whom It Desired to Enslave.

That is all; but it is enough, and not too much. There is not a thought nor a suggestion in it that is not unimpeachably true, or that is lacking in perfect tact and taste. It is a model worthy of study and emulation by everyone who commemorates or in any way writes of or speaks of the Great War; for it is a transcript of the legend indelibly inscribed in the minds and hearts of the civilized world.

It is not easy to restrain a certain impulse toward at least a semi-cynical amusement at the performance of the young man who at first entirely rejected his father's legacy of a million dollars, on the Socialist ground that the possession of such a fortune, and certainly its transmission to him who had had no part in creating it, could not be justified on moral grounds; and that anyway it would be a burden to him to take care of it. After a period of heart-searching and meditation he appears to have decided to keep a considerable part of it, but to give the bulk of it to a radical and Socialist organization, "for Public Service"; which organization is not expected to demur at the acceptance of "tainted money". With all possible recognition of the altruistic nobility of the young man, there persists in coming to mind the old story of the young woman who "got religion" so strenuously that she felt that the costly jewels she was wearing were devices of the Evil One to drag her down to hell, and accordingly gave them all to her sister.

NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

THE LITTLE CORNER NEVER CONQUERED. By John van Schaick, Jr. New York: The Macmillan Company.

The War Council of the American Red Cross first sent a commission to Europe in June, 1917, with Grayson M. P. Murphy, a successful New York banker, who had shortly before been commissioned as Major in the United States Reserve Corps and placed on General Pershing's Staff, at its head. One of the most noteworthy facts about the non-military war-work seems to have been that the very ablest civilians in the country were needed for such duties and were assigned to them. The versatile American business man, requisitioned for unfamiliar service under strange conditions, cheerfully rolled up his shirtsleeves, plunged into the maelstrom of conflicting organizations, foreign politics, and red tape, and by virtue of his tact, efficiency, and tireless labor, energized the whole mass. Of course, the American official, in whatever branch of service he might be, was in an especially favorable position for influencing the course of events. As representing the country looked upon as the savior of the hard-pressed Allies, he naturally called forth all the unselfishness and courtesy of the devoted Englishmen and Frenchmen with whom he worked. But in general he seems to have made extraordinarily good use of his opportunity.

Major Murphy was no exception to this rule. His policy, from the first, was to coöperate with existing organizations, to avoid conflicts and duplications, to be universally and systematically helpful. "Remember," he said to his staff, "that these people who have been doing relief work in Europe since the beginning of the war know a lot more about it than we do. Play the game with them. . . . We have to remember that these people over there are very tired and very sensitive. I want you to pocket your pride and not get into arguments. . . . If a Red Cross man is high and mighty with a single hotel waiter, he will hurt the whole Red Cross. . . . I don't know a thing about it. I've got to depend on you fellows to put it over."

On August 20, Major Murphy directed that a department for Belgium be organized. The head of this department, which was soon turned into an independent commission, was the able and devoted Colonel Ernest P. Bicknell, and the assistant chief was John van Schaick, Jr., the author of this book. The new commission had its headquarters at Le Havre, the seat of the Belgian Government, which exercised authority over that little corner of Belgium which was never conquered. The book thus gives a valuable view of what was in many ways the most interesting portion of the front, supplementing what we know of occupied Belgium during the war.

The statistics of what the commission accomplished are in themselves impressive. The work of military relief alone included the establishment, equipment, and maintenance of hospitals, canteens, and centers of recreation; the provision of rest areas for Belgian nurses; supplies for hospitals and canteens; gifts and extra comforts for soldiers; and cash donations to hospital, canteen, and recreational organizations. Considerably over a million dollars was spent in these ways. In addition to this, upwards of $364,000 was expended upon civil hospitals. An especially fascinating story is that of the relief of the children—an account varied by many personal narratives. To this work the sum of $1,159,553 was devoted. The organization of the relief of refugees—a work having many pathetic and inspiring aspects—was difficult and laborious. It comprised the removal of refugees from dangerous or congested areas; provision of housing, relief supplies and medical service; improvement of living conditions; clothing for discharged Belgian soldiers; assistance to returning refugees; and contributions to other organizations and to the Belgian Government for relief activities. The expenditure in this case was about a million and a half. For general supervision, a little over $93,000 was spent. The grand total for relief work in Belgium amounted to $4,327,089. Never interfering, always ready in its response to the most diverse demands, the Belgian Commission had a hand in every sort of relief work and ensured its success.

Besides giving a comprehensive report of the work of the commission, the author presents somewhat lifelike sketches of notable personalities—notably of the noble King and Queen of Belgium and of the energetic and original Dr. Antoine De Page, the man who made the famous Ocean Hospital. It is to pages like these that historians of the future will turn when they wish to distinguish the facts of character from myth and popular tradition.

Random Memories. By Ernest Wadsworth Longfellow. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company.

There is much in these pleasant reminiscences to make one think of the author of *Evangeline* and *Hiawatha*—a sort of unimpassioned love of nature and art and humankind, a charm closely allied to moderation and sanity. There is nothing very remarkable in the book, nothing commonplace. It satisfies one continually because it all seems to be so natural and adequate an expression of personality. One is in the society of a friend who has nothing to conceal, relates everything with a touch of appreciation and with more than a touch of good sense, withholds nothing except through the fear of becoming tiresome, and does not try to hide even his limitations. The book makes one feel that one has had a good talk with the author. No literary mannerisms have come between. The absence of a confidential tone increases one's confidence. It is agreeable thus to deal with a personality that has no secrets, no poses, no particular desire to impress, and which for these reasons does impress

one the more. The style is almost the prose style of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, lacking a certain formality.

As to the poet himself, while there is much pleasant chat about him and his friends, the passage about him that sticks best in one's memory is one relating to what may be called his excess of moderation. "One of my great regrets in life," writes the author, "is that my father would not let me go with Agassiz on his expedition to Brazil and his exploration of the Amazon. Agassiz had offered me the post of artist to the expedition, and I had been wild to go, but I was not yet of age, and my father was very much opposed to it, fearing I could not stand the climate, so I reluctantly gave it up. It was certainly one of the lost chances of my life. That was very characteristic of my father; he always thought it wisest not to do a thing. He had none of the adventurous spirit. 'To stay at home is best,' he wrote. He hated excess or extremes. He disliked extreme cold or extreme heat, and believed in the *juste milieu* in everything. Not for him, therefore, the extreme heights or depths of the tragic poets." This is a rather revealing criticism and it is given additional point by the fact that but for his father's influence Ernest Longfellow would have chosen to become a soldier rather than an artist.

There is not a little criticism of a simple and similarly revealing sort scattered through the volume. One may instance the quite adequate remarks about those two extraordinary and contentious books written respectively by Charles and Henry Adams. "I once passed a rainy Sunday at The Glades," says Mr. Longfellow, in passing, "a summer colony, where two Adamses, Jack and Charles, sat all the afternoon on the piazza in rocking-chairs, and whatever one said the other contradicted flatly." The author's comments, moreover, upon art and some of its modern varieties, while in no way subtle, have that quality of evident good sense *plus* something more in the way of charm or fitness or forbearance which is characteristic of the whole narrative.

Next to the matter relating to the elder Longfellow and his circle, one may place in the scale of interest the author's description of Thomas Couture, the French artist under whom Ernest Longfellow studied for two summers. Here is true portrayal, revealing unusual traits without unduly playing up eccentricities, giving life to a personality. But there are genuine touches of life and character on every page. One of Mr. Longfellow's reminiscences is of such psychological and human interest that it was coveted by Henry James as material for a story; and the author's anecdotes range from things of this sort to mere "quips and cranks", puns as delightful as those in which Oliver Wendell Holmes used to revel, and quaint stories that are good enough to bear many retellings. Through it all runs a vein of seriousness and decorum, and an evident sincerity that lends significance even to little matters. There is a sober evaluation of all the author's experiences, a mature appreciation, scarcely verging upon enthusiasm, of what he found best in society, in art, and in travel, which is really more agreeable than any amount of smart comment.

The spirit of the old New England writers is in this book, modernized and individualized. The narrative has a pleasant flavor of Washington Irving, without being in the least imitative or old-fashioned.

DEATH AND ITS MYSTERY: AT THE MOMENT OF DEATH. By Camille Flammarion. New York: The Century Company.

M. Flammarion is bent upon treating the subject of super-normal phenomena systematically and on thus demonstrating survival of bodily death beyond cavil. In a previous volume he has written of manifestations before death. The present book is to be followed by one relating to communications of departed spirits.

The author's method, though a little unusual, seems logically justifiable. Once establish the fact of telepathy between living persons, and between those living and those at the point of death, and the way is open for belief in communications from the dead to the living—always provided, of course, that we can in these latter cases exclude the possibility of influence from living persons. Now since, in view of the mass of accumulated evidence, it would seem mere prejudice to declare telepathy impossible, why may we not, upon the publication of M. Flammarion's next work, swallow the whole spiritualistic dose?

In the first place, while Flammarion's collection of cases is as large and quite as interesting as any that may be found in the works of any other writer, there is in them, as in all such compilations, a terrible monotony, a deadening unsatisfactoriness. This kind of unsure and unperfect revelation is not to one's taste; it does little more than harrow one's feelings.

In the second place, we have to consider the possible results of such investigations. It is altogether too easy to assume that they can have but one result. Surely one can sympathize fully with those patient investigators who, like M. Flammarion, have submitted to obloquy in the exploration of what they deem a pathway to truth and whose efforts are continually hampered by prejudice and by a somewhat cowardly disposition to conceal facts. But supposing all these researches should end simply in relegating all spiritualistic phenomena to the domain of morbid psychology, in establishing a new branch of psychology, perhaps, or even a new branch of physics, but without discovering anything in the least satisfying to our higher nature? There are signs that this result is by no means impossible. Those who enter upon these investigations from the standpoint of the physical sciences come out with scientific or pseudo-scientific results, while those who go into them in a religious frame of mind come out with the faith wherewith they went in. Meanwhile moth and rust do not cease to corrupt nor thieves to break through and steal. Except in exceptional cases, where there is constant "communication" through mediums, the bereaved do not seem happier than before, and in these latter cases the effect upon character seems questionable. Spirit messages amount to nothing. If the whole mass of alleged phenomena should be reduced to

coldly scientific facts, a period of pronounced unfaith would almost certainly ensue. This does not deny the chance that the spiritualists may ultimately arrive, but in the meantime what of those who have pinned their faith to occultism?

The truth seems to be that the study of the occult is a science in its crude and early stages. Its professors should be unmolested, but those who are in haste to popularize what they believe themselves to have learned are not doing so great a service to humanity as they imagine. The reader attracted by this kind of reading may generally be assured that if he has examined a comprehensive work like Henry Holt's *Cosmic Relations* he will find little to satisfy his further curiosity in other works upon the supernormal.

Memoirs of a Clubman. By G. B. Burgin. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

The title of Mr. Burgin's book hardly does it justice, since for some reason or other it suggests a rather superficial view of the world. But active as the author has been in club life, his autobiography is really the story of an author's career. The two best qualities of the narrative are its humor and its ill-concealed spirit of helpfulness. Mr. Burgin, according to his own account, "drifted into writing", a profession which he (like many another man) has found to be both a source of interest and a questionable blessing. To read a little between the lines, Mr. Burgin, though he has been highly successful, has not the consolation of feeling that he is great. But many a young man will, in the course of human events, "drift into writing", and still more, both old and young have leanings that way. Of these few or none can aspire to greatness.

Born in Croydon, England, in 1856, Mr. Burgin early fell victim to the sentiment that leads young fellows to write. A dwarf, Jerry Oletenshaw, who was his boon companion in his 'teens, confirmed him in his literary bent. "Jerry consorted a great deal with the Gypsies on the Common, and, in some mysterious way born of suffering, had acquired an insight into the future. 'You will travel,' he said. 'You will travel into strange lands and meet with many things. Store them in your heart and write books.' At that time," Burgin adds, "it seemed to me the summit of human felicity to be able to write books. Sometimes the gods answer our prayers in order to punish us for having made them."

When eighteen, the author won a copy of Goldsmith's *Deserted Village* "in an alleged literary competition." His father, perceiving that the literary life had laid fast hold upon him, sent him out to Canada, in order that he might at least have something to write about before he attempted to write. This Canadian episode is an idyl, curiously real, remarkably affecting in its contrast with the atmosphere of the great world which pervades all other parts of the book. Mr. Burgin says just enough about his honest friends at Four Corners and his lost love, Sheila Campbell, to leave an unforgettable impression.

Every author, unless he be great enough to be a sort of monomaniac, must be many-sided. The literary emotions, the capacity for solitude and sentiment which is an almost inevitable concomitant of his talent, must be checked by stimulating human associations. A man must "look into his own heart and write", but he must also knock about a bit. Mr. Burgin did both. Returning from Canada, he became secretary to Valentine Baker Pasha, sojourned in Constantinople, and journeyed through Asia Minor. On a later visit to his old Canadian haunts, he spent some time in a Trappist monastery, obtaining there the impressions which he afterwards worked up into his novel *Shutters of Silence*.

The end of his Near Eastern experience found him without prospects or immediate means of livelihood, and he became that most miserable of beings, a London clerk. From this dead-alive existence he was rescued by Robert Barr. Burgin had written a story of Canadian life which he submitted in a competition instituted by *The Detroit Free Press*. He did not win the competition, but his story was found good enough to buy, and Barr sought him out. Meanwhile, through an old Canadian friend, the minister at Four Corners, he had made the acquaintance of Wyville Home, the song-writer, who introduced him to that lovable friend of struggling genius, F. W. Robinson, the editor of *Home Chimes*, and to the literary circle of the Old Vagabonds. Mr. Burgin now had an average favorable start in the world of letters and journalism. He had the good fortune to become secretary to Jerome K. Jerome and eventually sub-editor of *The Idler*, the editorial group of which was one of those rare fellowships of literary knights errant worthy to be commemorated in histories of literature. In time he deserted *The Idler* to become a reader for *Pearson's Magazine*, but as his literary reputation grew he gladly abandoned the drudgery of reading (mostly unavailable) manuscripts and turned to wholly independent work.

Fully a third of Mr. Burgin's book is devoted to comments upon the literary life, the experiences of the shop, the methods of well-known authors, and the trials of the young aspirant. His hints, and especially his attitude toward life and toward his profession, should be absorbed by every young person with literary leanings and especially by that majority of young writers who essay to enter literature through the journalistic door. In his advice there is nothing patronizing; it is simply the cheerful, moderately disillusionizing comment of a man who knows. He who reads this book understandingly will learn how to take himself seriously enough to do good work without becoming self-centered, and how to keep his necessary literary vanity in its place without becoming a futile self-censor.

A mellow humor, with a sharp tang of common sense, makes the book a sort of guide to worldly wisdom properly so-called, while the author's rare ability to make fun of himself while he criticizes others makes all his observations more telling. But most of all, the narrative is remarkable for its anecdotes about noteworthy people, great and small, and for the personal touch that alone makes anecdotes acceptable.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

ARISTOTLE ON MAN AND THE STATE

SIR:

In the July issue of your magazine in an article on *Men and Nations*, Aristotle is quoted as follows from Jowett's translation:

> It is evident that the State is a creation of nature and that man is by nature a political animal. The State is by nature clearly prior to the family and the individual, since the whole is of necessity prior to the part.

Professor Brown interprets these sentences as "Aristotle's assertion that man is the product and not the creator of organized society". I venture to think that this is a quite mistaken interpretation of the idea, and that Aristotle would not have recognized his thought in the transformation to which Professor Brown subjects it.

We moderns never easily realize the extent to which Greek thought is permeated by the assumption of final causes. Criticism today seeks origins in efficient causes; the classical Greek (as also the theologian of the Middle Ages and the Reformation) sought origins in the end which nature (or God) was assumed to have had in view. Aristotle's full thought was something like this:

> The city-state is the perfected ideal of civilization foreordained by the decrees of nature; therein each one of us [thus the Greek Jowett translates as "individual"] and the family as well find the *raison d'etre* of their existence; just as the whole implies the existence of parts which find the explanation of their being and nature in the purpose subserved by the whole.

It is curious that the illustration of Aristotle, "since the whole is of neccessity prior to the part," should not have put one on guard. For, to take πρότερον as implying priority in time is meaningless. How could the whole be prior to the parts save in the purposes of nature? Is not the teleological implication overwhelmingly obvious?

Lack of space forbids a reference to the full argument of the *Politics*, which is indisputably destructive of the thesis that Aristotle ever thought or said that man was the product and not the creator of society. One could more properly demonstrate that such a conception would have been to that great critic wholly incomprehensible; for it is informed with the assumption of efficient causes and therefore strictly alien to Greek thought.

CHARLES H. BURR.

Philadelphia, Penn.

THE "ARTISAN POET" OF WALES

SIR:

You may remember my article in your journal, *An Artisan Poet*, in February last. I have just heard from Mr. Menai Williams to the effect that a new edition of his book of poetry, *Through the Upward Shaft*, is being published by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton, London, England; also, that another volume by the same author will probably be published in the autumn.

I write this to you because I have received so many inquiries, both directly and through you, as to the publishers and sellers of *Through the Upward Shaft*. I think it would benefit lovers of literature generally if you could insert a note—or even this letter—to this effect in your valuable and influential REVIEW.

DEWI J. WILLIAMS.

Bulawayo, South Africa.

IN DEFENSE OF THE GARBAGE CAN

SIR:

I do not wish the title to be taken in too literal a sense, since it is written in the form of a rebuttal to the argument put forth in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW by Elizabeth Robins Pennell. While her article started as a contemnation upon the lowly yet altogether too highly visible garbage can she later metamorphized this into the symbol of a national artistic inertia and slovenliness. I am not one of those individuals she refers to "who wears his patriotism upon his sleeve", nor do I consider it a crime to criticize one's own country; providing the criticism is just in its relation to the country as a whole. But her criticism and the examples she sets forth only apply in a sense to a remote part of a heterogeneous mass.

She takes New York as a model for her picture to represent the national shortcomings and with a broad, full brush, sweeps on the pigments in heavy masses obscuring the higher lights and subtiles. She regrets that Americans are so slovenly and that Art is lacking in the mad effort to obtain monetary independence and power, and then goes on to say that "American (art) students are almost as countless as the sands on the shore, and scholarships almost many enough to go the rounds". Surely this would seem an incongruity. While thousands may aspire to painting, sculpture, literature and music, it is only a very small minority who will ever be recognized. For the fruits of genius are not given to every man, and it is only the works of genius which withstand the erosion of the ages.

The "stately old towns of France or Spain or Italy" are doubtless more quaint and picturesque than towns in America—but it is mostly due to their backgrounds and traditions that they appeal to our romantic spirit. In point of cleanliness and sanitation they do not compare with New World methods.

The final and transcendent contradiction is her statement that we should

check the flood of European immigration which threatens our Democracy,—should stop these French, Spanish and Italians whose national habits she so faithfully upholds.

Garbage cans will no doubt continue to be of use in this country and will not materially affect cultural opportunities, all criticism to the contrary notwithstanding.

ALLEN WEST SHAW.

Riverside, Conn.

JOSEPH ANDREW GALAHAD

(Died April 13, 1922)

SIR:

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW will, I believe, have increasing pride in having published poems by Joseph Andrew Galahad, especially *The Knife* in the issue for May, 1920, which brought the author a cordial letter from John Masefield. Joe Galahad won many devoted friends in his short literary career; indeed it was impossible for anyone to come into his radius without feeling the peculiar elevation and fervor of his spirit. I have noted how the mere mention of his name changed the entire atmosphere of a group of people. All who have come into more intimate touch with him are proud to have been called his friends, as an Elizabethan might have been proud of his acquaintance with Sidney.

I have been of those who thought that poetry should be judged solely in itself, apart from the circumstances of its creation or the character of the poet. Now I am not so sure. Certainly the knowledge of Joe's life has given his work a far deeper meaning to me than it could have had otherwise. To know that a young man on his death-bed in almost continuous pain for three years could affirm his love of life, his belief in friendship, and his trust in the divine dispensation, with such glowing imagination, has been a different experience from reading a poem in the *Oxford Book*. And yet even before I knew anything of his suffering I inferred the intensity and nobility of Joe Galahad's nature in a poem, not of his best, which came to me in the ordinary routine of editing *Contemporary Verse*. For the man wrote as he lived, out of the special conviction of his soul.

Let us finally turn to the concluding lines of *Argosy*, where the spirit escapes from its fleshly prison of pain:

> So I leaned and opened the window—
> And left my body there:
> The poor old tattered clay house,
> With the cotton wool in its hair.
> No more the four walls hold me,
> And compass me about:
> The sea gulls hear
> And answer
> The psalm of joy
> That is my shout.

I have built me a sturdy galleon—
I have chartered the seven seas—
And the rims of other planets
When I tire of the earth and these.
I refuse the rôle of Atlas—
Whatever winds may fail,
Aeriphus waits
By the outer Gates—
I sail!
I sail!

Do not we, too, sail with him in this triumphant voyage of the spirit? Can we who knew him, even those who only read his story and his poetry sympathetically, ever relapse again into quite the lethargic "What's the use?" attitude of old, when we think of his buoyant courage, his virile acceptance of the worst that fate could do to him?

CHARLES WHARTON STORK.

Logan, Philadelphia.

GOOD THINGS APPRECIATED

SIR:

The May number of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW appeals to my mind as educational, instructive and interesting in the varied fields of the world, evidencing that the articles conform to the title of the magazine.

I am not familiar with Lindsay Blayney's pen, but his article on Americanism is worth more to readers who have searching minds than the cost of the magazine itself. The foreign element of labor unions will not benefit, for they will not read it; but all who read the article will say "Amen" to it—Mr. Gompers himself, I believe, would.

Admiral Pratt is one of many strong intellects in the Navy, and his review of the armament limitation is analytical and clear to all readers.

Dr. Sweeney's article on Immigration recalls to me my association with Theodore Roosevelt in the late 'eighties, and the interest which he took in the law which was to exclude the criminal and those without visible means of support. He complained that the law was violated, and urged amendments that would shut out those who would be a burden or a menace to the country.

The article on *France in the Dock* is not only interesting but illuminating.

It is needless for me to attempt to praise the *Affairs of the World* by Willis Fletcher Johnson—a master hand.

H. E. RHOADES,
(Lieut.-Com'd'r, U.S.N.)

Mirror Lake, New Hampshire.

Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

OCTOBER, 1922

PROTESTANTISM AND THE WORLD'S NECESSITIES

BY THE REV. S. PARKES CADMAN

[*This is the third article of the series on World Restoration. The first,* "Judaism and World Restoration," *by the eminent rabbi, the Rev. Dr. Joseph Silverman, was in the August number; the second,* "What Ails the World?" *by the Rev. Martin J. Scott, S. J., was in the September number. In November Mr. Frederick Dixon will write from the Christian Science point of view.*—THE EDITORS.]

PROTESTANTISM is a living branch of the Christian Ecclesia, bearing fruit after its kind, but capable of far more fruitfulness. As a world movement at the front of history for the last four centuries, it is not without the taint of reproach incidental to human admixture. Some of its developments, past and present, have shown that, as a rule, men are farther advanced in political than religious ideas. Fed by the faults as well as the virtues of its progenitors, it boasts no unblemished record, nor asserts for itself a fictitious infallibility. It must be received for its intrinsic values to society, which have been realized in every realm of life, and are not liable to extinction by ecclesiastical fiat. Constructed at infinite sacrifice, cemented with honest blood, productive of eminent spirits and manifold services, and resting upon principles which exercise a legitimate and wide dominion, Protestantism now confronts the world situation which tests the fitness of historic institutions and systems to survive. Shall it perish, or prove itself the master of a grave and well-nigh universal emergency? This is the core of the issue discussed

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here, and also an indication of the indefeasible obligation, not only of Protestantism but of the Church Catholic, and not only of the Church Catholic but of all civilized and humane persons and States.

I

At the moment the outlook is not particularly cheerful. Professor E. A. Wodehouse, a considerate and keen observer, states that the churches at large, and specifically the Protestant churches, have lost touch with the thought movements of the age and no longer mould public opinion. In a period when every department of life and action vibrates with immense possibilities for good or evil, their voice is practically dumb. He further says it is a matter of general comment that while complicated and perplexing problems accumulate on every side, the churches offer no solutions. Moreover, in the vile genesis of war's intentioned outbreak, some churches played the harlot with the State, and supported its betrayal of Christendom. What counsel or direction can such pseudo-guardians give to our insurgent age? Without authority, remote from reality, unreal in attitude, bemused by things that are no more, they move in their diminishing spheres of retrospect and quotation, having no elucidation and little comfort for the ardent souls who fight the hard battles of outer life. The indictment reveals the academic in his less trustworthy and partial views. If the optimist believes too much because he sees too little, the pessimist complements him by seeing so much that he believes too little. One does not have wholly to acquiesce with Professor Wodehouse's severe arraignment in admitting that although the churches have shared in the general progress of the time, they have also paltered with some beggarly elements of reaction, cant, bigotry, and spurious liberalism. In the sequence they are heavily assessed: but they have means of payment and also of recovery.

Comparisons with the mediævalism which Protestantism shattered are often unfavorable to the latter system. The pre-Reformation period was certainly solidified by a common religion which incorporated its faith and politics in the Papacy and the Empire. Yet the supremacy of the spiritual power did not rep-

resent the undivided result of mediæval thinking on the subject, though we find much in contemporary writings which suggests that conclusion. The real task of the statesmen of the Middle Ages was to devise an efficient machinery for individual safety and social protection. This task was ever before them and conditioned their intellectual habits. It should be noted that they had a more distinct apprehension of the supreme obstacle to all betterment than have men of our day—viz., the depravity of human nature, and the resultant strength of disorder, truculence, and treachery. To some who are impatient of the present and careless of the past, those people who carry little baggage with them, the laborious studies, beliefs and aspirations of long vanished priests and publicists will appear as nothing more than the annals of incoherent error. But those who closely scrutinize the outstanding figures of mediæval life will not treat lightly or ignorantly religious leaders who established a world-society which bowed to spiritual as well as to temporal rule. This achievement marks the standing difference between the mediæval and the modern ages, and not a few enlightened souls devoutly wish it could be repeated in the twentieth century. Its forces are but dimly realized in a materialized and secular period. Nevertheless they once enshrined themselves in cathedrals and universities, in abbeys and schools, as the monuments of that "golden age of faith." They were expressed in the royalty of St. Louis, the unrivaled intellect of St. Thomas, the beatific sanctity of St. Francis, the scholarly devotion of Roger Bacon, the epic of Dante, the eloquence of St. Bernard, and the statesmanship of Hildebrand. To unfriendly critics who look upon the centuries between the Apostolic age and that of Luther as a night of unclean things, it is apposite to say, Go and do likewise: tame the savage instincts of militarism and nationalism as those former Churchmen tamed turbulent aristocracies and rude peasantries; regenerate and confirm afresh, as they did, the unalterable belief in a Divine Order to be realized here and now. Their treasures were contained in frail and earthen vessels, but they mediated between their coarse surroundings and the ethereal ideals and emotions which seemed so distant from the grosser iniquities and grotesque customs of the time. Their strength came, as all

strength comes, from an exuberant vitality; an original passion which regarded every evil vulnerable, and every pursuit of holiness feasible.

Had that strength been exhausted, the saving succession of lawgivers and magistrates running through the center of Western life and morals would have been broken. Because it remained steadfast, Protestantism is here, as its joint heir with Catholicism; and it should pause to recall that its mighty ancestor, mediævalism, collapsed. The pressure of nominally Christian States was too heavy for the federalism of Church and Empire. They could beget but they could not govern them. While northern nations broadened in their ethical susceptibilities and political claims, the Papacy yielded to the fascinations of the Italian Renaissance. Its international sympathies narrowed, its traits and tendencies were provincialized. The glamor of rank and ritual, the remonstrance of a venerable hierarchy, the stilted formulas of Aristotelian theology, alike disappeared in countries beyond the Alps. A resistless tide of combined popular sentiment and intellectual rebellion submerged Catholicity, but at the same time it irrigated a germinal freedom the full fruition of which has still to be seen. The memories of that momentous rupture, charged as it was with good and evil, should sober every lover of religion as the keystone of social ~~architecture~~.

I hold no brief for the traditional churches, yet what follows may perhaps be set down with propriety. The Eastern Church is at present torn asunder by wars and sorely afflicted by ruthless persecution. The Roman Catholic Church appears serene upon the surface, and wears the mantle of a comforting tranquillity. Yet its Bishops are conscious that no ecclesiastical organization is proof against the demands of democracy that it shall have limitless sway. They no longer negotiate with princes and premiers, but with the peoples, to whom the Popes address their appeals for social justice and international concord. Should the Holy See bring about a reconciliation with the Eastern Church, and the Eastern Church, purged by her martyrdom, transform her ministry to the Slavonic and Greek races, then the Reformed Churches must meet a counter stroke far more formidable than that dealt by Ignatius Loyola. Nor do I question

the motives behind this sagacious policy. It is inclusive, consolidating and preservative of things that should not be permitted to die. For there is no essential divinity in majority votes, and even democracy is liable to nod. Who, then, shall shepherd the shepherds themselves, even though they be the redoubtable champions of popular sovereignty? And where shall such a sovereignty obtain higher sanctions than numbers can confer?

II

Sons and daughters of the Reformation are under heavy bonds for the good behavior of Democracy, and of its concomitants in Nationalism, Socialism, Industrialism and Capitalism. Having helped to draw the wine, they have to regulate its drinking. Should it prove too heady a tipple for under-nourished brains and moralities, the world has a right to call upon Protestantism for an explanation and a remedy. It is easy to talk about the progress linked with our paternal faith; but there is no progress, as the term is usually understood, apart from ethical progress. Far more important than the sale of indulgences in the sixteenth century was the rise of Capitalism, the abolition of the old economics, the release of individual energies in other than spiritual avenues. The founders of modern trade and manufactures were sheltered by the spirit of revolt against hierarchies and feudalisms. Socialism and even Bolshevism now aim to supplant Capitalism as it once supplanted Feudalism. We witness the creation of a monstrous governmental engine in Russia, more complicated than those of mediæval monarchy and the Renaissance Papacy, and far more destructive of individual liberties, rights, and moral obligations. Protestants are dealing, not with Tetzel or a Medician Pontiff, but with Lenine, Trotzky, and other less notorious but scarcely less influential malcontents and despots. If the Reformers asserted anything, it was religious independence; freedom of conscience, of thought, of utterance, as against monopolized authority and uniformity of belief. Their protest created forces which travelled beyond their desires, and were reduced first to a spiritual, then, later, to a political philosophy. This philosophy culminated in the Revolutions of the eighteenth

century. The search for an economic philosophy ensued, and is now in process, embarrassed by selfishness and greed, and by the errors and crimes of preceding eras. We, as Protestants, cannot dodge the historical consequences of our ancestral policy. The prime service we can render the world is to set our own house in order, that we may wisely apply the teachings of the New Testament Evangel and of Old Testament ethics to the phenomena I have named. The useless quarrel with modern learning should cease. The wastes and confusions of denominationalism should be done away with. The foundations of a true social science should be laid, with allowances for the human equation. And not only Protestantism, but the whole Church of God, and all rightly disposed people, will have to find or make room in the divisive institutions of mankind for the universalism of which genuine Christianity is the living soul. In brief, reintegration by means of pacific interpenetration, and without concessions to the baser elements, is the capital business of the Church, as it is the crying necessity of the world, Probably it will be a slow process, moving with Time's ameliorating drift, and exterminating many cherished prejudices. But the course it takes is the important matter.

I do not plead for the pleasing of hypercritical ones who ask for better bread than can be made with wheat, nor for the satisfaction of anæmic starvelings who crave a fool-proof world. Still less, if possible, should apostles of the mundane be coddled. They would explain away every religious mystery, and sterilize the finest spiritual instincts. The jaded moods of the secularist are no more helpful than the fanatical harangues of the zealot. Too many suppose that men and women who have an intelligent faith should always retreat before those who either have it not or make it repellent to their fellows. The ostentatious triviality of much current opposition and fault finding is unable to conceive the realities of Protestant conviction. A great deal which is paraded as modern thought is not thinking at all, but simply a deplorable conglomerate of erroneous ideas which will not subside, despite repeated exposures. Illogical, capricious, irrelevant, this type of mind takes short cuts, in cross country fashion, to coveted conclusions. But there is an intellectual realm of true

scholarship, occupied by men of profound and scientific learning, which Protestants should regard with reverent affiliation. Our fellow Protestants have a large representation there, and they share in its illustrious achievements. Those mistaken clergymen and laymen who attempt to placate an effete orthodoxy by strangling the thinking and inquiry of that realm will fail, and they ought to fail. Believing souls cannot long escape the invasions of organized knowledge, nor is there any need to evade them. It is the sole function of science to deal with visible realties. It is the sole function of religion to deal with the boundless realities of the invisible universe. It is the function of a well equipped Church to heal the breaches of faith and intellectualism by its vital correspondence with the love of truth. The center of its trust is neither a creed, nor a book, nor a cosmogony, but a Person and a Life. It assimilates whatever is assimilable, because it administers the ultimate life and law of human being. It supplements science and learning without defaming them. Warned by its past annals and by the futility and hollowness of ecclesiastical conflicts with knowledge, it welcomes every verified conclusion as an addition to the truth which sanitates society. The research that matures and disciplines the reasoning faculties is grateful to such a Church, because its own vehicles for communicating spiritual verities are thereby enlarged. The casual and purposive interpretations which all learning presupposes and religion supplies are among the world's chief needs. It implores us for a spiritual ideal in more complete accord with the meditated experiences of life. And Protestantism should fulfil its request without forfeiting intellectual integrity at the behest of blind obscurantism.

III

The second measure of internal reform is the revival of Church consciousness and loyalty as differentiated from sectarian allegiance. The vine is more important than any single cluster of grapes that grows upon it. Unification, the opposite of separatism, is being carried onward by the swing of the pendulum. The rhythmic movements which govern everything, making day follow night, the tides ebb and flow, and even civilizations to

have their day and cease to be, are plainly pushing Protestantism toward a new and unaccustomed oneness as the forerunner of Catholicity. Voluntary consent is advisable and gracious, but a glacier-like thrust cannot be withstood. Our fate is never in our own hands; a fortunate thing indeed, and one which has repeatedly baffled the foes of the Church and heartened her offspring. Whatever are the merits of denominationalism, and certainly I do not doubt them, it has seen its meridian. Revised and corrected histories have induced in formerly fierce sectarians the virtues of sympathetic understanding and forbearance. Many rancorous disputes that the theological courts aggravated are composed by the evolutions which history describes. Those who observe aright the unfolding scheme of the Divine Society throughout the ages gain the true perspective which is the best criterion of the past. Without it, men magnify the meaningless, slight the important, and inflame the antagonistic. Protestantism cannot lodge order in chaos, lawfulness in freedom, unity in multiplicity, unless it reduces sectarian fervors and belittlements. The disruption of the Church has not been, and never can be, absolute. Her disciples coöperate in philosophy and dogmatics, in Biblical criticism and exegesis. Literature and hymnology testify to the one life which pulsates in her different branches.

Again, denominational cleavages are bequeathed rather than acquired: artificial rather than real. Men and women are born into their various denominations, and carry there marked temperamental differences. Every great religious body, as Dean Inge comments, has individual members who are natively institutionalists, or moralists, or mystics. And yet again, the antiquated causes of Protestant separatism have been mainly political and not religious. Not a few have lost their justification and persist as melancholy tokens of the combative spirit. Their isolations sever the Church from a sufficient jurisdiction over the spiritualities which are her peculiar care. She cannot well offset that apotheosis of the State which was the source of our recent undoing. It is to the Church, and not the State, that the distracted world should turn for a model organization, consisting of the entire congregation of the faithful, gathered out of every nation, fused into a spiritual homogeneity, and securely

founded upon righteousness, justice, mercy, and redemption. He is the benefactor of his age who thus conceives the Church, and esteems her capable of still higher unity, loyalty and efficiency. The second contribution of Protestantism to the world's sorest needs should be a first class example of fraternal unification. That world which refuses to be either entirely Protestant or Catholic does not desire Christians to make a transient truce, but to arrive at a just and settled peace within their ecclesiastical borders. Until they do so, what right have they to preach peace to separated and suspicious States?

IV

Dr. Robert William Dale, in his tribute to the Evangelical Revival, contrasted its success in religious individualism with its failure to bring about social betterment. Some intense Evangelicals of today seem determined to maintain this woeful disparity. They resent the entrance of the Gospel into the broader relationships of life and disparage what may be termed the spiritualized communism of their brethren. Yet the humanities inspired by the Gospel are its unanswerable apologetic, while non-social extortion which combines plunder with prayer is a stumbling block to Protestantism and an offense to mankind. Commerce and its sustaining trades and industries have grown to huge proportions since the sixteenth century. The subsequent multiplication of classes and groups, the bitterness engendered by constant disputes between employers and employees, the secession of millions of artisans and workers from the ranks of church membership, compel the sorry admission that after two thousand years of tenure institutional Christianity has yet to present to the world an adequate plan for the insurance of social justice.

Protestantism should approach the social problem aware that the mass, as distinguished from the self, must be upraised by consecrated Christians who surrender themselves, not from fear of the domination of the unfit, but in the spirit of brotherhood, to coöperation as against competition. To be passive before known wrongs or content to purvey to exclusive circles withdrawn from the grim realities of toil and poverty, breeds the exotic religiosity which cripples some Protestant pulpits, and

makes their respectability a byword. On the other hand, the recoil from these affectations has caused many Protestant clergymen and laymen to rush to the other extreme and there inject the virus of misstatement and exaggeration into their utterances on social issues, disdainful of the delirium that may follow. It is not by chance that the hopeful features of a just economic, as immune from the plagues of anarchy as from those of autocracy, are found in Christian commonwealths. We shall enhance its future by faithfully dispensing the Gospel of righteousness which covers all theories of social betterment as the sky over-arches the landscape. It is regrettable that this has not been done sooner and more generally. Formerly there was no raving about eradicating the evils of capitalism by confiscation, nor were the earlier social reformers the enemies of property as such. But while Churchmen were vainly perturbed about explanations of the Trinity or the duration of the future punishment of sin, Marx and his associates proposed, under the shadow of dynastic autocracy, that men, instead of sharing their poverty, should share their wealth.

Socialism administered by the collectivist State has little in common with Christianity. Its essence and aims are frankly materialistic. For the godless and the cruel it has become a creed of force, and they have made it the predacious evil of the time. For its more amenable adherents it is the creed of peace, to be reduced to practice by persuasion, and the decisions of the majority. Other followers who cannot detect its inverted dogmatisms and subterfuges are Socialists mainly because of the manifest inequalities which fortify those dogmatisms and subterfuges. The sane verdict rendered by responsible thinkers of the Anglican Church is that prevalent economic abuses are not the accidental but the normal product of the present system. This verdict, once it is adopted by Protestantism, as I hold it must be, will end its fatalistic attitude toward social iniquities. It will then proceed to their extermination as its third primal duty. America's low valuation of human material, the smug arrogance of its native citizens, its reluctance to admit citizens of other races to reasonable social and commercial fellowship, are rapidly disappearing. We are learning that we have received more emigration than we can digest, and that in our haste

to exploit national resources, we have retarded national progress. Surely in the United States, if anywhere, Protestantism can develop its nascent Catholicity by means of a cosmopolitan life which furnishes even more material than we ask.

V

The last and perhaps the greatest immediate service which Protestantism can render the world is to redress the balance between Church and State. Behind the seething spirit of revolt and the wild stirrings of public opinion lies a deep seated distrust of nationalism as the source of war. Since Hegel announced that the State was absolute, an end in itself, and the organon of its own moralities, the cult of militarism has been both exalted and cast down. Its semi-divinities are now depressed but not vanquished. The peoples of Europe, betrayed by perfidious rulers, are obsessed with fear lest the Hegelian doctrine should revive, and another Baal be set up in blood and terror. It is this dread which explains three-fourths of our international and diplomatic imbroglios. Revolutionary labor, pleas and counter pleas for the mutilation or the restoration of Germany, the French alliances with Poland, secret treaties with the Turk, and the chronic excitement of the Balkan States, can be traced to the determination that the white race must not permit another orgy of massacre. Protestants who believe that the leadership of that race will not survive a second world war see no possibility of preventing it save by the increased control of Christianity over international affairs. But to gain the control, they must be Christians first, and nationalists afterwards. Situated as we are, between Pagan traditions which ennoble tribal relations and war, and Christian teachings which pledge its end in universal brotherhood, the choice must be made as to which we shall hereafter obey. For had not the Church been narrowly defined by nationalistic boundaries, and defiled by an idolatrous subservience to the State, the good the late war accomplished might have been obtained without shedding of blood, and the incalculable evil it left in its train might have been avoided.

Whatever may be said in praise of patriotism, surely it is limited by righteousness and subordinate to justice! There is

need for lucid thinking at this point. The conception of the State as a concrete part of the "Absolute" in which all opposites are reconciled, suits Cæsarism, but it does not explain the verities forced upon us by dreadful circumstances. This "Absolute" has neither organism nor purpose. It is neither personal nor impersonal. It possesses no qualities for good or evil. Its asserted perfection is a myth. As a metaphysical dream, skilfully elaborated, without moral character or consistency, Hegel's ideal is a striking illustration of the havoc wrought by erroneous speculation. It destroys the freedom of the individual by consigning him, body and soul, to the State. The essential differences between the State and the Church and between the State and society at large are lost in the process of consignment. Because much organized human life is outside the purview of the State, its alignments traverse State frontiers. The reaction against the fatal heresy that the State is unconditional and supreme should be promoted and yet restrained by the Church. The moral attainments which she emphasizes are produced by self-determination as against mere impulse. But how can self-determination operate if the State is all and in all? Protestantism has a mission to guard the ethical and religious truths which enrich every political heritage. It can show that the claims of the individual upon the State and of the State upon the individual are reciprocal. But both sets of claims are conditioned by the fact that man's obligations as a spiritual being must be duly honored. The State is a body of persons, recognized by each other as having rights, and having a constitution for the maintenance of those rights. Thus, while the State is more important than any citizen, it cannot be indifferent to the rights of any single citizen. The Church is, as I have said, the congregation of God's faithful people upon the earth, who unreservedly accept the spirit, the life, and the teachings of Jesus Christ as their standards of belief and practice. And if theocracy as taught by the Bible is the one lasting foundation of democracy, blessed is that people whose God is the Lord! And equally blessed is that State which applies Biblical precepts to belated and brutal conditions of old time internationalism.

S. Parkes Cadman.

THE "DO-NOTHING" CONGRESS

BY WILLIAM STARR MYERS

THERE is one practical facility in politics that is especially appreciated and admired by the American people. As they express it, this facility consists in the ability to "keep one's ear to the ground". In fact, the power of forecasting or anticipating the course of popular feeling and real public opinion is a priceless boon to the successful politician. Jefferson and McKinley possessed this ability to an unusual degree. So did Lincoln and Roosevelt, but they united with it the power to guide these popular tendencies along sound lines of statesmanship. Wilson told the people, in superb phrase and lofty thought, what they must believe, and then proceeded to act as though they really did so, but much to his own subsequent disillusionment.

It is exactly in this ability to sense public opinion that the members of the present, or Sixty-seventh, Congress, would seem to be most lacking. The reasons for this lack will be discussed later, but suffice it to say at the present time that in spite of the real honesty, sincerity and industry of the large majority of the members of both Senate and House of Representatives, a wave of public criticism and popular impatience has arisen during the past year, which has resulted in the nickname of the "Do-Nothing Congress". Whether or not this sobriquet is deserved, it is going to stick, and many a member will pay the penalty for the description at the polls in November, entirely aside from the question of actually deserving it.

In answer to the popular reproaches for inactivity and incapacity to legislate, the leaders of Congress "point with pride" to a record of accomplishment that is of no mean character. First of all comes the passage, in the early days of the Harding Administration, of the first national Budget Act. This took hold of our national financial administration and policy, hitherto not even worthy of the emulation in bookkeeping of a delicatessen

store on a back street in Bayonne, New Jersey, and placed it on a basis of sound common sense and efficiency. It is probable that future historians will rank the passage of the Federal Reserve Act as the greatest achievement of the Wilson Administrations, and the Democratic party has a right to be proud of President Wilson's leadership, which undoubtedly brought this about. In just the same way, the Budget Act will rank as an outstanding success for President Harding. With lapse of time, its enormous value will be more fully appreciated.

Along with the budgetary legislation goes an achievement that is as great in importance, although in the field of foreign relations. This is the Washington Conference, which may prove to be a turning point in the world's history as well as in that of the United States. Although President Harding and his administrative assistants are mainly responsible for the conception and accomplishment of the whole movement, yet the Senate must share with the President in the credit for its success. Within about seven weeks after the close of the Conference, the Senate had ratified all the treaties and agreements there formulated. This is remarkably quick action, when the ordinary delay in consideration of international matters is taken into account.

But not all the credit for this celerity is to be given to the Republican members of the Senate. One of the most forceful advocates of the treaties, and one whose leadership had great weight in their adoption, was Senator Oscar W. Underwood of Alabama, the Democratic floor leader, one of the ablest and most valuable members of the Upper House. His assistance was of vital importance, and it is doubtful whether ratification could have been accomplished without it. Also the dozen or more Democratic Senators who followed his leadership deserve like credit for sound and broad statesmanship. The less said about the statesmanlike abilities of both the Democratic and Republican opponents, the better. With a few exceptions, the debates were on a rather low plane of ability, and failed to arouse the interest or inspire the imagination of the American people.

Republican leaders in the present campaign, in preparation for the coming November elections, are stressing among the accomplishments of this Congress the "saving of two billion dollars

in the expenditures of the Federal Government." This is an achievement worthy of note, but only what was to be expected, for any legislative body of a minimum of sanity must know inordinate and extravagant expenditures incident to the waging of war must of necessity stop at the earliest practical moment. To have failed in this regard would be unpardonable; to have accomplished it is only the fulfilment of an obvious duty. The further claim to merit for the annual reduction of $900,000,000 in war taxes is in reality creditable, on the surface at least. But when it is remembered that the well thought-out plan as proposed to Congress by Secretary Mellon was in great part cast into the discard, and only those reductions made that would seem calculated to appeal to the votes of the unthinking and selfish class elements in our nation, the record is not so admirable. In fact, it is along the line of taxation that the greatest and most fundamental mistake of the present Congress has been made, as will be pointed out later on. The tax revision left untouched the essentially faulty principles upon which the Kitchin Bill of 1917 was formulated. The principles underlying that piece of legislation, so replete with silly, un-American and undemocratic provisions, seemed to be only those of the punishment of wealth as a crime, levying of taxes on the urban centers of our country and their tributary population, and penalizing of efficiency in business.

The repeal of the excess profits tax, one of the most uneconomic taxes ever laid in the long history of national finance, was accomplished only after a long struggle. The small reduction in the inordinate surtaxes on income merely saved the consistency of those members who were honest enough to look facts in the face; while the exemptions adopted were calculated to help just a few of our people, on the plea that those of narrow circumstances must be assisted. Instead of boldly recasting the whole of our iniquitous tax laws, reducing normal and surtax rates to a fair measure of the actual ability of our people to pay without exhausting the sources of revenue and discouraging individual initiative; instead of broadening the basis of taxation by means of a sales tax levied upon wholesale transactions at least, if not upon retail sales of a certain minimum amount—we have the recent

halting and ineffectual amendments of 1921. The country is still burdened by these ill-conceived taxes, and normal times and real prosperity will not come until the necessary reforms are made upon a basis of sound economics and fair politics.

The extending of emergency credits to farmers and the enactment of laws regulating and restricting immigration were necessary, and the latter was of prime importance. Probably the frank entrance upon a policy of restriction and discrimination in immigration, according to the ability of the country to assimilate the foreigner, will prove to be second only to the Budget Act in value and in importance to the welfare of the United States and the preservation of American institutions. The experiences with so-called hyphenates during and since the World War have awakened the people of this country to the extreme danger confronting them; but it took courage of no mean sort for the members of Congress, many of them from urban districts with large foreign populations, to vote for these restrictive measures.

In adding up the credit side of the ledger of Congressional achievement, due place should be given to the passage of the numerous appropriation bills and routine legislation, all of which absorb so much time and energy, but which pass unnoticed by the public. Probably no harder work, requiring sustained mental application and ceaseless energy, is to be found anywhere in our business or professional world. The men who have the responsibility for the laborious committee work, and the aggravating course of parliamentary procedure, with its trifling and irritating accompaniments of obstruction, selfishness and narrow-minded criticism, deserve the thanks of the American people for the tasks they have successfully accomplished.

When we leave the subject of the real accomplishments of the Sixty-seventh Congress, and consider what the people of the country at large seem to think are its shortcomings, the task of assessing praise or blame is not so easy. The three most contentious subjects before Congress during the whole course of the past year or more have been the tariff, the soldier bonus, and ship subsidies. Taking them in the order of their mentioning, it is not an exaggeration to say at the outset that the tariff was not a real political issue in any sense, during the campaign of 1920, with the

possible exception of a few isolated districts. The heavy majority of our people had no thought of tariff in their mind when they voted, but their attention was wholly absorbed by other and more important issues. But when the present Congress convened in special session in the spring of 1921, old-line and Bourbon leaders were in control, and to their limited political intelligence the only salvation of any nation on the face of this green earth consisted in tariff legislation; the more protective the better. At that precise time the agricultural interests of the country, among the first of our people, were feeling the severe shock of the necessary deflation that must follow the mad economic saturnalia that accompanies every war. Naturally they cried out with pain, and also naturally the sympathetic ears of these same leaders caught their plaints. The Fordney Emergency Tariff, one of the most ghastly failures ever placed upon our statute book, was the result.

Since that time, the members of Congress have been busy upon the formulation of a so-called permanent tariff, and the longer their labors have continued, the greater has been the popular opposition, irrespective of party, and the more unpopular has the whole Congress become. The thinking people of this country, irrespective of party, soon came to the conclusion that the chaotic and changing conditions following the war were no proper time for any general tariff legislation. Futhermore, when such legislation does take place, the lasting results of the war must be the primary matters of consideration. The facts that we are no longer a debtor but a creditor nation; that we also are changing from an importing to an exporting people; that we have become a leading world power whether we like it or not—these are the things that are of dominant influence in the minds of the thoughtful American people today. They also realize that depreciated currencies, economic exhaustion and the possibility of "dumping" of products by foreign nations are of but transient moment, and that in spite of the shrill cries of our calamity howlers, the trade reports of the United States Government prove beyond cavil that even the "dumping" danger is almost non-existent.

And the people also realize in addition that this same tariff legislation, accompanied by the most extensive political bargaining between various classes and interests in the country, has

resulted in a prospective law that probably can rightly claim the unenviable distinction of being the worst tariff bill in our history. They also know at the same time that instead of helping to revive business and prosperity, it is the greatest hindrance, and any present economic recovery is being made in spite of this prospective law, and in spite of the hindrance caused by the Fordney Emergency Tariff. The real sufferers, the ones who will pay the final and undeserved penalty, of course, are the poor "ultimate consumers". What the present gay and debonair leaders of the Republican party in Congress forget in their present delirium of tariff tinkering is that the above "he" and "she" have votes, and that these votes may count as disastrously for the party as was the case in 1910, when the far less reprehensible Payne-Aldrich Tariff went into *political* effect.

The soldier bonus is the second member of this questionable legislative trinity, and were it not for the skilful political manœuvering of President Harding it long ago would have been upon the statute books. It would seem that the "average" American citizen fully realizes that the service rendered to this country by the men who risked their all in the recent war is of the type that never can be paid for. It is beyond money and beyond price. On the other hand, there also is honest confession that the ex-soldiers have a righteous grievance against the profiteers of that period, whether in the manufactures, the professions, the labor unions, or among the general lines of business. There was downright profiteering among all these classes, and only too late does this country realize its dereliction in not having made more strenuous efforts to prevent it. But this profiteering was at the expense of the taxpayers of the nation at large and at the hands of comparatively few of our citizens. The bad effects will gradually work themselves off by a process of self-elimination.

But to attempt to even up to the soldiers by making them a species of profiteers by law, does not appeal to the common sense or justice of the American people. Although this bonus to the soldiers is veneered with the pleasing name of "adjusted compensation", the real meaning of the movement stands out in all its naked disgrace. Bad as would be the economic effects of the passage of such a law with its appropriation of billions of dollars,

the mere fact of taking money out of the pockets of the taxpayers, in order to legislate it into the pockets of able-bodied men, would cause a deterioration in the moral fibre of the manhood of this country that would be the greatest misfortune that could overtake it. Patriotism is either beyond price, or it is commercialized and its keen edge is dulled.

In the third place, there is no doubt that the American people are in hearty sympathy with President Harding's desire for the upbuilding and maintenance of a merchant marine. The lessons of the war have not been forgotten, in this respect. But as yet they are not convinced that the subsidy scheme is the way to reach the desired result. In fact, they are timorous about the incurring of further expenditures for any reason whatsoever, and one great cause of suspicion with regard to Congress, as far as the ordinary citizen goes, is the feeling that too much money is being spent. Whether the expenditure be right or wrong, does not much matter. Therefore, there is a popular feeling that we should "go slow", to use an old pioneer saying, and let the subsidy question drop for awhile.

It is because Congress has been for months occupying its time mainly with tariff, bonus and subsidy, three things which have not the support of the majority of the *thinking* American people at any rate, and probably of all the people in the last analysis, that popular impatience has become so outspoken, and possibly it may be very disastrous to the personal fortunes of a large number of the present members of both Houses of Congress, whether they really deserve it or not. And this necessarily brings us to the question of the real issues of the campaign of 1920, which were primarily two, according to the writer's own opinion. No matter how much the strong and dominating personality of President Wilson may have counted, one way or the other, in determining the result of the election, there were also two great issues in the minds of the people: the acceptance or rejection of the League of Nations *as proposed*, and relief from the inordinate burden of war taxation.

During the past year the Harding Administration, with the acquiescence or help of Congress, has been taking those slow and gradual steps in formulating our international relations which

public opinion in this country really is willing to endorse. President Harding and Mr. Hughes are in all probability fully abreast of the maturing judgment of the rank and file of our citizens. But as noted above, Congress has completely failed to appreciate the inner meaning of the election, and has taken no real steps to meet the demands of our people with regard to taxation. It is true that these demands may not be clear-cut or even articulate, but even the less informed elements of our people are now aware of the immense levies of direct taxes they are paying, and also are becoming aware of the far greater burden of indirect taxes they must shoulder. In comparison with this present and ever-wearing load, such matters as tariff, subsidy, bonus and routine legislation pale into insignificance. Whether the burden of taxes can or should be lifted, our people are demanding it, and only by the most statesmanlike and fundamental changes in our whole tax system, as hinted above, can this demand be met and satisfied. Secretary Mellon, who ranks as one of our ablest contemporary administrators, has indicated the way, but Congress is too cowardly, or too blind, to take the road.

But there is one great and final reason for popular impatience with Congress, and that is ineffectual leadership. Whether it is owing to the outworn and futile rule of "seniority", lack of party responsibility, and lack of executive leadership due to the reaction from the extreme type of policy as followed by President Wilson, or even perhaps due to the absence of men and women of ability from our public life, there is a lack of leadership in both Houses of Congress, and the people of this country are convinced of it, and resent it. It is not within the purposes of this present paper to discuss the causes of this lack, but merely to accept the fact that it exists. Added to this is the fact that the present dominant Republican leaders, and the Democratic leaders as well, are, with a few exceptions on both sides, either of the Bourbon, stand-pat variety, or else at the other extreme of unbalanced and half-baked Radicalism. The voluntary or enforced retirement at the end of the present Congress of a number of the Republican leaders will open the way for other men. It is probably not an exaggeration to say that the present Congress is of the same average ability as preceding ones, although possibly this

may not appear to be a very great compliment in the eyes of some people. The great difficulty at this time is to give an opportunity for leadership to the ability that already is there. It is likely that the rule of seniority is the main cause of the trouble. However that may be, there is no doubt of the above-mentioned general opinion throughout the country that this is a "do-nothing Congress".

Owing to the complete political overturn that accompanied the enormous triumph in 1920, a large number of Republicans were elected to Congress from districts normally Democratic. These new members of Congress in some instances are totally inexperienced, not only in legislative ways and methods, but also in practical politics as well. They accepted the nomination with little or no expectation of election to Congress, but merely to "bring out the vote" and keep the party organization together. As a result, they are showing their lack of experience by incompetence in sizing up public opinion and in understanding the needs of an united party policy. They are easily influenced by the organized propaganda for various special interests located at Washington. Thus the idea of getting the "soldier vote" in their districts causes them to put aside their real convictions in many cases, and hypocritically to vote in favor of the bonus. Likewise, the narrow effect of some tariff rate in their district totally blinds them to the ultimate effect on the consumers. For one vote gained from an ex-soldier or the beneficiary of a protected interest, they probably will lose a dozen votes of the ordinary citizens and taxpayers. This side of the matter does not occur to them. They are clutching at the last straw in their efforts to secure re-election from their normally Democratic districts, and are following, in their inexperience, the very policy that is apt to defeat their aims. Many of these will be conspicuous by their absence from the Sixty-eighth Congress.

Undoubtedly there will be at least the normal reaction against the Republican party this November, such as usually comes at the mid-term election during a Presidential administration. This will be added to by popular impatience with Congress, and lack of confidence in the leaders of Congress on the part of the rank and file of the Republican voters. These latter, some ten

years ago, showed beyond all doubt that they are decidedly Progressive in spirit, and the present Old Guard leadership is no more popular now than it was then.

Possibly the best thing for the country would be a continuance of Republican control of Congress. The people had a very unfortunate experience of divided control during the last two years of the Wilson administration. But from the standpoint of the future welfare of the Republican party itself, the loss of the House of Representatives would prove a piece of good fortune. It should effectually dispose of the present antediluvian leaders in Congress and their baneful influence. It also should leave Mr. Harding, with Mr. Hughes, Mr. Hoover, and other more progressive or more trusted members of the Administration, in absolute control of the national party organization. Judging from the present popularity that these same men enjoy, the country again would turn to Mr. Harding in 1924 and elect him for a second term in the Presidency. Added to this is the fact that American people find little cause for confidence in the present leaders of the Democratic party. At any rate, the individual voter is doing some thinking, as well as much "cussing". If he or she finally is aroused to the point of real anger, and consequent vigorous action, popular indifference may disappear, and responsible citizenship again take its necessary place in our scheme of democracy. Possibly this is the inner meaning of the recent primary elections in so many of our States.

WM. STARR MYERS.

THE FORGOTTEN WOMAN

BY JOHN CORBIN

MUCH has been said of late of the economic pressure which is bearing so heavily upon the officer in our Army or Navy, upon the teacher, the university professor, especially the clergyman. The lack of adequate means cramps him as a servant of the community, weakening our institutions of light and leadership. But that is not his chief hardship. The pressure becomes decisive when it touches him in his personal relations as lover, as husband, as father. Our institutions of service and enlightenment have a yoke-fellow in misery, the home. In the personal life of salaried people everywhere—the families of the Middle Class—the millstones are grinding, grinding. Now in an organized institution a decline of morale may be measurably checked. Congress comes to the aid of the service academy, loyal alumni to the aid of the university. But the unorganized institution of the home has no champion and defender. That the Middle Class is forgotten, we cheerfully assume, is its own affair. If any one considers its plight, it is the labor leader, the Guild Socialist, who counsels the "salariat" to unionize and join the proletarian movement—as musicians, actors, and many school teachers have already done. In effect, accordingly, the forgotten man's home is his own affair.

Or, rather, is it not more particularly the affair of his wife? If she is forgotten, the world we live in is ungallant, certainly—and much more than that. Her cause is public, universal; for she is, or she should be, the mother of the finest and the best of the nation, the hope of all its future. Without her, Army and Navy, school, university and church, are alike vain and futile. In the lack of a worthier, I venture to be her champion. This is an essay in feminism—feminism, at least, of a sort.

The hardship of the middle class woman long antedates the war. During the suffrage campaigning we were often told how,

in the last century and a half, the activities that make her life significant have largely been taken away from her. But the political bearing of the fact is less important than the social. Let us consider this matter once more.

The old individualist era has given way to the era of collective organization—the mill, the factory, the department store. The crafts of the industrial household have been taken out of the home and organized in the world outside on a vast national scale. Women no longer produce; they buy. The home alone is economically unorganized—has become positively disorganized. But that is only the beginning. If middle class women have children, as some of the more valiant still do, they have become less indispensable even as mothers; the organization of modern life takes from them the care of their own flesh and blood the moment it becomes vitally interesting. The trained nurse, the school and the university step in, assuming responsibility. Many a mother of three, of four, of five, finds her days largely empty after she has finished the brief daily task of ordering her household.

Such mothers are found mainly in the upper range of the Middle Class. For the most part, the forgotten woman has few children or none. Actual figures are not at hand, for the census taker also has neglected the middle class woman; but the rough outlines of the situation have long been familiar. It has been said that if the present birthrate continues the descendants of the Fathers who came over in the Mayflower could very soon go back, all in the Mayflower. The statement is less whimsical and exaggerated than Mayflower folk have contended. As to college graduates, we have definite though scattering statistics. The average Harvard man, as Professor Cattell has graphically put it, has "seven-tenths of a son," the average Vassar woman "one-half of a daughter"—a child and a half and one child respectively being the fruit of the lives of two people. Thus it appears that the line of those who are educable and educated shrinks by almost one half with each generation. Middle class women have become not merely unproductive but unreproductive. In one way it is natural that highly educated folk are less fertile, most of the years of their prime being devoted to study and to the long labor of establishing themselves in a profession. But is it

not something more than natural, something quite topsy-turvy, that those who are capable of the fullest moral and intellectual achievement should, by that very fact, have their line extinguished?

In the refusal of middle class women to bear children there is, no doubt, a measure of cultural self indulgence, even of frivolity. There has been, of late years, a great increase of lecture-going, of devotion to music and the drama, of participation in the affairs of the world of society, fashion, travel—in brief, all the phenomena of a rapidly diffusing civilization. These too lead away from the home; no less than industry, culture has gone out from the household, and with much the same result—a tendency to limit the family. It is not without warrant that the moralist inveighs against the decay of the home life of our ancestors, so wholesomely simple and affectional. But there could be no greater mistake than to regard all this as the result of wilful selfishness. Primarily the lifting of the cultural standards of the Middle Class is the result of an instinct sound and salutary—calculated to give it precisely the breadth of outlook and tonic mentality which has hitherto been its greatest lack. Where once the class was mentally lethargic, drab in its mood and shoddy in its taste, it is now intellectually alert and æsthetically discriminating. And it is right to be so. Who is more surely entitled than the brainworker and the mother of brainworkers to a wide spiritual horizon and deep culture? Few things could be more essential to the progress of civilization. Yet the fact remains that thus far the cultural gain of the class has contributed powerfully toward its ultimate extinction.

The basic cause of race suicide in the Middle Class is not frivolity, not selfishness, but a maladjustment between income and function; brain-working folk can no longer afford to have children and raise them to the normal life of their kind. All this is an incident of the Industrial Revolution—a fateful economic development which we are powerless to resist and which as yet, in all likelihood, we do not fully comprehend. But so much we know: the wife who used to be a true helpmeet, producing values daily,—values in both the materials of life and in life itself,—is now, as she herself says bitterly, a parasite. One day's

labor, one salary, and that a salary of diminishing value, pays for all.

This inequity is, however, only in part a thing beyond our control. It is reënforced by our own acts and institutions. Our economic system is based on the assumption, never quite justified and never less so than today, that all citizens are alike parents and householders. The result is to penalize parenthood. The so-called protective tariff is so far from protecting the home that it makes depredations upon the welfare of every member of it. A bachelor is taxed only upon what he himself eats and wears, but a father is taxed upon as many as there are members of his household. Yet we are surprised that an increasing number of men lead single lives, and we search the streets and by ways for the causes of prostitution. If parents educate their children, as middle class parents should, until the age of eighteen, or twenty-two,—even twenty-five for those who study professions,—then they continue to be taxed not only for what the children eat and wear but largely also for what is eaten and worn by their teachers. The more they do for their children, in short,—the greater their service to the State,—the more severely they are penalized.

When a middle class man becomes a father, he gives a mortgage on his life, jeopards his best work in the world. The mother faces not only an ordeal of life and death but a strong probability that she and all who are dearest to her will be disclassed—forced down to the world of the manual worker, which is today the world of the alien, slovenly and uncouth. Those who still have a child or two do so, not as an act of happy, normal functioning but as a deed of rare personal heroism. And, confronted by a vanishing birthrate among the well born and well bred, we scold our women because they do not do their duty by the future!

Among the poor, conditions are far otherwise. There are free maternity hospitals, free clinics and dispensaries, free parks and playgrounds, free baths and outings in summer. There are free trade schools by day and by night, free lectures and free music, sometimes free meals in the public schools. On the lower planes of living it is as easy as not to have children. Who pays for all this? The money comes out of municipal taxes, over nine-tenths of which

fall upon real estate, which is to say, upon rent. That is a heavy burden on the offices, shops and homes of the Middle Class. Yet relatively the poor have less need of help in these matters; in their homes the Industrial Revolution has wrought no change that is vital. Women are still economically productive—cooking, keeping house, sewing. Children also earn their keep as soon as they are through grammar school, finding employment which means a sizable pay envelope. Sons and daughters of day laborers, nurtured and educated largely at the expense of the Middle Class, often earn more than their fathers. Still, as in the patriarchal day and the day of household industries, a family is a burden for a few years only; eventually it is an economic asset. However large it is, it tends positively to rise in the social scale. And so, on the lower planes of living, the race still breeds with its age-old fecundity. In a period of about six generations, as Dr. Davenport has shown, while 1,000 Harvard graduates are dwindling to 50, 1,000 Roumanians, at their present birthrate, will increase to 100,000. The slums swarm with the children of the lowly born, the lowly bred—who inherit the future.

The war rendered the malady of the middle class woman doubly acute. We may never know precisely how deep was the devastation wrought by the increasing demands of labor, how crushing the burden of the redoubled cost of living upon fixed incomes. But there have been many straws in the wind. Actually a bureau at Washington gave its mind to the crisis. After the war, certain problems of "the new poor" were discussed in *The Labor Review* and—a highly sardonic circumstance—were discussed with a sympathy which had hitherto been confined to the manual worker.

Do housewives who once enjoyed the services of a cook find domestic labor difficult? They have only to apply the principles which they have long practiced in outdoor sport. "With the same form and spirit we can find as much health and exercise in housework as in a game of tennis or golf. Can't we ?" In dish-washing, as in golf, a matter of primary importance is the stance. Stand easily but solidly upon both feet. "When will women stop wearing their old high-heeled pumps for housework?" Clothing also should be "loose and sensible", so that, in dish-

washing as in golf, it will come natural to play each stroke through. It is very important to "use the back properly". If doubt arises as to just how to use the back, the newly poor housewife is informed that Cornell University "has a whole bulletin on this important subject". Above all, put the same "rhythm and spirit" into dishwashing that so signally triumphs upon the links. Don't get downhearted. A dishwasher may be down, but she is never out. Presumably, those who feel that way may be permitted to address the dish—a linguistic detail in which the newly poor housewife is already proficient. And, first and last, keep your eye on the dish, also on the knife and spoon—especially on the fork! No woman can develop her full game as a dishwasher without remembering to keep her eye on the fork. Thus, thanks to the guidance, philosophy and friendship of the Department of Labor, Washington, the new poor have only themselves to blame if they do not find the uses of adversity sweet.

There is only one fly in this wealth of amber. Even with all aid from the technique of golf, housework "becomes difficult in the case of a mother with two or more children". If such a one wishes to avoid drudgery and heartbreak she will have to practice an efficiency vastly heightened and intensified. And at that her case is dubious. The technique of motherhood is beyond even the high example of golf. And so it appears that those, who, thanks to exceptional energy and ability, have risen from the handworking into the brainworking stratum, are doomed by the most cheerful philosophy which the Department of Labor commands to the ultimate futility of the one-child family.

Of deeper import is a statement from the New York Commissioner of Charities made in the period following the war. For the first time in the history of his Commission, educated people employed in brain labor brought their children to him, confessing that they were no longer able to feed them and keep them warm. Yet while the world was agog over the professional decay of Army and Navy, of the churches and universities, no voice was raised in behalf of well born women and the traditions of the seemly home.

As Ruskin long ago made clear, children well born and well bred are the basic wealth of any nation. It should scarcely have

needed an art critic to tell the economists that! Of what use are the utmost material gain, the most perfectly devised institutions, if the citizens who inherit them are enfeebled in blood, defective in upbringing? Darwin himself pointed out that the one sure result of our philanthropic democracy is to waste our resources and reduce our stamina; yet, while we follow him in plant and animal biology, even in conceiving of our economic and social systems as an "evolution", we think of the developing life of the race in the dead terms of political institutions and material wealth. The greatest economic waste in the world, it used to be said, is in the unproductive lives of women of the Middle Class. But the economic waste is a poor and trivial thing when compared to the waste of social and vital values—the tradition of the American home, the distinction and the vigor of the American people.

Still we do nothing. Though our leaders in anthropology, in biology, in sociology, are themselves middle class men, they have no programme—have scarcely even stated the problem. The brainworker, I freely admit, is forgotten because he has rather stupidly forgotten himself. I should say the same of his wife if it were not for the suffrage movement, of which the present decade has witnessed the culmination and triumph. In one regard, obviously, our women have not been forgotten, have not forgotten themselves. What is the basis of this historic movement, and how is it related to feminine welfare? There have been many theories of late as to the *primum mobile* of history—some of them no doubt extreme, yet scarcely the less interesting.

The basis of history, Marx declared, is to be found in questions of land and of food supply: "the source of all historic change is economic." There is an element of truth in this idea, yet its application to the feminist movement is not at all clear. The only women who faced any real problem of subsistence, at least before the war, were of the class of unskilled labor, and they were notably indifferent to the vote. They could not see how it would clothe them, feed their children. It is true that Socialists and labor unions declared for woman's suffrage; but the declaration was, so to speak, academic—a yielding to special pressure, or at best an expression of the theory of democratic equality. Neither Unionist nor Socialist ever fought for suffrage as they have

fought for any one of a dozen causes in which working hours and the pay envelope were at stake.

What then was the "basis" of the suffrage movement? It has not been sufficiently regarded, I think, that the women who won the vote were mainly of the Middle Class—well born, well educated, intelligent. Their most prominent allies were of the capitalist class. It was not, in fact, until suffrage became distinctly fashionable that it had any distinct success. We beheld the curious spectacle of a band of gentlewomen, who were lapped in luxury and had the world of enjoyment at their feet, working themselves into a genuinely noble passion over the wrongs of their sex—and finally driving before them our wariest and astutest politicians. Whatever the basis of their wrongs and rights, it was not economic. The one thing which these women were most obviously free from was the pang of bodily need.

Nor have they, as it seems, any definite use for the vote now that they have achieved it. Everywhere we see a still more noteworthy spectacle, also unexplained—millions of women who might wield the supreme political power, dictate their measures to either party, who yet have not the slightest idea of doing so. They vote Republican or vote Democratic quite as helplessly as their men folk. They have raised no issue that is not directly in line with programmes that have long been formed, and in a large measure executed. Neither in its origin nor in its ends does the suffrage movement, at least to the superficial view, appear to have had a material basis, economic or otherwise. It was a thing of the mind and the spirit as few movements have ever been. Now that the struggle is ended, most suffragists admit in their franker moments a sense, not of having gained something, but of having lost it. Even so in 1918 a host of women workers felt that, as one of them expressed it, they had "lost the war".

Of late years we have heard less of the economic basis of history. As Graham Wallas has declared—though like Ruskin he was in a measure anticipated in the eighteenth century by Turgot—the true basis is psychologic. Is the origin of the suffrage movement psychologic? In other words, is it a matter of normal human instincts as they work themselves out in civilized life—what

Turgot called "the hidden principles that contribute to form our mind and character"? The unsatisfied food-hunger of the primitive Hun determined his psychology as a conqueror; but so also did the unsatisfied power-hunger of his modern namesake. Doubtless there is an economic element in all historic changes—a physical need to be satisfied; but historians of Mr. Wallas's persuasion find, and I think with reason, that it becomes powerful only as it works upon character—psyche, the soul. The most direct and powerful factor in historic changes is a primal passion unsatisfied, a thirst of the spirit which is unassuaged.

In the life of the middle class woman today is there any unsatisfied longing? There are ten thousand, certainly, as there always have been in all walks of human life and doubtless always will be. These, however, are not primal but superficial things. Of primal passions thwarted only one suggests itself. Middle class women are childless as no group has ever been which was so large, so intelligent and so morally earnest.

Was the suffrage movement, then, the result of a maternal hunger aching to be satisfied? Listen, good people! I beg and entreat a serious hearing, for I know I shall seem paradoxical, finding the origin of woman's demand for political power in a merely primitive and personal instinct. Let us look at the facts with philosophic calm and detachment.

In the feminine assault upon the dull mass of the world's indifference there was more than a suggestion of primal passion. Few causes have ever been waged more relentlessly. Said the spouse of an early suffragist, with a wry smile, "Woman's spear is in the home—and she uses it! Her spear knows no husband." But outside the home her activities proved far more deadly—even in countries where there was no smashing of plate glass, no fouling of letter boxes with pitch, no cruelly perplexing hunger strikes—as many an American politician can testify who in the face of these incomprehensible, inexorable furies found himself helpless, nonplussed, his whole political future in jeopardy. The well known card index, recording his political past and his moving present as if with the finger of fate, ceaselessly rode his nightmares. The politician at least would agree that the suffragists had all the fury of the tigress bereft of her cubs.

There is, however, a difference. The tigress knows what it is she has lost. The middle class woman resents it bitterly if anyone relates her "cause" to her childlessness, making it merely an effect. Here is the deliberate statement of a well-known leader: "Fundamental problems such as race suicide, celibacy, eugenics, etc., are beside the suffrage question. If anyone hopes to solve them through suffrage he is on the wrong path. No suffragist, however uninformed, would hold such premises." It is as if a man should say that his right to vote has no possible relation to the tariff and taxation, to war and peace, to the League of Nations. The tigress knows what she has lost; but in the woman there is no bridge between the subconscious longing and the void in her conscious life. Nature prompts her, tortures her, martyrizes her with the insistent instinct of motherhood; yet her resultant activities—in society and self culture, in charity, in politics—have only the remotest relation to her true cause. The case is psychologic, but abnormally so.

Her childlessness, to be sure, is not really her fault. It is the result of social and economic conditions which have worked through generations and which are beyond any individual control. She is the victim of a world malady. Why, in the name of all income and outgo, should she not be childless? Marriage makes her a parasite upon her struggling man: the least she can do is to see to it that children do not swarm upon him. But her subconscious mind does not realize this, any more than the subconscious mind of Mr. Jones or Mr. Smith knows that the name was wished upon him by an unjustly ironic, a capricious fate; it is enough—too much!—that he *is* Smith. It may even be doubted whether the conscious minds of many feminist women are well grounded in the sociology of race suicide. They only know that, in their own individual cases, nature prompted and they willed otherwise. Love came and marriage—but then the primordial forces were suppressed. To speak of their childlessness is to touch the rawest spot in their being, which every instinct, conscious and subconscious, tells them to hide from all the world.

Again, do not misconceive me! The suffrage cause had many phases, several of them quite unconnected psychologically with

this child-complex. Thus the woman who inherits the talents of the old mistresses of an industrial household—the talent of management, of planning and directing the creation of new commodity values—very naturally breaks loose from the functionless home of today and finds scope for her productive ability in a profession or in the market place. She is often the truer woman—not her sister who sits idle and discontented in the lap of barren ease—and she was probably the most powerful if the least showy element in the suffrage movement. But of the two womanly instincts, productive and reproductive, only the mother instinct is primal, impassioned; only that tortures a true woman, martyrizes her, when it is denied.

Examples of the feminine psychology misdirected abound in the modern world. No fallen sister is too vile to enlist its most passionate championship, its fiercest energies. Sensitive, high-minded women fairly haunted the Night Court until it was abolished. But from the cause of the well born child they turned coldly away, stone deaf and purblind. In San Francisco some years ago a man was charged with assault on a woman of the streets and the judge put his bail so low that he jumped it. It was a case of men of a kind standing together. In California woman's "spear" had just been taken out of the home and it was brightly barbed with a modern improvement known as the recall. The women went after that judge, and they *got* him. Meantime in the city of Berkeley there was a referendum on the question of issuing bonds for playgrounds sorely needed by the children. Only a minority of women voted and so the playgrounds were lost. The referendum was just as bright and shiny as the recall, and the welfare of children was at stake, children of their own kind and breeding. But the issue was so abhorrent to the psychology of the majority of woman voters that no earthly power could make them aware of its existence.

From the Neolithic Age, which first saw household industries, to the era of the Industrial Revolution, women have lived untold generations of happy, normal functioning. Of late, within a single century, the whole basis of the life of the middle class woman has shifted from beneath her. If today, living in barren households and with a strange, new outer world of opportunity

beckoning, our women are restless, eager, rebellious—dallying with every old vice and new folly—surely, nature knows why. And steadily, irresistibly, nature is teaching them—teaching even that stupidest of consorts, the brainworking man. They are voters now—no longer obliged to argue, cajole, threaten with the votes of others. What their hearts conceive their own hands can accomplish.

And they have a cause that eventually no true man can fail to understand. The brawniest male still bears in his pectoral muscles a reminder of the time when his far grandsires of the arboreal days enjoyed a measure of sex equality which the progress of specialization has denied him. There is still an instinct in his heart telling him that when people are married the first need of their love is children.

Was there ever room in the feminist movement for sex antagonism? Was it not a man who first urged it upon the world that women should be voters? It was men who first attacked, and have so largely reformed, the old, unjust laws as to women's property. It was men who swept away the strongholds of shoddy fabrics and poisoned foods; who devised the benefit for widowed and deserted mothers; who are today strong allies in the effort to prevent the marriage of young girls to diseased and degenerate males. Men are slow and blundering, no doubt; but they are not tyrants, not usurpers. For true men have always known that the cause of women is also their cause, being the cause of the nation and of civilization.

Through all the unrecorded æons of biology, our ancestors have had children and reared them—without one break in the age-old line. Now for the first time women well born and well bred are bereft of labor, bereft of their privilege as mothers of the world to come. When the storm rages, there is somewhere a void to be filled. All our talk of the tyranny of men, of the equality of the sexes, is only the cry of the wind in the trees, its howling among the ledges that oppose it. The secret of the storm is in the void beyond. Listen intently and you will hear the true voice of our women: "Let us too suffer and create. Give us back our labor; give us back our children!"

JOHN CORBIN.

USE AND ABUSE OF SUBMARINES

BY REAR-ADMIRAL W. F. FULLAM, U. S. N.

Mr. Balfour's eloquent speech at the Washington Conference accepting in principle Mr. Hughes's plan for the limitation of battleship armament focussed the attention of the world upon the submarine. He frankly admitted that the small coast-defense submarine, of short cruising radius, is a weapon of defense for weak nations against the aggression of the strong upon the sea, and he also recognized the great offensive power of the long-range cruising submarine in naval warfare.

The suggestions to abolish submarines altogether, or to limit their size, and to outlaw the big cruiser has found many advocates. It is plain why a great maritime nation might look with favor upon Mr. Balfour's suggestion. And many good people the world over, recalling German "frightfulness", would applaud the extinction of the submarine. But we must avoid precipitate action. The legitimate uses of the submarine must not be denied. It has been condemned without a hearing. The charges against it have been exaggerated. It may be claimed that it is not more inhumane than many other weapons if no restrictions were placed upon the latter. International law can control the submarine within limits that the world will recognize as humane—quite as humane as any weapon that kills or wins in war.

Suppose that surface cruisers were to sink merchant ships at sea with or without warning and leave their crews and passengers in midocean in small boats: Would that be an argument to abolish cruisers? Suppose a brutal combatant should turn machine guns upon prisoners, or upon an enemy that is surrounded, helpless, and crying for quarter: Would that be a reason for abolishing machine guns? There is scarcely a weapon of war that cannot be fiendishly and inhumanely used. Witness the massacre of the miners at Herrin, Illinois, after they had sur-

rendered! Should the rifle be abolished for this reason? Better hang fiends on shore and pirates at sea.

If the great and powerful nations of the world, Great Britain, Japan, France, Italy, the United States, and others—the only nations that are strong enough to be aggressive upon the sea—wish to abolish submarines, let them do so. But how about the small and weak nations like Belgium, China, Cuba, and Portugal? Must they, too, give up the submarine? The small U-boat would be one of the most potent of all weapons to defend them from invasion or aggression. And a few big cruising submarines would enable them to take the offensive against a strong nation that sought to crush them. Are they to be denied all offensive weapons? They cannot afford to build big navies for offensive or defensive purposes. Is the cry of "inhumanity" to be used to make the weak still weaker and the strong still stronger?

Statistics prove that only 12,000 lives were destroyed by submarines in the World War. There was greater loss of life, greater suffering, and more "inhumanity" in each of hundreds of battles on land than the total loss in submarine warfare during the whole four years!

The inhuman use of submarines can be condemned and outlawed just as other acts of war are controlled. The rights of neutrals upon the sea, and the protection of the innocent and the helpless, can be secured by regulations quite as binding as those that forbid the killing of prisoners or noncombatants on land.

We hear much of the "freedom of the seas." Is it not desirable? Is it not righteous that the interests of all nations, great and small, weak and strong, shall be made secure upon the sea? No one nation or combination of nations should be permitted to dominate the oceans and to crush the weak.

Admirals of distinction have pointed out that the submarine is the most potent of all forces in securing the freedom of the seas. It is more powerful than other weapons, particularly when allied with air power. It gives more security than treaties, which may be violated as "scraps of paper". Remember Belgium!

If all nations, large and small, are permitted to use submarines, no one naval power can dominate the sea. The great-

est navy in the world cannot rule the oceans. And it is not too much to say that no combination of navies can do it. The German U-boats fought the navies of the world and nearly won the World War under conditions most disadvantageous to them.

The recently expressed opinions of Admiral von Scheer on the subject of submarine warfare merit careful attention:

> It is by no means to the interest of all nations that a weapon such as the submarine should be forbidden, for it represents a balance against the possibility of being overwhelmed by powers which are unusually strong at sea.
>
> It is just possible that the true freedom of the seas may one day become reality. In that case the World War with Germany will not have been fought in vain, although she perished in the attempt.
>
> England can never again be supreme upon the sea.
>
> The submarine changes naval warfare inasmuch as it places the attacker at a disadvantage. This would cause a nation, contemplating war, to draw back. Thus the submarine becomes a weapon which urges peace!

The more we study this subject the more clearly it appears that the submarine, far from being a weapon to be condemned, is one to be exalted. Great nations fear it. Why? Because it stands squarely in the way of future aggression on the sea! Thus it may discourage war. A nation with a great merchant fleet, dependent upon it for her life, may stop and think twice or thrice before she forces war upon a nation, however weak, that is prepared to use submarines and air forces in self-defense. We find in Admiral Sims's book ample proof of the power of the submarine in preventing the "command of the sea" by a great surface navy. In which are the people of the world most interested just at present—in the "command of the sea" or in the "freedom of the sea"? Do they wish to aid the offensive or to strengthen the defensive? To aid the weak or to assist the strong? To increase taxation or to reduce it?

Navies cannot be abolished. War cannot be abolished. The power of the battleship, of the submarine, and of air forces must be intelligently studied as they affect the "command" as well as the "freedom" of the sea. The weak nation must not be left at the mercy of the strong upon the world's highway.

W. F. Fullam.

AIRCRAFT *versus* BATTLESHIPS

BY CAPTAIN ROY CAMPBELL SMITH, U. S. N.

THIS is a question much discussed of late, notwithstanding the Conference on Limitation of Armament, one school holding that the reduced number of capital ships is an honest reduction, the other holding that battleships were in effect scrapped before the Conference began.

It is not proposed here to review the arguments that have been adduced on one side or the other, for they have been stated quite fully in the reports on the bombing tests last summer, when the surrendered German warships were destroyed by aircraft, and in numerous articles in the press. It may be accepted at once that bombs from aircraft are quite capable of destroying battleships.

Taking up the argument from this point on, nearly all the published articles assume a fleet at sea and hostile aircraft that have gained touch with such fleet, the assumption involving a situation in which one force is composed entirely of aircraft and the other force principally of surface ships, perhaps assisted by aircraft. If the air force is large this situation could easily result in the destruction of the fleet.

The conflict that ensues is a question of tactics. Tactics is a branch of the art of war that treats of the principles governing actual contact. Its theatre is the field of battle. It is a most important branch of the art. Other branches are strategy and logistics. Strategy gets the units to the field of battle, logistics supplies them *en route* and subsequently. Strategy and logistics, as distinguished from tactics, cover the whole theatre of war, and are not limited to the field of battle.

Strategy and logistics have been fully worked out for surface fleets. If they have been as fully worked out for aircraft, there has been little reference to it in the published discussions.

The writer contributed an article to THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, for March, 1904, under the caption of *An Untechnical View of Warfare*, in which the elements of tactics and strategy were rather fully discussed. It was seen that there were inherent, or internal, elements in each, which governed the warfare of any given period, and that there were external, temporary, or accidental elements that affected particular battles or campaigns.

The inherent elements of tactics were seen to be weapons, mass, motion, resistance. Tactical results are achieved by the application of force, and force for such purpose is matter in motion. The power to resist force must also be considered Here then are all the inherent elements of tactics.

Weapons have been the dominating element of tactics in all ages. They are the means for the application of force. Mass taken in conjunction with motion determines momentum. Both of these elements concern both inert materials and living bodies, projectiles, ships, men, horses, their size, numbers, and method of motion. By resistance is meant rather passive resistance, which also includes protection. It is the reverse of vulnerability.

The external elements depend on the surroundings, such as the natural and artificial features of the field of battle, the weather and the light. They may influence a particular battle, but they do not influence the tactics of the age, which is based on the normal surroundings, as do the internal elements.

Now we come to the elements of strategy, first the inherent elements, depending on the forces themselves. Strategy covers the whole theatre of war. The forces must cover it also. To do this they must have sufficient means of transportation and self-sustaining capacity, which may be termed respectively locomotion and endurance. The last named quality has a partly technical meaning, separate from mere physical endurance. Fuel endurance, for instance, means the steaming radius without refueling. So the endurance of fighting forces in this sense means their self-sustaining capacity under normal conditions, not only in fuel, but in food, ammunition and all necessary supplies. The external elements of strategy are similar to those of tactics. They are the natural and artificial features of the whole theatre of war, such as roads, fortifications, commu-

nications, population, harbors, naval bases, weather. The main difference between land strategy and sea strategy is that the external features are the prominent ones to be considered in the former, whereas in sea strategy the internal elements of locomotion and endurance, as above understood, are of greater consequence.

Having reaching this point it will be pertinent to quote directly a paragraph from THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW article previously cited (from page 434):

> The elements of tactics and strategy may sometimes be invoked to clarify thought in regard to disputed matters of policy. For instance, some years ago a French school advocated numerous small gunboats and torpedo-boats in place of a few ironclads; and, even in this country, at this day, there are people who believe it would be a good plan to stop building battleships and turn our whole attention to submarines. Considering the matter first in the light of the elements of tactics, there does not seem to be any self-evident conclusion in sight. If the one battleship and the many gunboats or submarines are actually on the field of battle within reach of each other, it may go hard with the battleship. But first to get them there. That concerns strategy. The elements are locomotion and endurance. Granted that the small vessels have sufficient locomotion and can make sea voyages, is it not endurance, or the power of continuous self-sustainment, in which they are totally lacking? The battleship carries the nation's power to any part of the world, and is independent of supplies for long periods. The gunboats and submarines are helpless without a moving base, and unless the moving base is a battleship, she too is helpless. This consideration seems to indicate that the battleship is an essential unit of the fleet, even granted that the smaller craft are thoroughly efficient in their own peculiar sphere.

Since the above was written the submarine has been much in evidence, but mainly in connection with the illegal sinking of merchant ships, now piracy. It is true that the records show that during the war more warships were sunk by submarines than by gun fire, but this does not argue that the submarine is fit to replace the battleship. The conditions of the war were peculiar. There was only one big naval battle, Jutland, and this was not fought to a finish. Also, the defense against submarines was little developed until during the course of the war, as for instance, in moving at speed, zigzagging, the use of listening devices, destroyers, depth bombs. If submarines increase in size and eventually become large enough to fill the rôle of the battleship, the case will be different. But that era has not yet arrived.

Aircraft are a new arrival in warfare. Rams, torpedoes, and submarines have each in their turn been destined to revolutionize warfare afloat. Their advocates were convinced that the solution had at last been found. Time and experience decreed otherwise. The usual difficulty was that some inherent element of tactics or strategy had not even been considered.

To pass now to aircraft. If they can begin their flight near enough to the objective, and are in sufficient numbers, they can achieve success; but, as Rear-Admiral William Ledyard Rodgers pointed out recently, in an address before the Society of Naval Architects and Marine Engineers, they cannot remain on the field of battle even if successful. Expressing the same idea in other words, they lack the essential inherent element of endurance, or self-sustaining capacity. That is, they are limited in their operations by their radius of movement. For coast defense there is no question that they are of the greatest value. For action farther afloat they must depend on a moving base, that is, an airplane carrier.

War fleets in these days are going to keep at a respectful distance from hostile coasts, for many reasons, among them mines and submarines, as well as aircraft. Fleets are for the purpose of opposing hostile fleets. If, however, they cannot act also against each other's coasts, of what use are they? Why cannot they all be abolished? Well, for one reason, sea-borne commerce will be in evidence for a long time to come, and will need protection. So fleets will be needed both to attack and to protect commerce, if for no other reason.

Commerce cannot be attacked by aircraft. That is, aircraft cannot capture ships, and they cannot destroy them without first putting their crews and passengers in a position of safety. It is true that German submarines did this very thing in the late war, contrary to the practice of international law. But the principle of the immunity of the passengers and crew has been reaffirmed by the Washington Conference, and it may be fairly assumed that it will not be violated by any civilized nation.

Aircraft can assist materially in attacks on commerce by scouting and directing the approach of surface craft capable of capturing the merchant ships without endangering the passen-

gers and crews of the latter. Hence merchant ships will go mostly in convoys adequately protected by surface ships to repel the attacks of hostile surface ships. If the convoy is of great value, serious attempt will be made to capture it, and the hostile surface craft will be of corresponding power and importance. Equally the defense, to repel such an attack, must be of adequate power. To cruisers and destroyers the opposing forces will gradually add airplanes and carriers, then battle cruisers to protect the carriers and other surface craft, and finally, in their proper sphere, battleships.

Due to the lack of the essential inherent strategic element of endurance in the airplane, the battleship, strong in this element, thus finally comes to the assistance of the airplane.

An idea has been advanced that owing to the difficulty, if not the impossibility, of approaching hostile shores in these days, expeditionary forces for overseas operations are henceforth barred, and that armies hereafter are continental, for service only on the continent of their origin. This will be true if ways cannot be devised for convoying and landing expeditionary forces with some expectation of success. The great menace is of course aircraft. Mines and submarines and fortifications have been encountered in the past, notwithstanding which forces have been landed. The most effective method of opposing aircraft is with other aircraft. This at present would be a difficult operation if the sea passage were long, for all the resources of the invaded country would be at hand to supply aircraft on the coast to oppose the invader's aircraft arriving in carriers; unless indeed with the progress of aviation, sea transport becomes a thing of the past, and all communication becomes aërial. At such time, it is admitted, conditions will have changed and the day of battleships will have ended.

The question of the transport of armies will certainly be solved in one way or another, as all such questions have been solved in the past; for nations at war are not going to be satisfied with holding their armies at home merely because an ocean separates them from their enemies. The question is extraneous to the discussion of aircraft *versus* battleships as long as surface craft exist. The one present effective solution, as above stated,

is the difficult one of accompanying the transports carrying the army with sufficient aircraft to meet the enemy's aircraft, which in the present state of the art of aviation requires airplane carriers; and this brings us back to other surface craft to protect the carriers, and eventually to battleships.

So in discussing present day conditions it is apparent that correct solutions cannot be reached unless all the elements affecting warfare are considered. It is evident that a means must exist of carrying the might and power of the nation—and this means numbers as well as force—to any part of the surface of the earth and there sustaining them as long as may be necessary. If aircraft can do this now, then no further discussion is needed. If they cannot do it, it is known that it can be done by surface craft. As long as surface craft exist there will be a capital fighting ship of maximum power and endurance, which may be different from the present battleships, but which will embrace all the features imposed by the tactics and strategy of the time, the continuing elements of which are weapons, mass, motion, resistance, locomotion, endurance. And any discussion of the relative value of fighting units that does not take into account all of these inherent elements may easily result in faulty deductions.

It may be stated in conclusion that the method of appealing to the elements of tactics and strategy is not in general use as such, and in fact it cannot be stated that the elements are generally recognized. A number of years ago the writer, while lecturing at Harvard on military and naval subjects, found the method of considerable value in arriving at satisfactory explanations of historical battles and campaigns; and after a historical search of a couple of years was of the opinion that all of the essential inherent elements of tactics and strategy were comprised in those that are named above. Though they are not mentioned as elements, they are always considered in one way or another by the planners of the battles and campaigns, and are also given due weight by the authors who have written convincingly on military and naval subjects.

Roy C. Smith.

CHEMICAL WARFARE IN THE FUTURE

BY CAPTAIN J. M. SCAMMELL, INF. O. R. C.

CHEMICAL warfare offers tremendous potentialities, not only in making war less cruel and less destructive, but in making it less frequent.

This statement will cause astonishment to those who, under the influence of widespread pacifist propaganda, are convinced that gas, the submarine and aircraft operate to make wars more frequent and more terrible. But those who have approached the subject of modern war from a rational and not from an emotional standpoint know that the statement is true. They know, moreover, that it is not so much the militarist as the pacifist who today, when democracy has become a widespread force, is the greatest menace to peace. This is because the professional pacifist's stock in trade is emotionalism, and not facts but illusions: the stuffs of which modern wars are made. The pacifist, who was the catspaw of Germany throughout the war, showed a remarkable contempt for facts; facts hampered his arguments and cramped his style. Nevertheless, without taking the pains to investigate, he was ready to render a ready-made final judgment upon any subject under the sun.

The prejudice against gas arose as a natural and wholesome reaction against the manner in which it was first introduced. Contrary to her pledged word, Germany released a particularly deadly and cruel gas, chlorine, in a treacherous cloud attack against defenseless men. The horror of it became, quite naturally but illogically, attached to the weapon more than to the wielder. We have largely forgiven the Germans, but we have not yet forgiven the gas.

And yet, as a nation, we have never in the past, in times of calm judgment, opposed the use of gas in war. When at The Hague, in 1899, the subject of its prohibition in war was raised, the American delegates refused to support it. When the dec-

laration was drawn up, our representatives refused to sign it. The American naval delegate, Captain A. T. Mahan, made in his report a concise statement of the reasons for not signing:

> The United States naval delegate did not cast his vote silently, but gave his reasons, which at his demand were inserted in the report of the day's proceedings. These reasons were, briefly: 1. That no shell emitting such gases is as yet in practical use . . . 2. That the reproach of perfidy, addressed against these supposed shells, was equally uttered formerly against firearms and torpedoes, both of which are now employed without scruple. Until we know the effects of such asphyxiating shells, there is no saying whether they would be more or less merciful than missiles now permitted. 3. That it is not demonstrably humane to be tender about asphyxiating men with gas, when all were prepared to admit that it was allowable to blow the bottom out of an ironclad at midnight, throwing four or five hundred men into the sea, to be choked by water, with scarcely the remotest chance of escape.

There was but one other dissenting voice: that of Great Britain. But when Germany used gas in 1915 every belligerent nation was bound by the prohibition, for Great Britain adhered to it in 1907. Our country was therefore the only great civilized Power that refused to suscribe to the provision forbidding the use of gas. Nevertheless we took no steps to employ gas in warfare. Germany, on the other hand, ratified the agreement on September 4, 1900, but in 1904 began to experiment with gas for war purposes. Some of the German gas apparatus captured by the Allies bore the dates 1907 and 1908. Gas was first used in war by the Germans in 1915. The Allies, of course, found it necessary to employ it in self-defense. Nevertheless, as late as June, 1916, the French used only lachrymatory gases in retaliation. It was not until June 28, 1916, that they began to use lethal gases.

Meanwhile the Germans had introduced not only chlorine gas but phosgene. In 1917 mustard gas was used. Then a sneezing gas was introduced to neutralize the protection of the gas-mask, and then a lethal gas was sent over into the same area to finish the work begun.

By the time of the armistice three classes of gas were in use: irritant gases, lachrymatory gases, and vesicant gases. The first affect the respiratory system and are generally fatal in high concentrations. Chlorine and phosgene are examples. The second

affect temporarily the eyes. Brom-acetone is an example. The third act on the skin, causing a "burn." Mustard gas is an example, although, if used in high concentrations, it affects the eyes and the respiratory and even the digestive system.

Tactically, gases are classified by their persistence. The degree of persistence is dependent not only upon the type of gas but also upon the degree of concentration, the method of projection, the terrain and the weather—temperature, moisture, wind, etc. The characteristically persistent gases are slightly volatile liquids, and it is the gradual vaporization that gives to them their persistent character. The non-persistent gases are quickly dissipated by the wind.

Now only two gases are effective in other than high concentrations: mustard gas and, to a certain extent, chloro-picrin. But high concentrations are difficult to achieve except under extraordinary conditions, in normal mobile warfare. And it must not be imagined that the stabilized warfare that characterized the greater part of the World War on the Western Front is a permanent characteristic of modern war. In many cases so infrequent will be the opportunities to use the majority of gases that, if any are used, it will be those that promise results in low concentrations. Our own Army gained its experience largely in semi-stabilized and in mobile warfare.

Except in the case of mustard gas, and in the event that the soldier has previously been exposed to a sneezing gas, the mask is a complete protection. Therefore among the most important uses of gas is that of reducing the physical and moral resistance of troops by forcing them to wear the mask for long periods. There is a second important characteristic of gas warfare: that the effect of a mild concentration is very difficult to diagnose, and continued activity on the part of a mildly gassed soldier may lead to serious consequences, while, if he remain inactive, he may suffer no ill-effects; and since a soldier must be given the benefit of the doubt, among troops of low morale a great opportunity for malingering is provided. Gas, therefore, by emphasizing the moral factor in war, decreases the stubbornness of the resistance of the side weaker morally, and decreases bloodshed thereby. From these arguments it will be seen that tactical

requirements have reduced the number of gases that can be employed economically, and have largely restricted the uses of gas to the inflicting of mild and temporary casualties. That this is actually the case is strikingly confirmed by the casualty statistics of our Army.

Thus, of a total of 274,217 casualties, 74,573, or 27.3 per cent, were caused by gas. Of the total casualties, 23.4 per cent died. Of the total casualties, .429 per cent, or less than one-half of one per cent, died from gas! The total deaths in battle were 48,059. The total deaths in battle caused by gas are estimated at 206. The total number of all deaths from gas were 1,400.

The really significant figures are those showing that while gas caused 27.3 per cent of all casualties, of these only 1.87 per cent died! That is less than one-twelfth the percentage that died from the effects of other wounds. Gas, moreover, does not mutilate nor disfigure, and that it plays any part in causing tuberculosis it is difficult if not impossible to prove.

But it is not only that gas is, as now employed, by far the most humane of all the weapons yet devised, but, if we continue our research, as we are now doing, there are great possibilities that the humane characteristics which it has developed may be indefinitely increased. If the types causing only temporary disability, such as the tear gases and the sneezing gases, were developed to a point where they would become the most important tactically, many more serious casualties by shot and shell could be prevented. This is precisely what gas does now.

Not only is chemical warfare more humane in battle, but it decreases the likelihood of war. It excludes whole groups of peoples from fighting. For example, no longer can a savage people, or even a non-industrial nation, hope successfully to go to war with a power that uses gas. In conjunction with the submarine and with aircraft it so complicates a modern overseas campaign that again certain nations are excluded from fighting each other.

Finally, had we not wilfully thrown away the opportunity at the clamor of the emotionalists, there would have been placed in the hands of America the power to forbid war. No other nation is so favorably situated as regards wealth, position and re-

sources, as to have no need to envy or to fear others. We are for that reason, if for no other, the most peacefully disposed of all nations. Moreover no other nation is so favorably situated as regards the use of gas in war. We have all the ingredients for all types of gases, within our confines, and we have them in great abundance. Again, we have the machinery for their production in bulk. We have the chemists and the inventive genius. Finally, no other weapon lends itself so readily to original and ingenious tactical use, and ingenuity and originality are characteristics of our people.

There are those who paint lurid pictures of gas attacks from aircraft on open cities. The best answer to this is that an overwhelming preponderance of air-strength would be necessary to carry out such an attack, for not only would it be a tremendous undertaking to obtain a sufficient concentration of gas to produce an appreciable effect, but the effect would not be worth the effort, particularly as the bombing planes would have to be escorted by combat planes in sufficient numbers to beat off all possible aerial counter-attacks.

Gas as a weapon of war has not been abolished. The Washington Conference, contrary to a widespread impression did not abolish it. It did not have the power to abolish it. But an agreement was made not to use it among the nations represented at the Conference. Other nations, such as Germany, may use it. Even the signatories of the agreement, if a non-signatory nation were to enter a war upon the side of one of them, would not be bound by the restriction. And even were the war confined to two of the signatory powers, gas would be used. An excuse for beginning could always be found. Accordingly the agreement has little practical effect, even assuming that it were desirable.

J. M. Scammell.

PRINCIPLES UNDERLYING PROHIBITION —A REPLY

BY THE REV. JOHN COLE McKIM

SINCE Dr. Wheeler named me in the opening sentence of his article *Principles Underlying Prohibition* in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW of August, I am bound to infer that his article is intended to be, in some sense, a criticism of mine. But since he has left his readers to decide for themselves just when he is writing pertinently to my article and when to his own title, I too must have recourse to my own judgment for the determination of that obscure question. This is the more difficult because, though Dr. Wheeler conferred upon me the distinction of naming my article, he did not do me the further honor of quoting from it.

I

Dr. Wheeler's grave displeasure seems to me to be altogether disproportionate to the trifling importance which he attaches to my article. I must ask him to forgive me for pointing out that if I am a "driveling idiot" employing "scarecrow material", while what he advances is "beyond argument" and "as clear as the noonday", my whole argument was futile and his own, unless he imputes an extraordinary density to his readers, superfluous.

Dr. Wheeler, with possible reference to a passage in my article, writes: "All of this scarecrow material used by opponents of Prohibition has no foundation. . . ." I was wholly unaware, when I wrote the article which Dr. Wheeler appears to have under criticism, that I was adducing a hackneyed argument. For though I stated a hypothetical case, I had a number of actual happenings in mind. Last January, for instance, I was called to see a diphtheria case which followed, in almost every detail, the hypothetical case cited in my June article. That case was singularly free from any suspicious circumstance; for it occurred in an institution under the management of religious women; the

attending physician was a woman who had long given her services without remuneration and received none in this case, and the patient was a little girl of seven. (In that case, if I remember correctly, spirits were legally obtained after some dangerous delay, through the kindness of another physician.) If, then, such argument is (and Dr. Wheeler ought to know) familiar, it is very probably because such instances could be multiplied.

I read Dr. Wheeler's article three days ago while awaiting a belated train in the Albany Union Depot. When I came upon the passage, "It is no violation of the law to prescribe liquor without a legal blank . . . in an emergency," I set out for a short stroll, in the course of which I made random visits to three respectable looking pharmacies. In each of them, in reply to my questions, I received the reply that it would be unsafe for a pharmacist to fill any such prescription and often impossible to investigate the plea of emergency within a reasonable time. One man said that if the case were certified over the telephone by a physician known to him, he might "take a chance". The other two said that if they were certain of the emergency they might supply the need, but that it would be safer not to file the prescription at all unless it was on a legal form. Thus, even if Dr. Wheeler's assertion be technically correct, the situation is full of danger.

But even if Dr. Wheeler be right and (if they only knew it!) physicians may write and pharmacists may fill these irregular prescriptions "in an emergency", it is still pertinent to inquire how the existence of such an emergency is to be determined. "For," says Dr. Wheeler, in his next paragraph, "it is indefensible to advocate that the individual can determine. . . ." Whose leaden footed (or leaden headed) verdict must individuals, physicians, parents, guardians, await while disease hurries its little victims into crises impatient of delay? None of these is to be trusted. "The law," we are pleasantly informed, "is the best friend of the child."

The next passage in Dr. Wheeler's article which conveys any suggestion of an intended relevance to mine is that in which he tells us that a person who does not know that beer is an intoxicating liquor is a "driveling idiot". If Dr. Wheeler will reëxamine

my article he will see that I do not deny that beer can intoxicate susceptible people if taken in gluttonous quantities. That would be true of several beverages not prohibited by the Volstead Act. What I said was that a normal beverage use would not inebriate the average adult. The language of the Eighteenth Amendment relates to beverage use, not to gluttonous abuse. Doubtless two or three quarts of beer at a sitting might have a harmful effect. So might twenty pies. But neither would be a normal dietetic use. It would not surprise me to learn that there are, in the archives of the Anti-Saloon League, any number of statistics tending to show that the effects of keg parties are immeasurably more deleterious than those of pie eating contests. I could not accept the conclusions, however formidable the data, except in so far as they might tend to prove (what needs no proving) that, of the two, the keg parties have been the more frequent and the more frequented. That is because intelligent people who know the difference prefer beer to pie.

However, I am not immediately concerned to show that Dr. Wheeler's conclusions are wrong, but merely that they are irrelevant. The Eighteenth Amendment does not necessitate the prohibition of liquors which, if taken in normal beverage quantities, would not be likely to inebriate the average adult. The amount of liquid taken by the average adult scarcely exceeds two quarts a day or a pint at a single meal, and this total is inclusive of breakfast beverages, water, and soups. Dr. Wheeler apparently thinks that the use of beer in any quantity is wrong: but that is irrelevant to the legal question which he set out to discuss.

Yet, in addition to hinting that I have borrowed "scarecrow material" and that I have employed arguments which convict me "in one of the courts of Wisconsin" of driveling idiocy, Dr. Wheeler seems to imply that I am guilty of something very like high treason in contemplating the possibility of any modification of the Volstead Act, merely because that act has been found constitutional by the Supreme Court.[1] It is, however, a matter of common knowledge that a law may be more severe than it need be without becoming unconstitutional. The Volstead Act has

[1] Mr. William H. Anderson is quoted in a similar sense in *The Literary Digest* of July 22, 1922.

been declared constitutional in this sense by a majority of the Supreme Court. So, if I remember rightly, was the Fugitive Slave Law.

It is saying much more than this and much more than can be supported by legal argument to maintain that such laws are, in meticulous detail, requisite to the loyal support of the Constitution.[1] So much for Dr. Wheeler's criticisms of me.

II

Dr. Wheeler says that there are principles underlying the Volstead Act; two of them.

The first of these principles is "that the people have an inherent right to better their conditions". An admirable statement! But its relationship to Dr. Wheeler's argument is that of a major premise. Before charging on to his conclusion that it underlies the Volstead Act, he ought to establish a minor premise covering the two points (a) that the Volstead Law is an act of "the people", and (b) that it "betters their conditions". Many Prohibitionists will consider it an act of sacrilege even to raise this last question: but the point at issue is not my heterodoxy with respect to Dr. Wheeler's religion, but whether or not the principle which constitutes his major premise really does underlie the Volstead Act.

Dr. Wheeler devotes more than a page to the adduction of evidence in support of the statement (concerning which there is no controversy) that the people have a right to better their condition (*sc.*, if they can do so without injustice to others), but he adduces no evidence tending to show that "the people" favor the Volstead Law or (what is more important) that it is such a law as a majority may justly impose upon a minority. All this, he merely remarks, "has been settled beyond controversy." Where there is no controversy, Dr. Wheeler gives us any number of good reasons for thinking as we do. Where it is notorious that there is

[1] A majority decision of the Supreme Court has, of course, the same legal validity as a unanimous finding, but it obviously lacks the same moral impressiveness. The fact that it was possible for a minority of the court to entertain a dissenting opinion knocks the bottom out of the contention that the absolute necessity of the Act to the integrity of the Constitution is obvious. I think I have as good a right as has Dr. Wheeler to argue from what the court has done to what it may do. Meanwhile let all good Oberlin men and loyal Ohioans render to this finding the same thoroughgoing respect which they yielded to the Dred Scott decision.

a great deal of controversy, he is content to remark that there is none. There is a bird in Africa, far famed for its plumage. . . . But that is another story. I do not think Dr. Wheeler has shown that his principle underlies the Volstead Act.

"The next important principle . . . is that the beverage liquor traffic is so vicious," etc. The beverage liquor traffic has become notoriously vicious under the Volstead régime. But since it is difficult to imagine that even the most blindly devoted can see in this fact an argument in favor of the Act, it is probable that Dr. Wheeler had something else in mind. Whatever that something may have been, it is difficult to see how it can be maintained that such a statement embodies a principle. It is a categorical assertion, either true or false, of so sweeping and inclusive a character as to suggest that it is at best exaggerative.

Thus, of the two principles which Dr. Wheeler claims for the Act which he defends, the first does not underlie the Act, the second is not a principle.

There are three *obiter dicta* of Dr. Wheeler's which have been of some use to me in attempting to understand his point of view or to define his bias:

> The law is the child's best friend.
>
> The final goal of the Church and of Christianity is to have a standard of Christian citizenship that will always do its duty.
>
> It would be as justifiable to contend that all traffic laws should be repealed and speed maniacs be given free rein, because such an unfortunate circumstance might arise, as to say that the Prohibition statute should be repealed.

What would most of us think of the parent who could say of his own children that the law was their best friend? Or of the catholic theologian, sacred, moral or ascetic, who maintained that good citizenship was the final goal of Christianity? What are we to think of those who, sooner than see their pet law modified, would contemplate a repeal whose instant and obvious result would be such a harvest of death and mutilation as would not follow upon the abolition of all the laws forbidding murder?

This proffered holocaust shows us what Dr. Wheeler really is. He is a devotee. He is not really defending a thesis: he is defending the god whom he adores. Into that dark and sulphurous

domain I cannot follow him: for the best respect that I can show the followers of Mani is to avoid the precincts of his gloomy temple.

III

But not all Prohibitionists are so wisely wary of argument. There has, of late, been a great deal of pamphleteering on both sides of the Prohibitionist controversy. It is amazing to observe the enormous amount of ink and energy thrown away upon elaborate guesses as to the size of a supposed popular majority for or against the Volstead Act. Until the inception of *The Literary Digest's* well conceived poll there has been little or no value in these imaginative computations. One line of argument is: A majority *must* have been in favor of National Prohibition for they were already living under State or local Prohibition. State and National Prohibition are widely different things because local Prohibition did not ordinarily mean that one was obliged by law to be a total abstainer. Consequently it cannot be argued that people favoring the one must necessarily favor the other. The argument is weaker even than this since it has been questioned, as much in several States as now in the Nation at large, whether a majority of the voters really favored the acts of (manipulated) legislatures.

Some Prohibitionist pamphlets employ another class of "statistics" which are likely to appear a trifle more impressive because many of the figures quoted are, so far as they go, accurate. These scientific data, as they are sometimes called, are usually based upon curious little experiments or upon actuarial experience.

The experiments usually take some such form as this: Two sets of people (usually students) are kept for a longer or shorter period, ranging from a day to a month, the one group on a tee-total diet, the other under the influence of drink. This leads up to a series of findings. Brain and body, we are told, are likely to be a trifle more lethargic directly after the consumption of a pint of beer than at some other times: new knowledge is not so quickly acquired (though the release of certain "lower brain centres" may bring old memories and stored knowledge to the tip of tongue or pen).

This is all done with such oracular solemnity that we are

tempted to forget that we knew it all before; that we are simply being told that when men relax they are likely to be less active than when they are on the *qui vive*; that we are being offered nothing by way of evidence to show that those who believe in the ultimate usefulness of occasional relaxation, or that a man may work the better for an occasional release of hidden treasures from the storehouse of memory, must now abandon those convictions.

It is sometimes urged that actuarial statistics show conclusively that teetotalism is conducive of longevity. This is suggested by comparing the ascertained expectation of risks who profess to be total abstainers with that of the whole body of risks or (an ostensibly closer approach to the scientific spirit) with the expectation of those who describe themselves as "moderate drinkers".

There are two circumstances which tend to vitiate the conclusions which Prohibitionists seek to base upon these figures. The first is, of course, the fact that practically no one seeking and obtaining life insurance would describe himself as a more than moderate drinker, though most of us know insured men who can scarcely be described as "moderate".

The other point is that members of any minority group which for (alleged) hygienic reasons refuses to follow a common custom, are likely, even if mistaken concerning the particular point of divergence, to be taking more than average care of themselves. I have no doubt that, for this reason, one could compile similar statistics in favor of vegetarianism, refusal of coffee, tea, tobacco, *et hoc genus omne*.

It is a well known fact that priests, all of whom are obliged to use wine (many of them daily), are, in actuarial experience, a long-lived group. This is the more significant when we remember that they are not forever "taking care of themselves" like Prohibitionists and vegetarians, but are often exposed, in the course of their work, to every sort of exposure, hardship, contagion, and infection. The risks they run in these respects are certainly more than average, while those of the various "eugenics" theorists are probably less. But priests are a long-lived group and, speaking of moderate drinkers, you are not likely to find a class of men who are more certainly "drinkers" or more probably moderate.

It would be incompetent to object that I am arguing not from a beverage but from a sacramental use of wine such as is not altogether prohibited by the Volstead Act. For the purposes of estimating the connexion (if any) between wine and longevity, the distinction is irrelevant. It may be useful to remind the reader that the doctrine of Transubstantiation does *not* imply any change in the material nature of the wine or modify its normal affects (whatever they may be) in the natural order.

The beverage and sacramental uses of wine have always been so closely interrelated that, to many minds, an attack upon the one leads logically to an attack upon the other and this, in turn, to an attack upon orthodox Christianity. This point was argued at some length in my article in the July, 1918, number of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

* * *

I close my article with this reference to the two most plausible Prohibitionist arguments that I have recently seen, because I do not like to seem to make Dr. Wheeler's paucity of logic a pretext for ignoring familiar arguments which he may have had in mind and which, but for my now dealing with them, he might think it necessary to adduce by way of rebuttal.

JOHN COLE MCKIM.

OUR NEW RACIAL DRAMA

BY HERBERT FRANCIS SHERWOOD

THE Piedmont Plateau in the South is the present stage of a racial drama which has hardly yet been recognized, so quietly and rapidly has the cast been drawn and the action begun. A new social and economic factor has been injected into American life, which may submerge or transform one of the most romantic and heroic race stocks in the United States. Three-quarters of a million of the spare-figured mountaineers, chiefly of Scotch-Irish ancestry, have left their dark one- and two-room log cabins in the mountain "coves" of Virginia, North and South Carolina, and Georgia, and are now to be found living in four-room boarded houses in villages and cities, of from one thousand up to thirty and forty thousand population, and working with their hands in cotton mills. So great and so recent is the change in altitude, physical environment, diet, manner of gaining a living, and social relationships, that it is well nigh impossible even in this age of superlatives to find words adequately to measure the gulf separating the abandoned isolated cabins up in the mountains from the rows of neat stucco bungalows found in some of the cotton mill towns scattered along the Piedmont Plateau.

The elements in the drama are so different from those found in any other racial question presented to the American people that one observes it with double interest. Unlike most of our racial problems, it is not one of Americanization. The mountaineers of the Southern Appalachians are no newcomers. They are of stock that has always stood on the frontier of civilization because of its moral fibre and earnestness of conviction. Lineal descendants chiefly are they of those Scottish folk who in the days of James I, following the suppression of the Irish Rebellion in Elizabeth's reign, were transplanted from the Lowlands of Scotland to the North of Ireland. They carried with them the obstinate and hard-fisted religious convictions of Knox and the Cove-

nanters. Harassed by English priests and Parliament because of their non-conforming Presbyterianism, they set forth once again. Not less than half a million souls, more than half the Presbyterian population of North Ireland, according to John Fiske, crossed the Atlantic between the years 1730 and 1770. At the outbreak of the Revolution they comprised one-sixth of the population of the American Colonies.

The kind of men they were is indicated by their promulgation of the "Mecklenburg Declaration," and the declaration of the council of mountaineers who met at Abingdon, Virginia, at the junction of the valleys of the Blue Ridge and East Tennessee on January 20, 1775. The latter, in the language of Bancroft, "resolved never to surrender, but to live and die for liberty." It was no tax on tea that stirred them, but the native impulses that had launched them upon the sea on the way to America. They were the rear guard of the Revolution, opposing the onslaughts of the Tory-led Cherokees and capturing supplies of British ammunition. They broke up important campaign plans through such heroic and romantic exploits as the Battle of King's Mountain, in 1780, when 960 militiamen, nearly all of them mountaineers, led by Presbyterian elders, went forth with "the sword of the Lord and of Gideon" and took by storm that natural fortress with its garrison of more than 1100 English soldiers. These free-lance mountain woodsmen, without equipment or hope of monetary recompense, in the words of Jefferson, thus gloriously announced the "turn in the tide of success which terminated the Revolutionary War with the seal of independence". With the notch of King's Mountain on their rifle stocks, they turned about and without a day's rest marched three hundred miles into the wilderness to beat back the threatened descent of the Indians upon the settlements, and accomplished their purpose in one short month at Boyd's Creek. Nor can one forget what they did in the War of 1812 under General Jackson, one of their own kind, against the Indians and at the Battle of New Orleans. The names of "Sam" Houston and "Stonewall" Jackson, and their deeds in the Civil War, proclaim the quality of their blood.

Such is the stock which furnishes the new Southern social and

economic factor. Pressed back into the sequestered folds of the mountains, and sealed in by differences in temperament between themselves and the planters on the coastal plain, they became more and more isolated. Their segregation was so complete that a negro was a curiosity to many of them. This is no problem of color. Their isolation has reflected upon their psychology as a race. Money largely disappeared. A family might come into possession of ten or fifteen dollars in the course of a year. Business was conducted by barter. In the clearings around the one- and two-room cabins were kept a few animals, including perhaps a horse, hogs, and one or two cows. Sufficient grass, corn, cotton and tobacco were raised to furnish food and clothing for the family and solace for the solitude of the mountains. Their rifles added variety to the larder. Corn whiskey, or "moonshine", made for their own use, furnished spice. With no accessible schools, illiteracy became the rule. Their inherent qualities were dulled, but their instinct for religion and their inclination to hospitality were preserved through the obstinacy of their nature.

Through a period of one hundred and fifty years they have been habituating themselves to the wild, free life of the huntsman, living from hand to mouth in a literal sense. Only one-fifth of the Southern mountaineers, until recently, lived in communities of one thousand or more population. They are proudly independent and high-spirited, and, strange as it may seem when one recalls the large families reared in the one-room abodes, comparatively free from immorality.

When the expansion of American industry led to the location of factories in the neighborhood of the sources of raw material, the eyes of producers of cotton textiles were turned toward the cotton fields of the Carolinas and the western slopes of the Appalachians in East Tennessee. Erection of manufacturing plants in new regions had been made possible by the discovery of processes and the invention of machinery which were so nearly automatic and foolproof in their operation that unskilled labor could take the place of skilled workers. The rushing tide of alien peasantry seeking to improve their economic status furnished the workers required in New England and the Middle

States. But to the Carolinas there came few aliens. They were not greatly desired, and racial conditions in the South acted as a further deterrent. The red-soiled rivers flowing down from the mountains and crossing the Piedmont Plateau would furnish the water power and the essential humidity for spinning. But where were the workers to come from? Negroes could not be employed for the mechanical operations. They were not only required on the plantation, but there were other obstacles. Up in the mountains was an abundant labor supply, if it could be mobilized. While the adults with fixed notions and fingers stiffened by years of hunting and handling of the hoe could not catch up and splice together the broken strands passing through the spinning frames, there were the large families of mountaineer children whose nimble fingers could. So factories were erected on the banks of the ruddy rivers, and four-room houses were constructed around them by the textile companies to house the workers. Company stores were provided to supply their various wants. Villages rose where before no structures had broken the sloping contour of the country.

Then the employment agents went up into the mountains. They followed the trails back into the hamlets and to the isolated cabins in search of recruits for the spindles and the looms. They peered into the gloomy shadows of the log shelters, illuminated in winter by the fire in a crude stone fireplace and in summer by small shuttered rectangular openings in the walls. How could families of ten or a dozen find space to grow up in such quarters? They stopped outside in the clearing and discussed employment with the head of the household.

"You've got only one room here," they would argue. "We can give you a fine, boarded, four-room house with glass in the windows, ground around it for a garden, and a shelter for a cow. It'll be a short 'piece' from your work. You don't have much money up here. If you come down to the mill you can earn a dollar a day. The children can work, too. They'll bring in more money in a week than you see here in a year. We'll see that you get down all right. If you'll be at the railroad station on Wednesday, I'll meet you there with some of your neighbors and all will go down on the train together."

Many thought they would go down and try it. They argued to themselves that they could come back again—in fact, they would, as soon as they had saved up some money. Possessed of the old notion that their children were their personal property until the age of twenty-one, the possibility of gaining money through the toil of their offspring strongly appealed to them. (Indeed, this feeling of the mountaineers regarding their children added to the difficulty of eliminating child labor.)

Thus opened the social and economic drama for one of America's sturdiest races. Child labor had become a fact; eight-, nine- and ten-year old youngsters were supporting families unaccustomed to the cramped quarters of a town. While the weekly rent was only 25 cents a room, and only a moderate amount of fuel was required for heating, yet somehow the money was never available for the return to the mountains. There were the deductions from the wages at the company store for supplies of food and clothing purchased. Poverty may have been the curse of the mountains, but life in a closely packed community has a price that must be paid. No one gets something for nothing.

There have been changes of other kinds. The survivors of the children who toiled in the mills in the earlier days now have children of their own, either in the mills or approaching the working age. The latter is not the early age it was when the Southern textile industry was started. The States in which child labor was prevalent, and the mill operators, have inquired into the matter and taken action. In South Carolina, for instance, education is compulsory. No child may work in a mill under fourteen years of age. Between the ages of fourteen and sixteen, only those who measure up to certain educational and physical standards may work. Their work day is limited to eight hours. For those over sixteen, the legal limit is ten hours. Child labor is disappearing.

The effect of changed environment on human beings accustomed to primitive conditions has manifested itself, as might be expected. To the alteration in diet are charged many of the cases of pellagra which occurred in the South a few years ago. When it broke out in the cotton mill villages it was supposed to have originated from the eating of rotten corn meal. Among the

poor, it was known as "the corn bread disease". It was later considered a form of starvation, due to unbalanced diet from which the protein and vitamines, through ignorance, had been omitted. The simple mountain folk, accustomed to a dietary of milk, vegetables, game, and other natural products of the mountains, and altogether ignorant of food values and proper methods of cooking, fell into the habit of eating along the line of least resistance, food most easily and quickly prepared.

The abandonment of the ancestral home in the mountains, the breaking of the ties of the past, the parting from century-old traditions and habits of living, have left them footloose. They are wanderers from mill to mill, from company house to company house, their furniture, often bought on the instalment plan, gradually disintegrating. They are so close to their past that no new traditions or customs have been developed and few anchors put down. The war, however, with its high rates of pay, opened the door for those whose instincts were toward stabilization. The workers, for the first time in their lives, were in a position to save money. Some did this. With the aid of building and loan associations, which sprang up in the larger places, they began building houses for themselves.

A large proportion, however, of the mountaineer workers live in houses owned by the companies that employ them. In not a few cases, the entire village where the mill is located is the property of the mill company. The more progressive mill men have sought to bring about stability of their working forces and contentment by the development of special housing and social facilities. Model villages have been erected. One such near the boundary line between North and South Carolina, in addition to the usual stores, churches and schoolhouses, includes a Y.M.C.A., a Y.W.C.A., a Community House, an auditorium fitted with motion picture apparatus, and playgrounds furnished with gymnastic and athletic equipment. The objection is that one man or group of men controls the whole community, economically and socially.

Many other mill men have provided some of these facilities. There is a tendency to meet the demand for better houses, or at least to offer more attractive dwelling places to the workers as a

means of stabilization. In one South Carolina city, most attractive looking, one story stucco bungalows, enclosed to the ground, are being erected by a mill company to rent at fifty cents a room, weekly. They front on an asphalt paved street and have concrete sidewalks in front. Most of the older company houses are erected on brick pillars and are open underneath. The rent and the bill for household supplies at the Company's store are deducted from the pay envelope. The wages range from eight to fourteen dollars a week according to the work.

Will the workers of the new generation of the mountaineers, who are better acquainted with village life and industrial labor than they are with the mountain environment of their parents, add to the complex social problem so closely interwoven with massed production? It is difficult to answer the question. In other parts of the country, the existence of a mechanical industry of the proportion of the textile industry in the South—approximately one-third of the cotton textiles of the country are produced below Mason and Dixon's line—has led to organization of workers and to unrest. Will it be the same in the Piedmont district? Will the adaptation to the new environment be evolutionary or revolutionary? There have been sporadic labor disturbances, but how far they are symptomatic, remains to be demonstrated.

In the mean time, there is an opportunity to utilize industrial experience gained elsewhere toward making the process evolutionary. Certain Southern educators have been thinking about ways of developing an educated leadership among the mountaineers, a leadership which will include mill administrators as well as clergymen and social workers. A difficulty encountered is that of bringing educational facilities and the ambitious, socially-minded mountaineer together. For a century, poverty has cursed the mountaineers. Life in the mill has not brought surcease from the ills of poverty. Spending as fast as they earn in their hospitable way, having in general little appreciation of the value of education, and bound together by filial affection and a sense of responsibility on the part of the children and a belief in property rights in childhood on the part of the parents, it has proved difficult to develop a sufficiently strong desire for training to bring

about a temporary sacrifice of earnings and a direct expenditure of money for the purpose of acquiring an education.

In the effort to overcome this obstacle, Dr. D. E. Camak, a Methodist preacher of Scotch-Irish stock, started eleven years ago in Spartanburg, South Carolina, a school which should furnish opportunities for earning and learning simultaneously. Through co-operation with progressive neighboring mill men he set in operation a plan whereby students could work in the mill a week and study a week. In this way they were enabled to earn enough to meet all personal expenses and the cost of their education. This plan was a test of quality, for only the ambitious and capable would undertake the work of the school under such conditions. None under sixteen years of age were admitted. The average age of the students is twenty-two years. Only a small number of them in the past have had more than a few months' schooling, prior to admission, as they have been obliged to work since childhood, or have spent their earlier years in the mountains where there were no schools.

In the course of the ten years of its existence upwards of 1,000 students, from eight Southern States, have passed through this school. In order to assure its students the highest type of textile training in addition to schooling, and at the same time increase their opportunities for earning their way through school, the institution, now known as the Textile Industrial Institute, has erected a model mill in which all the processes are carried on from the raw material to the finished cloth, dyed and mercerized, ready for cutting up into garments. There is no other school like it, or apparently which so fully meets the need. It is through a trained, Christianized group of mill foremen and superintendents, understanding the experiences and needs of the mountaineer workers, that the Institute sees a way of guiding this great army along sane evolutionary channels.

Thus a great American racial, social and industrial drama is being enacted on the Piedmont Plateau, with an unrivaled opportunity of applying the lessons of experience and avoiding some of the unhappy mistakes of the past.

HERBERT FRANCIS SHERWOOD.

TO LOVE

BY FRANCES DICKENSON PINDER

I care not if you go—
If when the pipes of spring
Fall faint as petals
On the rainbow hush
Of dreams . . .
Or when importunate summer
Presses her deep heart to mine
Through aching days
And nights
Tormented of the moon;
Nor if you go to meet
The gypsy of the year,
To dance with her
Within the windless wood
A scarlet measure—
I shall not care . . .
But if you wait till the first snow,
I shall not know—
I shall be spared
The moment when you go!

I'LL BE YOUR EPITAPH!

BY LEONORA SPEYER

Over your dear, dead heart I'll lift,
As lightly as a bough,
Saying, "Here lies the false, high song,
Cruelly quiet now."

I'll say, "Here lies the lying sword,
Still dripping with my truth;
Here lies the lovely sheath I made,
Embroidered with my youth."

I'll sing, "Here lies, here lies, here lies!"
— *Ah, rust in peace below!*—
Passers will wonder at my words,
But your dark dust will know.

BOOTH TARKINGTON: THE SEVEN AGES OF MAN

BY EDITH FRANKLIN WYATT

I

Long ago at a distinguished performance by the Daly Company of *As You Like It*, I suddenly became conscious of how large a part of the poetry of that comedy is made by the different ages of the characters, the different lengths of the earthly pilgrimages portrayed in the forest sunlight of the enchanted piece—

> Annihilating all that's made
> To a green thought in a green shade.

Queerly enough it was not from the author's set statement on the subject in the celebrated speech on the Seven Ages, but from the whole composition, that I received this impression of true poetry. I was about fifteen, and being only too ready to see everything in the light of simplifications rather too large and fabular was delighted to conceive the earth as peopled by pilgrims reaching different points of a great journey. Ever since that agreeable matinee—and for some time before—I have found a peculiar enjoyment in the fiction of authors markedly competent in the characterization of age.

Every artist has a right, of course, to leave out this familiar element of reality, and with it the mystery and poetry of that reality; and in view of this fact it is astonishing how many writers of fiction choose, not so much to omit or to subdue age-characterizations, as to touch them in with a singular insensitiveness. With many fiction-writers no realization of any of the persons of a story occurs, where these are under twenty or over thirty. Outside this decade everyone in the book will sink into some dim limbo from which they emerge only to speak all out of their parts before returning to the vague from which their uninterested

creator has but partly evoked their unformed features. Or sometimes the creator appears interested enough; and indeed gives almost too much space and attention to infancy or those of advanced years. But it is of no avail, if the root of the matter be lacking, if the flame of concern, romance, sympathy, excitement for all ages as integral parts of the human story everyone must live, never illumine the presentation.

After many years of noticing this element of the art of fiction I have come to the conclusion that it has nothing—or very little—to do with the author's own age. It is conditioned chiefly by craftsmanship. Just as Kate Greenaway always "had difficulty in drawing feet and legs", so numbers of writers otherwise of high competence seem unable to portray babies or children, or people in early or late middle life.

Those who possess any technique here have commanded so little appreciation for it, generally, that one hardly knows whether to be more pleased with Mr. Booth Tarkington's remarkable genius in this direction, as evinced in *Seventeen* and other tales of his, or with the wide sympathy and applause accorded to that masterpiece.

This began with *Penrod.* I think it began with Penrod and Duke in the barn; and with that scene of the ambitions and occupations of eleven years, where the dog is at last placed in the basket, and lifted precariously by a clothes-line to the height of the feed-box, after his master's cries of "Elevater! Ting-ting!" Of course it is not only the eleven-year old consciousness of Penrod, but the infantile Mitchy-Mitch, and the unfortunate eight-year-old "Baby" Rennsdale, shunned as a pest in the dancing school of those three years her seniors, that delight the reader with their luminous precisions.

It was in *Penrod* too that one first noticed, as a reader, the author's gift in the expression of daydreams—Penrod's romance, *Harold Ramorez*, Penrod's dream during school-hours of astounding his fellow-pupils and long-suffering teacher by floating above them in the air, Penrod's histrionically prolonged appearance as a cripple after his fall from the barn ridge-pole, Penrod's fascinated existence as a weak imitation of the bully, Rupe Collins, his new acquaintance in the alley;

At the dinner-table, that evening, Penrod surprised his family by remarking in a voice they had never heard him attempt—a law-giving voice of intentional gruffness:

"Any man that's makin' a hunderd dollars a month is makin' good money."

"What?" asked Mr. Schofield, staring, for the previous conversation had concerned the illness of an infant relative in Council Bluffs.

"Any man that's makin' a hunderd dollars a month is makin' good money."

"Good money?" repeated Margaret curiously. "What is good money?"

Penrod turned upon her a stern glance.

"Say, wouldn't you be just as happy if you had *some* sense?"

"Penrod!" shouted his father. But Penrod's mother gazed with dismay at her son; he had never before spoken like that to his sister.

That bully, met so casually, and Penrod's mental subjection to him, are portrayed with an originality so subtle in its expression that one is fully acquainted with Rupe before his second appearance and hardly needs more than a word or two to understand his stupidity, his cruelty, his irrational self-assertion. He torments dumb animals. He swaggers over younger children and torments them too. He exhibits the last competitiveness of the alarmed dominator fearful lest he be overcome for an instant by a glance, in any respect. Penrod's temporary susceptibility to his intolerable friend and torturer is complete.

It will be recalled that the magic spell cast by Rupe Collins upon the now almost equally intolerable Penrod is broken only by the defeat of Rupe at the hands of his two youngest and supposedly weakest victims, the incomparable "colored troops in action", the brothers Herman and Verman.

After the bludgy, defeated Rupe is chased screaming down the alley by the equally bludgy but victorious and elated Herman and Verman, after justice seems to have succeeded, and truth crushed to earth appears to have risen again, Penrod and his friend Sam bid each other good-night in a feeble, tentative manner, and without oral comment on the scene. Penrod returns home, and spontaneously voluntarily blacks his father's boots. The spell is broken forever. "Penrod was zig-zagging back to normal."

The description of this hand-to-hand conflict between Rupe and Herman and Verman constitutes one of the most unique and stimulating delineations of a fight that American fiction can offer.

Except the fight in Cashel Byron and Hazlitt's famous essay I cannot think of anything else in the language to compare fitly with this tale of fisticuffs. Its last touch has something quite beyond the finales of Mr. Shaw's or Hazlitt's capital pieces. Another composer than Mr. Tarkington might have ended on the mere successful outcome of the fight, or the shout of triumphant justice. But he follows the air of the music of real life further, and ends on a turn of existence which appears to me more subtly discerned.

After all the street and the court combats of the kind I have ever seen—struggles inspired by some needless, hateful piece of oppression, and resulting in a victory by force over the oppressor the more civilized observers have generally departed in a mood quite strikingly like Sam's and Penrod's, a respect for other than forceful methods, a silent belief in mutual aids, a mute, instinctive identification with all such means of common understanding and common reliance as we and our forbears have contrived in the savagery around us.

Too much to read into this masterly sketch of a boy's fight, and the impression it made upon a boyish on-looker? Perhaps. Yet, for me the implications of Penrod's impression are a leading distinction in the craft of a penetrating artist, implications of truth none the less clear from their lightness of outline and their tone of comedy. Each age of man has its own characteristic means of expression. Whatever this expression it seems probable that more men above twelve years of age than has ever been admitted have come home in Penrod's mood, after observing the splendors of elemental combat.

Indeed nothing has been more dully idealized and romanticised than the prestige and the entire "claque" of irrational brow-beaters. In more than one of his stories of the cruelties of existence, Mr. Tarkington has had something new and remarkable to say about the age-old tale of bullies and of stupid conquests and submissions.

II

It is an art to conceal art; and the world had hardly realized how brilliantly the ages of the neighborhood children in *Penrod*

were expressed, when Willie Baxter was sent by his mother to bring her a wash-boiler. He walked home with the wash-boiler on his head, and the thoughts of seventeen inside it; and brought an endless delight to all those members of American families who happened not to be seventeen.

Yet if the world now realized that the terrible malady was described with the clarity of the undeniable, this was not because *Seventeen* has less art than the *Penrod*. Indeed, in my view, it has more. It was partly because the world has a more distinct pre-conception of seventeen than of eleven, and partly I suppose because the book's composition was somewhat more focussed on the inner life of seventeen than Penrod had been on the inner life of eleven.

Seventeen seemed to afford an immense, æsthetic relief to a large and suffering class—the vast class of devoted American parents. The most loyal of these could permit herself or himself to enjoy freely the outbreaks of Mr. Parcher, the caryatid patience of Mrs. Baxter. For the imaginative sympathy out of which Willie Baxter's figure is created is gentle enough to reassure the most indulgent parent.

It has indeed the absolute gentleness and reverence characteristic of the genuine truth-seeker. For truth is subtle and fugitive and much more likely to be seen at large, in her living manifestations by those who are willing to create confidence in her by sitting around harmlessly on the grass all day and carrying no destructive weapons with them than by those who go out with a ruthless rifle, and all the disaffecting paraphernalia of the logical truth-hunter to the death, who can often show truth at full length indeed, but only as a corpse.

William's thoughts . . . were not very definite . . . taking the form of sweet, vague pictures of the future. These pictures were of married life; that is, married life as William conceived it for himself and Miss Pratt—something strikingly different from that he had observed as led by his mother and father, or their friends and relatives. In his rapt mind he beheld Miss Pratt walking beside him "through life," with her little parasol and her little dog—her exquisite face always lifted playfully toward his own (with admiration underneath the playfulness), and he heard her voice of silver always rippling "baby-talk" throughout all the years to come. He saw her applauding his triumphs—though these remained indefinite in his mind, and he was unable to foreshadow

the business or profession which was to provide the amazing mansion (mainly conservatory) which he pictured as their home. Surrounded by flowers, and maintaining a private orchestra, he saw Miss Pratt and himself growing old together, attaining to such ages as thirty and even thirty-five, still in perfect harmony, and always either dancing in the evenings or strolling hand in hand in the moonlight. Sometimes they would visit the nursery where curly-headed, rosy cherubs played upon a white-bear rug in the firelight. These were all boys and ready-made, the youngest being three years old and without a past. They would be beautiful children, happy with their luxurious toys on the bear rug, and they would *never* be seen in any part of the house except the nursery.

Many authors have expressed for us the thoughts of the thoughtful. But only a few of the most brilliant have succeeded in narrating the thoughts of those who can hardly be said to think at all. Youth's mental inconclusiveness, vacancy, imbecile, absurd idealizations, the singular fancied scenes that haunt youth's inner vision—above all youth's extraordinary lack of humor—all these as portrayed in *Seventeen* strike one as creating the subtlest, living image of truth.

III

The end of *Seventeen* and the end of *Gentle Julia* are of a subtle and living truth, too; and it is difficult to say why the close of each of these books strikes one as unsatisfactory. Of course one dislikes greatly to have either of these stories stop. That is undoubtedly the chief cause of one's discontent. But I believe it has also other and less simple grounds.

In the marionette shows of Italy whole populaces become interested in the fates of certain puppets whose fortunes they follow through many years. The interest Booth Tarkington's people arouse is akin to this. One of the most pleasing concomitants of his great gift is that, as with the re-active influence of Falstaff's humor, it is a cause of a more acute sense of the art of entertainment in others.

The enthusiastic audience of Willie Baxter and Flappitt and Florence and Herbert and Kitty Silver and the infuriated Mr. Atwater is not composed of persons waiting to see whether any of these characters will be murdered in the next chapter, or will die or be abducted as the result of a chase by a pursuant auto-

mobile. The audience waits to see something much more novel and essentially mysterious than the outcome of any of these familiar, sensational "dodges". The audience waits to watch the next day of the real life of old friends.

One knows very well that this life in the Atwater, the Dill, the Parcher and Baxter families is going on in the inconclusive manner of existence on this globe; and what seems to end one's delightful information about it is the mere, trying, artificial requirement of publication and the necessity for enclosing a book between covers.

Seventeen and *Gentle Julia* appeared in the periodicals over a space of three or four years: and perhaps it was this manner of presenting different aspects of the lives of Willie Baxter and Jane and Julia and Florence and Herbert and Noble Dill that aided in creating a peculiar kind of response. One seems to know these children and grown-up children just as one knows the children and grown-up children of friends and neighbors over a period of years. The population of these two books has entered our consciousness in a manner very different from that of the persons in the novel one "reads through at one sitting"—and will never read through at another sitting.

This effect of *Seventeen* and of *Gentle Julia* is in some respects comparable to that of those daily cartoonists of domestic subjects who have recently become so valuable, indeed so indispensable a part of our national life. Of course the lines that tell us of the sudden, intended departure of Noble Dill for China, and his equally sudden oblivion of his intention belong to an art of fiction which has all the dimensions, and *Someone is Always Taking the Joy out of Life* and *When a Feller Needs a Friend* belong to an art of two dimensions. But their basic material is in some respects the same. Briggs's pictures and Booth Tarkington's pictures are even akin in some of their points of view—in their conceptions of the individual lives of dogs for instance, and in their agreeable opinions of the intelligence and patience of women.

In the midst of the panic-stricken outcries of all the authors who go in terror lest the progress of civilization be successfully opposed and destroyed by the dangerous folly and vanity of

woman, the alarms voiced in *Idle Wives*, *The Feminine Nuisance*, etc., it ought to brighten the gloom surrounding these writers to learn that such rare types of women may sometimes be seen on earth as those who perennially save the situation in *O Man!* and produce the evening coat for Willie Baxter and let Jane splash in the rain-puddles.

Yet it is perhaps more probable that to writers with this depressing view of human progress such a manifestation as *Gentle Julia* must seem ominous in the extreme. For *Gentle Julia*—besides being a number of other things—is a highly humorous, and lively presentation of the phenomenon of our land known as "queening". On the whole it is a laudatory presentation of some of those very motifs in our civilization which are so terrifying to the alarmists I have mentioned. Julia moves escorted by constant "attentions" and material extravagances. Is "spoiled" from birth. Gifts, flowers, verse, festivity embower her passage through existence. She is kind as she is fair. Indeed there is the main difficulty—not that she is too idle, too vain, or too extravagant, though she is all these—but that she simply cannot help being too pleasant to the opposite sex.

> It was a summer walk that Julia had dressed for: and she was all too dashingly a picture of coolness on a hot day; a brunette in murmurous white, though her little hat was a film of blackest blue, and thus also in belt and parasol she had almost matched the color of her eyes.

It is all a thing of the most attractive summer walks and piazzas and light, floating dresses, and nonsense and Arcadia and sunlight and dancing and dancing and dancing, and grace and humorous grief and delight.

Every nation and every epoch—that amounts to anything—have excellent way-side shrines for demi-gods. Heine and Theocritus and Théophile Gautier, and the authors whose tributes deck the Greek Anthology have heaped the altars of these local deities high with leafy coronals and vivid fruits and trophies of shell and ivory and purple silk. These half-gods have never caused the gods to go. Gods who go because silliness persists on earth must be of very faint powers of prevalence. Our own epoch suffers in its letters from a considerable hypocrisy about prettiness—the chief use of all wayside shrines: and lacks

imagination to hear the shepherds pipe to Pan, or see the white and silver flash of Thetis's ankles in a thousand minor charms and lovely graces of existence that happen to be contemporaneous. Perhaps pretentiousness is the name of the shoals where the—

> Mighty vessels have been wrecked by Time,
> Since Herrick launched his cockle-shells of rhyme.

Especially the fiction of our own time often seems poorer for its dearth of an art of simple, refreshing prettiness without any assumption of being anything else—a simple refreshing prettiness such as was not beneath the uses of Marlowe or Shakespeare or Homer or Victor Hugo—not to mention the lesser masters referred to before. On this side, the agreeable, humorous picture of "queening" at our local American shrines which *Gentle Julia* perpetuates is all to the good.

Outside these considerations it should be said that here again Mr. Tarkington excels in his expression of the emotions of a certain age and in his expression of daydreams, the visions of that touching, enamored idiot, Noble Dill, the visions of young Herbert, the visions of young Florence.

But the most pleasant among the willing and unwilling attendants about Julia's shrine is one whose dreams apparently are better than those of humans—the figure of the black poodle Gammire. He is one of those magical outré beings of fiction like Count Fosco, Undine and Valmajour, who key the arch of the entertainment; and everything is chorded in the composition from the time when Gamin, "the golden-hearted little clown of all the world,"—

> . . . "sat up" on his haunches, put his forepaws together above his nose in an attitude of prayer, and looked at her inscrutably from under the great bang of hair that fell like a black chrysanthemum over his forehead. Beneath this wooly lambrequin his eyes were visible as two garnet sparks. . . .
>
> This dog was of a kind at the top of dog kingdoms. His size was neither insignificant nor great; probably his weight would have been between a fourth and a third of a St. Bernard's. He had the finest head for adroit thinking that is known among dogs: and he had an athletic body, the forepart muffled and lost in a mass of corded black fleece, but the rest of him sharply clipped from the chest aft; and his trim, slim legs were clipped, though tufts were left at his ankles, and at the tip of his short tail, with two upon his hips, like fanciful buttons of an imaginary jacket; for thus have such dogs been clipped

to a fashion proper and comfortable for them ever since (and no doubt long before) an Imperial Roman sculptor so chiselled one in bas-relief.

Mr. Tarkington's fiction has the interest of the work of one who seems to have kept an artist's note-book. Street-scenes, pictures of dogs, cats, washerwomen, cooks, back-yards, picnics, and a great quantity of admirable still-lifes—the serial story of the automobile-equine survival—are rendered with the vivacity of a quick sense of picturesque aspects of existence which are not conventionally picturesque.

Considering all the singularities, exceptions and oddities of creation which the pages of fiction that I have read have chosen to describe, I have never found that one author, or all authors put together represented the world as half as "queer", half as bizarre as it is, half as full as it is of by-paths and mongrel types, and peculiar human fates and curious human viewpoints. Perhaps this accounts for the remarkable pleasure afforded by such scenes of Mr. Tarkington's as that between the children and Kitty Silver, when the latter says she "wont be no cat washwoman": the scene of Noble Dill's enthusiastic bestowal of the umbrella on the desperate Mr. Atwater: and Florence's artistic enjoyment of her remark that if she were to pass away her relatives would "proba'ly just leave me lay."

IV

Gentle Julia is a summer comedy peopled with vanity and folly and frivolity and the odd visions of youth in an American plutocracy—all these elements being seen from the side of their charm, their gayety.

The Magnificent Ambersons and *Alice Adams*, if not winter tragedies, are in a more tragic tone: and they are peopled with vanity and folly and frivolity and the visions of youth in an American plutocracy—all these elements being seen from the side of their stupidities, oppression and heart-break.

The story of the attractive though snobbish Georgie Minafer, the spoiled creature of a mother's idolatry, he who cannot learn from others, who must bear down everything before him, who must be in all things justified, is admirably and originally conceived. It is an excellent story of a Magnificent Amberson.

But not, in my view at least, an excellent story of the Magnificent Ambersons, capitally as the changing back-ground is handled, and the gradual impoverishment of the family. With the exception of Major Amberson and Aunt Fanny the mature figures of the book fail somewhat of the inner energies of their several maturities. The great romance of the book is George's love for his mother and hers for him; and this too is admirably and originally conceived. Yet after choosing this bold and searching theme, the author treats it in a manner somewhat too fancifully idealized, and not quite recognizably true to life. One can hardly believe that Isabel's maternal passion, which is uncontrolled enough to sacrifice her lover and commit every fatuous injustice to him, would yet be purged of every tinge of maternal jealousy or any unreasonable demands of its own. Still less can one believe that a son who determinedly disavows his first love in the interests of his jealousy of his mother would yet be capable of a long, deep attachment to this same love.

Besides, this exclusive and preoccupying maternal and filial union might have been depended on by the author as a sufficient cause of misery and misunderstanding in other relations for both mother and son without the extraneous plotting of neighbors and relatives and the *dei ex machina* employed to precipitate the tragedy. We see far too often the spectacle of an author carried away by a theme boldly selected. Here, for once, we wish the author had consigned himself freely to its natural momentum.

This is the weaker current of the book's movement. The stronger current is the narration of the civilizing of George, the natural and highly interesting manner in which the arbitrary and irrational qualities of his nature are modified by his growing knowledge of truth. This is all in that enchanted region of golden gentleness and clearness inhabited by William Dean Howells, by Turgenieff and Hawthorne. It must be a very dull or a very foolish reader who misses the large grace of George's social metamorphosis.

Of the same beauty and mercy of imagination is the metamorphosis achieved in *Alice Adams*. In the mid-western scene which Mr. Tarkington presents to us so admirably, Alice Adams herself, what she is, what spiritual materials she has for making

her life, become known to us with a pathos, a reality and subtlety that belong to the last excellence of craftsmanship. Here the mature are indeed mature. The whole picture of their ambitions is as remarkable as the picture of the dreams of youth. The cruelty, the competition, the pettiness, the hypocrisy of a plutocratic society is related with the sympathy of a profound wisdom.

The struggles of that crushing, competitive, painful dinner attended by the disillusioned guest and the brave, misguided heroine—the sight, the emotions, the sounds that accompany the passage of that fatal midland evening in the simmering, blighting heat, in which the day-dreams of Alice wilt and die like the flowers fainting upon the over-loaded table—the presentation of all this dinner, this evening, is at once one of the most torturing and one of the "best" pieces of expression conceivable.

The Magnificent Ambersons and *Alice Adams* follow the ways of French rather than English realism. "His manner is the manner of talk, and if the talk is sincere, that makes a writer touch us." Henry James says of the gifted author of *Numa Roumestan:* "Daudet expresses many things; but he most frequently expresses himself—his own temper in the presence of life, his own feeling on a thousand occasions." This might as aptly have been said of *Alice Adams.* Too many contemporary novels, especially on the great themes of love and marriage, have an effect of mere agreement with some "recent view" of these subjects, almost the effect of joining a movement, or rising to second someone else's motion. Mr. Tarkington writes in the method of an individual response to existence.

In the midst of her mother's nagging onsets at her father, and her father's dumb, domestic misery, Alice comes on a packet of her parents' love-letters and is permitted to read one of these mementoes of their early feeling:

> She had remained upon her knees while she read the letter; now she sank backward, sitting upon the floor with her hands behind her, an unconscious relaxing for better ease to think. Upon her face there had fallen a look of wonder.
>
> For the first time she was vaguely perceiving that life is everlasting movement. Youth really believes what is running water to be a permanent crystallization and sees time fixed to a point: some people have dark hair, some people have blonde hair, some people have gray hair. Until this moment, Alice had no conviction that there was a universe before she came into it. She had al-

ways thought of it as the background of herself: the moon was something make her prettier on a summer night.

But this old letter, through which she saw still flickering an ancient starlig of young love, astounded her. Faintly before her it revealed the whole liv of her father and mother, who had been young after all—they *really* had—a their youth was now so utterly passed from them that the picture of it, in t letter, was like a burlesque of them. And so she, herself, must pass to su changes too, and all that now seemed vital to her would be nothing.

This is quoted for the grace of its individual reflective styl But the dramatic value of this episode of the letter-reading is high interest also in the development of novel, the maturing Alice's thought.

Of all the pictures of the Seven Ages, drawn in Mr. Tarkin ton's stories, none is more true to life than the delineation Virgil Adams at fifty. He is seen at a critical point in his li and one feels the pathos of his fate more sharply than as thou he were older. His moral drama appears unique. His is a ca of conscience unresolved. Was it right or wrong—or rather, hc wrong was it—for him to attempt to manufacture his own formu for glue; a formula secured indeed at the suggestion and behalf of the great J. A. Lamb, and as a result of labors co pletely engaged and paid for by this agreeable manufacturer, y a formula apparently discarded by him?

As to the worldly folly, the indiscretion of Virgil Adams, fatal stupidity and weakness in not clearly revealing all his pla to his generous old friend and employer, the reader is left in doubt. From the beginning his conduct is seen to be erroneo and ruinous on these points.

Yet one of the most curious effects of the book is the reade instinctive assumption of the viewpoint of "old Charlie Loh One thinks very little about whether or not old Adams really cheating his employer, very little about whether he is yielding the devil. Old Adams remains a very good man throughout work, whether he does or does not steal a glue formula. T singular situation could hardly be bettered as a picture of reali and of the unselfish, mild and apparently excellent persons wh others occasionally point out to one as "crooks", and still oth as valiantly defend.

Alice Adams is the most deep-thoughted of Mr. Tarkington's books. It has a more penetrating vision than is required by any of the other tales, into life's—

poverties, wincings and sulky retreats.

Conquest. The subsequent labor somebody else is to do for you. The happiness someone other than yourself is to achieve for you. The over-tones of every work of art vary to accord with the inner ear of the listener. For me the over-tones of *Alice Adams* have the subtle music of an irony upon all the illusions of conquest.

The excitement of this book lies not in what the fascinating heroine gets nor whom she enslaves, but in what she is. It begins with the moment when she stares into her mirror, and thinks, as she peers beyond her lovely posturings, "Who are you?" At the close of her absorbing career of illusory fancy and wistful chicane, her brave, new attempt to depend on her own resources and powers for the creation of her future forms the original and hopeful end of a story whose tragedy and originalities and hopes are all made of the sheerest stuff of truth inevitable.

"As I would not be a slave, so I would not be a master. This expresses my idea of democracy. Whatever differs from this, to the extent of the difference is no democracy." So Abraham Lincoln wrote for an autograph many years ago: and the words may serve as a memento and autograph of a certain national philosophy. I think we are much to be congratulated in the possession of a master of fiction whose work is conceived in the wisdom of that gentleness which sometimes appears the most valuable wisdom known to our nation.

Edith Franklin Wyatt.

CHARLES DICKENS, THE SIDE-TRACKED ACTOR

BY ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT

CHARLES DICKENS was the most successful and immeasurably the most far-reaching writer born of modern England. From his own country in his own day and from readers in scattered lands the world around came an instant and heart-warming response to his genius which has been matched in the experience of no other writer. That response was not only immediate but personal and affectionate to a degree that only Kipling has since approached and then only under special circumstances and for but a little while. It was an interested affection that swirled and billowed around Dickens all his days on earth and filled those days with a sort of festive hubbub that was most dear to him.

And yet he was never quite happy in his work. He was the most fecund and rewarded of novelists, but it did not content him to be a novelist. There was that in him which could not be satisfied by a writer's career at all. It is impossible to explore far in the half-shrouded byways of Dickens without surprising again and again this secret of his heart—that he wanted to be an actor. Of course he himself used to speak lightly and a little sheepishly of his youthful aspirations for the stage, as of something boyish and amusing enough when viewed in kindly retrospect. Yet those aspirations, or rather the sources of them, never really left him, and that they were fermenting away inside him always is readable between the lines even of that eminently discreet but only half-comprehending Man Friday of his—John Forster.

It would have been idle to expostulate with him that he could and did reach a far wider audience than any actor might aspire to. It would have been idle to point out how all over England and America and Australia readers of his, great folk and mean folk, queens and miners and scrubwomen and doctors of philosophy, were laughing and weeping at the promptings of his written word.

He knew that well enough. He *knew* it. But he did not *feel* it. He did not hear them laugh, did not see them cry. All the genius poured into *Copperfield* or the tale of Tiny Tim could not bring him the warm, human satisfaction of visible and audible appreciation which was his friend Macready's nightly portion, that really precious reward which only in their more toplofty moments do the actors affect to disprize, as when the late Lawrence Barrett, sighing with the extra profundity of a bogus melancholy, would murmur: "What are we poor players but sculptors whose lot it is night after night to carve statues in snow!"

Had Dickens lived in the twentieth century, the Freudians, taking one shrewd, amused, infuriatingly perspicacious look at him, would have analyzed him on the spot. They would have noted his clumsy efforts at playwriting, his adoration of Macready, his wistful loiterings at the stage-door, of which the faint, unmistakable aroma was ever the breath of his nostrils, and his disarming readiness to laugh and cry at the most ordinary of performances in any theatre. They would have noted his pantomimic gyrations when in the throes of composition. They would have known that the young novelist who walked the night-mantled streets of Paris in an agony of sympathy for the dying Paul Dombey was a side-tracked actor. They would have noted his own incongruous capacity for self-pity, his grotesque sensitiveness to the most piddling of criticism, his comically transparent excuses for appearing in amateur dramatics, his gallant and undeniably Thespian appearance and his flamboyant raiment, rings and all, which distressed his sedate friends but satisfied something within him. They would have noted all these things and published in some obscure journal an article written to demonstrate that Mr. Dickens was suffering from an exhibition complex. This would have maddened him. He would have dictated sixteen furious letters demanding retraction, growing the redder in the face as he paced the floor because he would have known that it was all quite true. That half-smothered desire gnawed at him through all the years of his growth until at last it found an outlet which brought him peace.

Charles Dickens's dealings with the established professional theatre were irregular, apprehensive and finally vanquishing, ex-

cept, of course, that he went a-playgoing in whatever town he visited, whether or not he knew the language and whether or not the bills held forth the slightest promise of something worth a whole evening of a lucid adult's leisure. Even in the days when he was working at that blacking-factory, and earning six shillings a week, you would have seen him in his white hat, little jacket and corduroy trousers, marching up to the ticket booth of some show-van that lay temptingly across his homeward path and boldly planking down some considerable fraction of his income for an hour of contraband entertainment.

Earlier even than that began the itch to write for the stage, for the first works of his pen were tragedies written for performance at home in a nursery packed to the doors with children dragged in from the neighborhood to listen to him. *Misnar, or the Sultan of India,* now unhappily lost to posterity, was one of these. It was an itch that troubled him off and on for many years, finding expression in several comedies and burlettas, some of which were produced with moderate success in the days before his name had a little magic for the summoning of an audience. Specifically, these were a two-act burletta called *The Strange Gentleman;* a comic opera libretto called *The Village Coquettes;* a one-act burletta entitled *Is She His Wife? or, Something Singular!* a short farce, *The Lamplighter;* another (written with Mark Lemon) called *Mr. Nightingale's Diary;* and a four-act dramatization of *No Thoroughfare* which he and Wilkie Collins managed between them. Today none of them has any existence in the theatre and none of them has any interest for the Dickensian, except as a curiosity.

That he never succeeded in writing a play which could serve his beloved Macready was a genuine and unassuaged disappointment to him. His reverence for that towering figure of the English stage was a thing which time and his own surpassing success never tarnished. To Macready he dedicated *Nicholas Nickleby.* And for Macready's eyes he poured out letters a little warmer in their affection than many others which his hospitable heart dictated. I suspect that this chafed Forster just a little and that he was more than a little exasperated by his knowledge that his hero's thoughts followed Macready around the world because Macready represented an achievement which Dickens envied.

That Dickens was a natural-born leading man, no one could doubt who has studied the portraits of him, especially the winning Maclise study which caught him in the beauty and but half-conquered diffidence of his youth, the portrait which Thackeray found so amazing a likeness, "the real identical man Dickens, the inward as well as the outward of him". There, visible enough, was genteel comedy in the walk and manner, juvenile tragedy in the eye and touch-and-go force in the laugh.

And that Dickens had made one direct bid for a place in the ranks at Covent Garden is a matter of record. Years afterwards, he harked back for Forster's benefit to that attempt:

> I wrote to Bartley, who was stage-manager, and told him how young I was, and exactly what I thought I could do; and that I believed I had a strong perception of character and oddity, and a natural power of reproducing in my own person what I observed in others. This was at the time when I was at Doctors' Commons as a shorthand writer for the proctors. And I recollect I wrote the letter from a little office I had there, where the answer came also. There must have been something in my letter that struck the authorities, for Bartley wrote me almost immediately to say they were busy getting up *The Hunchback* (so they were) but that they would communicate with me again, in a fortnight. Punctual to the time another letter came, with an appointment to do anything of Mathews's I pleased before him and Charles Kemble, on a certain day at the theatre. My sister Fanny was in the secret, and was to go with me to play the songs. I was laid up when the day came, with a terrible bad cold and an inflammation of the face; the beginning, by the bye, of that annoyance in one ear to which I am subject to this day. I wrote to say so and added that I would resume my application next season. I made a great splash in the gallery soon afterwards; the *Chronicle* opened to me; I had a distinction in the little world of the newspaper, which made one like it; began to write; didn't want money; had never thought of the stage but as a means of getting it; gradually left off turning my thoughts that way, and never resumed the idea. I never told you this, did I? See how near I may have been to another sort of life.

Years later, when he was reading an ignominiously rejected farce to Bartley, he thought he detected some struggling recognition and connection stirring up within the sub-consciousness of that manager. "But," he added cheerfully, "it may have been only his doubts of that humorous composition."

When, in the letter just quoted, Dickens said that he had never thought of the stage except as a means of getting money, he was

saying what, by every evidence furnished in the acts and works of his life, we know was flagrantly untrue. And furthermore, who cannot see that he was saying it *because* it was not true? And knowing all he did know of Dickens's theatrical impulses, the bland Forster still had the hardihood to say that Dickens, in his rebellion against the labor and the penury which were the lot of a law court reporter, had attempted to escape that drudgery "even" in the direction of the stage.

"It wasn't a very good living," Dickens himself observed of the repertorial work, "(though not a *very* bad one) and was wearily uncertain; which made me think of the Theatre in quite a business-like way. I went to some theatre every night, with very few exceptions, for at least three years; really studying the bills first, and going to where there was the best acting; and always to see Mathews whenever he played. I practised immensely (even such things as walking in and out, and sitting down in a chair): often four, five, six hours a day; shut up in my own room or walking about in the fields. I prescribed to myself, too, a sort of Hamiltonian system for learning parts; and learnt a great number. I haven't even lost the habit now, for I knew my Canadian parts immediately, though they were new to me. I must have done a good deal: for, just as Macready found me out, they used to challenge me at Braham's; and Yates, who was knowing enough in those things, wasn't to be parried at all."

All of which is quoted at length, less for the specific information it adds than to ask if it does not suggest something untold, some color for the legend that, at an unchronicled time and place, Dickens did vanish into the personnel of a stock company and try his luck as an actor. Of course that legend took on the accent of certainty in the minds of those players at Portsmouth who, after *Nicholas Nickleby*, suspected that the world was laughing at them and who would have it that this Dickens came down there as a would-be actor and made a sorry mess of it.

But it was rather as an amateur that these instincts of his found their earlier outlet. He never missed a chance at such indulgence, organizing special companies, pretending to be a little bored by them, and ending always by directing them himself and attending feverishly to the smallest detail of back-stage management. It was a part of him to plunge with passionate earnestness into these exhausting enterprises, glowering at the more trivial associates who could not, by mere persuasion, be led into taking seriously the exactions of rehearsal and the true agony of performance.

Note the fine and familiar mixture of relish and exasperation in this mid-rehearsal scrawl to the amused Macready. "I never in my life saw a place in such a state or had to do with such an utterly careless and unbusiness-like set of dogs as my fellow actors." He excepted two, but not Forster, who was engrossed in the rôle of Kitely. "So far as he is concerned," Dickens added sourly, "there is nothing in the world but Kitely—there is no world at all; only a something in its place that begins with a K and ends with a Y—"a minor note which does not, by the way, find place in the Forster biography, nor did Mamie Dickens and Georgina Hogarth think it nice to print it in their collection of their father's letters. It was Dickens who would draw up the rules against talking in the wings, Dickens who blasted the negligent in memorizing, Dickens who wrote out with his own hand the calls and music cues and property lists.

To embark from time to time on such undertakings, he had, of course, to down the questionings in his own mind, the fretting of his anxious publishers and the disconcerting suspicions of his friends, who knew well enough what old impulses he was obeying. Above all, he had to trump up some excuse for publication. For it is not given to the Anglo-Saxon to be able to say frankly: "It is my desire to get up on a lighted platform and make an exhibition of myself, but I cannot do it in a vacuum. I need some one to watch me. Please come and watch me." I remember how, in my Sophomore days at Hamilton College, we organized a dramatic club, engaged a theatre and then were assailed with misgivings which overhung us like a depressing cloud until we hit upon the happy notion of giving our performance for the benefit of some local work, it mattered not what. There we were, quite unconsciously inventing out of our own needs an old thing—a familiar thing to Dickens, certainly, who, for his adventures on the boards, always managed to contrive some plausible cause outside the desires of his own heart. Even when he worked up a monster benefit for poor Leigh Hunt and was bereft of his cause by an unexpected eleventh-hour pension for that gratified beneficiary, he was only momentarily baffled.

How good an actor he was, it is difficult to tell from the written criticisms. "Assumption," he wrote, "has charms for me so

delightful—I hardly know for how many wild reasons—that I feel a loss of Oh! I can't say what exquisite foolery, when I lose a chance of being someone not in the remotest degree like myself." (It is, perhaps, worth noting that he invariably used the word "assumption" to cover all activity of disguise or impersonation. This parenthesis is a cross-reference to the phrase, "the Datchery assumption" in his own comment on *Edwin Drood* and is tucked in here for the benefit of the Edwin Druids.) Leigh Hunt wrote that Dickens's Bobadil (in Jonson's *Every Man in His Humor*) "had a spirit in it of intelligent apprehension beyond anything the existing stage has known." But Hunt's partiality might well have been challenged. And Victoria, who worked up a considerable trepidation over his performance of Wardour in Wilkie Collins's *The Frozen Deep*, declared that no professional actor then living could have matched him. But somehow one distrusts Her Majesty's æsthetic judgments. However, it is not a bad guess that Dickens was an excellent actor, eloquent, picturesque, moving. And it is my own that, had not chance otherwise canalized his great genius, he would have been the overtowering actor of nineteenth century England. Which would have been a pity.

But the final and only satisfying outlet for all these impulses was found by another means. That means was foreshadowed in his early craving to read his manuscripts aloud. He took a genuine enough interest, in all conscience, in the sales of his stories as their serial parts appeared, and the rise and fall of those sales was a sure barometer to his spirits. But he wrote not with any such vague and impersonal audience in mind. He wrote for the friend he was going to corner and read his piece to. It was, let us say, Macready's laughter or Macready's tears he hoped to invoke. Indeed, all of this aspect of Charles Dickens lies back of a single sentence he once wrote as a postscript to a letter dispatched from London to his wife at the time when the *Christmas Carol* was still in manuscript. "If," he said, "you had seen Macready last night, undisguisedly sobbing and crying on the sofa as I read, you would have felt, as I did, what a thing it is to have power."

An incident that attended the issue of *The Chimes* is most revealing. In the midst of a long, self-imposed exile on the Continent, he had written that less persistent of his Christmas stories

and, shipping the manuscript on to London, was trusting to Forster's fidelity to revise the proofs.

It was on the eve of publication—early in the Winter of 1844-1845—that he suddenly announced a clandestine trip to London, a flying trip, that was to be imparted only to his cronies and which was to last only a week. Of course Forster wrote back that it would tire him out, that it would cost too much, that it could not possibly be kept secret, etc., etc. And of course, Dickens paid no attention.

"I am still in the same mind about coming to London," he replied. "Not because the proofs concern me at all (I should be an ass as well as a thankless vagabond if they did) but because of that unspeakable restless something which would render it almost as impossible for me to remain here and not see the thing complete, as it would be for a full balloon, left to itself, not to go up." And later in the same letter out plumped the whole truth:

> Shall I confess to you I particularly want Carlyle above all to see it before the rest of the world, when it is done; and I should like to inflict the little story on him and on dear old gallant Macready with my own lips, and to have Stanny and the other Mac sitting by? Now, if you was a real gent, you'd get up a little circle for me, one wet evening, when I come to town: and would say: "My boy (Sir, you will have the goodness to leave those books alone and to go downstairs—What the Devil are you doing! And mind, sir, I can see nobody—Do you hear? Nobody. I am particularly engaged with a young gentleman from Asia)—My boy, would you give us that little Christmas book (a little Christmas book of Dickens's, Macready, which I'm anxious you should hear); and don't slur it, now, or be too fast, Dickens, please!"—I say, if you was a real gent, something to this effect might happen. I shall be under sailing orders the moment I have finished. And I shall produce myself (please God) in London on the very day you name. For one week: to the hour.

And so it came to pass.

From that reading of *The Chimes* came many things. The transition from private readings to public readings given for charity and thence to public readings given for the lining of his own bottomless purse, was gradual but inevitable. Forster saw it coming and in a sort of panic amassed all the arguments against so undignified a procedure and so wearing an undertaking. He was careful that Dickens should hear of the distinguished ladies who labored "under the impression that *it was to lead to the stage* (!!)."

The scandalized italics and the exclamation points (both of them) are Forster's. Forster has recorded his own opposition in these words: "It was a substitution of lower for higher aims; a change to commonplace from more elevated pursuits; and it had so much of the character of a public exhibition for money as to raise, in the question of respect for his calling as a writer, a question also of respect for himself as a gentleman."

"But do you quite consider that the public exhibition of oneself takes place equally, whosoever may get the money?" Dickens replied: "And have you any idea that at this moment—this very time—half the public at least supposes me to be paid? My dear F., out of the twenty or five-and-twenty letters a week that I get about Readings, twenty will ask at what price, or on what terms, it can be done. The only exceptions, in truth, are when the correspondent is a clergyman, or a banker, or the Member for the place in question."

So it went back and forth, all the friends deploring this new misconduct of his, Dickens himself inwardly determined to go through with it. He reared a hundred specious excuses. He laid his intentions to make an exhibition of himself to the wildest miscellany of causes, from the melancholy of his home (whence his discarded wife had just moved out for good and all) to the numerical strength of his children, which could hardly be denied. He would sign a contract for each new course of readings, protesting all the while that the work was torment to him, that he longed to stay by his own fireside, that nothing but need of money could induce him to go; and so forth and so forth, with never a single mention of the real reason which skulked always in the background, and is visible there even to this day. But the letters he wrote home from his journeys shone with a new content. There was his public all about him, within sight of his own eyes, within touch of his own hands. The sense of them crowding the halls to suffocation and hanging breathless on his performances, warmed his heart as nothing had ever warmed it.

When the boots at Morrison's heard that his Irish hall was packed, he cried: "The Lard be praised for the honor o' Dooblin." When a woman approached him in York, it would be to say: "Mr. Dickens, will you let me touch the hand that has filled my house

with friends?" How he loved it! He might write in advance that only the hope of gain that would make him "more independent of the worst" could make him face the travel and exertion and absence—that a journey overseas would be "penance and misery". But from overseas, he could not help writing, proudly, defensively, revealingly: "I have now read in New York City to 40,000 people, and am quite as well known in the streets there as I am in London. People will turn back, turn again and face me, and have a look at me, or will say to one another: 'Look here! Dickens coming!' But no one ever stops me or addresses me. Sitting reading in the carriage outside the New York post-office while one of the staff was stamping the letters inside, I became conscious that a few people who had been looking at the turn-out had discovered me within. On my peeping out good-humoredly, one of them (I should say a merchant's book-keeper) stepped up to the door, took off his hat, and said in a frank way: 'Mr. Dickens, I should very much like to have the honor of shaking hands with you,' and, that done, presented two others. Nothing could be more quiet or less intrusive. In the railway cars, if I see anybody who clearly wants to speak to me, I usually anticipate the wish by speaking myself. If I am standing on the brake outside, (to avoid the intolerable stove) people getting down will say with a smile: 'As I am taking my departure, Mr. Dickens, and can't trouble you for more than a moment, I should like to take you by the hand, sir.' And so we shake hands and go our ways." The interminable lines at his box-offices, the queue that slept all night on the street in Brooklyn, for instance, gave him a joy that had nothing whatever to do with the dollars they were waiting to deposit to his account.

The career that really began with the reading of *The Chimes* to that little circle in Lincoln's Inn Fields, brought him in huge sums of money and reëstablished his friendship with America. Doubtless, it measurably shortened his days on earth, but it satisfied at last the thing within him which had remained unsatisfied ever since that broken appointment between the debonair young reporter and the manager of Covent Garden long before.

ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT.

IMMORTALITY AND THE NEW PHYSICS

BY CHARLES KASSEL

THE leading obstacle until now in the way of any scientific thought of a future life has been the difficulty of conceiving a state of being such as it is necessary to assume—a state of being which demands a yielding of all our notions of matter. The mind aches in the effort to picture a plane of existence, unseen and unfelt, interpenetrating the material fabric about us, yet supplying a theatre for conscious life and activity. Even those convinced of the truth of psychic phenomena, and fully persuaded that the dead live again in a realm of their own, cannot build up in their thought a satisfying idea of that world in which the dead move and have their being. Life, love and memory as mere idealizations apart from form the mind rejects; yet form to us means matter, and matter, in our eyes, is something which must give to our senses evidence of its presence.

No merely philosophic answer to the eternal question fulfills the need. In this domain of thought, as in no other, we distrust the processes of abstract reason. Scorning all assumptions, we demand proof that a supersensual world of organized life is possible. This proof, so long denied, the science of to-day, with its startling revelations, is, as it might seem, about to vouchsafe, and it is with these new disclosures, and their relation to the world-old problem which so much perplexes us, that it is my purpose in this paper to deal.

As we looked abroad upon the universe a few years ago, we beheld a material fabric which seemed the most stable of things. Matter, we were taught in the books, was indestructible and ever-enduring, whatever its change of form—a something which in its constituent atoms had always been and could never cease to be; and conservation of mass was linked with the doctrine of inertia as the twin truths by which all reasoning as to the nature and destiny of the universe was conditioned.

It was idle to speak of an inner world, the arena of tremendous spiritual activities. The idea was brushed aside as wholly indefensible. Certain phenomena, it is true, even upon the natural plane, seemed to partake of the qualities ascribed by the mystics to this inner and higher sphere. There was electricity, defying time and space, and flashing around the world with the swiftness of thought, finding matter no obstacle in its path. There was gravitation, with no material embodiment that could be traced. There was light, traveling in a few seconds half the stretch of the ecliptic, yet borne to all seeming upon vacancy. These difficulties could not be gainsaid; but here was the rock-ribbed planet, our material seat, with the laws of inertia and conservation plainly stamped upon it, and it was but breath against the wind to talk of supersensual worlds interpenetrating this density and peopled by invisible beings who passed through this mass as though it were not.

"Show me," said the savant, "a single atom destroyed or built up—point to me a shred of proof worthy the consideration of a scientist that any element has ever been something other than it is to-day—do this and I shall give a respectful hearing to your claim of an upper world of being." The challenge could not be met.

In this hour, however, the challenge has been met. The discovery of radioactive matter—a fourth state of matter, neither gas, liquid nor solid—has humbled science before the mystics and has set our thinkers delving curiously and with a strange interest into the tomes of the alchemists. They were right, those old dreamers, and we with all our learning were wrong. Not even our soberest scientist now disdains to employ the language of Paracelsus and to speak of matter in all its varying modes as but the outflowering of a single universal element, the primal stuff of all substance, becoming visible and tangible out of the viewless seas of ether in some fashion we do not know.

With the opening up of these new vistas of the constitution of things, the bases for our whole thought of matter have shifted, and what seemed so appallingly fixed and resistant has grown fluent, yielding its opacity here to the ray of Röntgen, there its solidity to the Hertzian wave of Marconi, and yonder dissolving,

or changing magically to new forms, in the radioactive transformations of Curie and Becquerel, Rutherford and Soddy, Ramsey and Crookes. "It would be idle to deny," observes Professor Frederick Soddy, speaking of the phenomena of radioactivity in his fascinating work *The Interpretation of Radium*, "that physical science was taken completely by surprise. Had anyone twelve years ago ventured to predict radium, he would have been told simply that such a thing was not only wildly improbable but actually opposed to all the established principles of the science of matter and energy."

Says M. L. Poincaré, in *The New Physics*, referring to the latest theories: "We shall have to abandon the idea, so instinctively dear to us, that matter is the most stable thing in the universe, and to admit, on the contrary, that all bodies whatever are a kind of explosive decomposing with extreme slowness." And, similarly, Dr. R. K. Duncan, in his interesting work, *The New Knowledge*, observes: "Matter has disappeared as a fundamental existence, or at any rate it is explained as a manifestation of electricity. Mass, a supposedly indestructible thing, has disappeared with matter, and comes into existence purely as negative electricity, assuming motion, carries with it a bound portion of the ether in which it is bathed; and furthermore this mass, which we thought so invariable, depends solely upon the velocity with which the unit moves."

So, then, matter has become a transitory thing—the "Time-Vesture of the Eternal", in the sublime phrase of Carlyle. It is to the ether, that unseen, all-permeating thing, that we are driven henceforth to feed our love for the fixed and the lasting. We are told that through some stress upon the ether, in all likelihood, matter was born, perhaps as a mere mode of motion, rising out of its mother element as an ice crystal emerges from the sea, yet of it and destined in the fulness of time to return to it. It is this ether, which we have never beheld, which no instrument has ever explored, and which gives to our touch never a sign of its presence, that becomes the fundamental reality. "The whole mass of any body," says Professor J. J. Thomson, "is just the mass of the ether surrounding the body, which is carried along by the Faraday tubes associated with the atoms of the body. In fact, all

mass is mass of the ether; all momentum momentum of the ether; and all kinetic energy kinetic energy of the ether." To this statement, so startling in its implications, Sir Oliver Lodge, in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW for May, 1908, lends his approval as the conclusion "which, in one form or another, we all see looming before us, though it has not yet been completely attained and would not be by all similarly expressed".

What, therefore, is the ether? Is it dense or rare? Does it possess motion or is it at rest? Shall we speak of it as simple or does it possess a structure? Will it yield to pressure like ordinary matter or is it incompressible?

Strange, indeed, are the properties that science ascribes to this mysterious element; quite as strange as the properties the old mystics assigned to the spiritual plane of being of which they told. "Although at first sight," says Professor Thomson, in his address before the British Association for the Advancement of Science,[1] "the idea that we are immersed in a medium almost infinitely denser than lead might seem inconceivable, it is not so if we remember that in all probability matter is composed mainly of holes. We may in fact regard matter as possessing a bird-cage kind of structure, in which the volume of the ether disturbed by the wires when the structure is moved is infinitesimal in comparison with the volume enclosed by them. If we do this there is no difficulty from the great density of the ether; all that we have to do is to increase the distance between the wires in proportion as we increase the density of the ether."

So, in a powerful discourse upon *The Functions of the Ether*, delivered at the Royal Institute of Great Britain on February 21, 1908, and published in the issue of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW already mentioned, Sir Oliver Lodge, repeating the statement of Professor Thomson already quoted, observes: "This view, it should be said, requires the density of the ether to be immensely greater than any known substance—yes, far denser—so dense that matter by comparison is like gossamer or a filmy imperceptible mist, or a Milky Way;" and he adds: "The ether belongs to the material or physical universe; but it is not ordinary matter at all. I should prefer to say it is not matter at all. It

[1]Reprinted in *Science* for August 27, 1909.

may be the substance or substratum or material of which matter is composed." Similar is the idea of M. Poincaré, as given in the work from which I have already quoted: "We cannot," he tells us, "without being very illogical, define the ether by material properties."

Where, then, are we, in this amazing speculation, vouched for though it be by our greatest thinkers? Let us pause to consult our compass and take our bearings, for it is a measureless sea we have embarked upon, and we must take heed that we do not drift too far and lose our sense of the relations of things.

If we reject the idea that spiritual forms are of a substance transcending the ether in its properties, and suppose Intelligence, with an organism answering in its characteristics merely to the properties of the ether, we have a being conforming very nearly, if not quite, to the notion the mystics had of the indwellers of the supersensual world. With bodies more dense than steel, though unamenable to earthly sight or touch, these creatures would see the fleshly forms as a shadowy garment, and matter at large but as a film thinner than air which offered no bar to their passage, and, exempt from the laws of gravitation, which hold prison-bound the frame of clay, they might levitate at will, and with the swiftness of light transport themselves from planet to planet. From the sun's flame they could take no harm and even the chill of absolute zero would leave their bodies unscathed.

Such a conception, indeed, might have been harbored even before the revelations of the past few years. No less an authority of the earlier day than J. Clerk Maxwell recognized the fascinating interest of such a theory. In concluding the article upon *The Ether of Space* contributed by him, while Professor of Physics at Cambridge University, to *The Encyclopedia Britannica*, this distinguished scientist said: "Whether this homogeneous expanse of isotropic matter is fitted not only to be a medium of physical interaction, and to fulfill other physical functions of which perhaps we have no knowledge, but also, as the authors of *The Unseen Universe* seem to suggest, to constitute the material organisms of beings exercising functions of life and mind as high or higher than ours at present, is a question far transcending the limits of physical speculation."

But how explain upon such a theory, it may be urged, the use of this body by an indwelling Intelligence—how link reflection and love and memory with so strange an organism? In the abstract, the difficulty does seem insurmountable; the mind cannot grasp the laws by which a governing Will within could utilize the organs of such an instrument. But, in the abstract, the difficulty is no whit less on the lower material plane; it is only our familiarity with the actual phenomena that makes it seem otherwise. Who knows how it is that the mind, as we are familiar with it, moves at its will the fingers of the hand? This—our familiarity with the phenomena aside—is a veritable miracle. We are as ignorant of its final cause as we are of the primary cause of electricity, or as we are ignorant of gravitation in its first cause, or of heat, or light, or even of the thing that makes a seed grow. These things *are*, despite our inability to understand them, and it is no strain upon the reason to suppose that the like may be true with bodies of ether, or of some higher, more transcendent substance which surpasses the ether in its properties and uses it as we use the electric and magnetic forces that lie in nature.

All this, however, might well have been taught in the middle age of modern science, before the wizardry of Röntgen and the Curies and their successors had made science gasp. It is with the marvels of the last few years that the picture we have sought to sketch of the supersensual world becomes complete and convincing.

It is a singular truth, and one highly significant, that the more nearly science in its triumphs over nature has approached that unseen world, the more powerful have been the forces that revealed themselves. It is of no small importance that the most tremendous of these energies should seem to come from a region of the universe hidden from the senses, and identical, to all seeming, with the ideal world of being taught by the mystical philosophers of all ages.

In the dim beginning, man's sole resource was his muscular energy and that of his subject beasts, aided by gravitation and the simpler laws of mechanics. But our muscular power roots purely in the material, and upon the same plane operate the laws of mechanics. The like is true even of steam, since vapor was

always familiar to man, although its immense power under pressure was not suspected. It was with the discovery and utilization of electricity that science seemed to pierce beyond the material into a new universe. Here was a force apparently inexhaustible, coming seemingly from nowhere, and the nature of which defied all conjecture and analysis. The savants found themselves baffled in every attempt to explain the phenomena of electricity in terms of matter.

But though it could not dissect this energy, so new and strange, and could only learn its laws and yield to them, science, it seems safe to say, believed this mysterious force to be the last that remained for discovery. Sir William Crookes, perhaps, alone excepted, no scientist appears to have felt the tremendous truth just dawning upon the world—the truth that we had but touched the fringe of the inner world of energy, out of which electricity and perhaps many other of our known forces play as from perennial fountains, and that still farther within were resources of power beside which steam and electricity were mere toys.

It is difficult to form an adequate idea of the power of these new forces coming seemingly from beyond the material. All our former notions of energy seem humdrum and commonplace by comparison. "There is enough radiant energy in one ounce of radium," said Dr. Duncan, in an article in *Harper's Magazine*, "to lift ten thousand tons one mile high;" and he added by way of explanation: "During the life of radium it evolves nearly three million times as much heat proportionately as arises from any chemical action known to man. This is a tremendous fact, determined by strict experiment and quite apart from any theory." So, Gustave Le Bon, the eminent French philosopher and scientist, asserted in an article in *The Independent* that "the fifth part of an American five cent piece, if we could entirely disassociate it in one second, would give an energy equal to six milliards, eight hundred million horse-power, the energy of a moving body being equal to half the product of its mass by the square of its velocity."

These statements, wildly extravagant though they seem, are not the mere fancies of a few enthusiasts drunken with the wine of the new lore. They are the calm assertions of sober scientists.

Professor J. J. Thomson, writing in *Science*, remarked: "The amount of energy which is stored up in ordinary matter in the form of electrostatic potential energy of its corpuscles is the thing not generally realized. Even ordinary matter contains enormous stores of energy; this energy is fortunately kept fast bound by the corpuscles; if at any time an appreciable fraction were to get free the earth would explode and become a gaseous nebula." So, Sir Oliver Lodge, speaking of the ether as the source of this energy: "On our present view the energy of the constitution of the ether is incredibly and portentously great; every cubic millimeter of space possessing what, if it were matter, would be a mass of a thousand tons and an energy equivalent to the output of a million horse power station for forty million years."

To understand the new physics rightly requires almost a new set of brain cells. We must learn to think in infinitesimals linked with velocities approaching that of light. We are dealing with what is to us well-nigh the infinitely great, associated with the infinitely little, and we are forced in carrying forward our train of thought to drive a-team ideas never before yoked together.

We are told that the spectroscope will discover in a thimbleful of air the existence of a single particle of neon, co-existing with four million particles of other gases, and that this inconceivably tiny particle contains no less than ten million millions of atoms. The idea of minuteness involved in such a statement is sufficiently staggering; yet we know now that the atom is not the smallest thing in nature, and that it is the electron within the atom which must stand before our thought as the unit of matter. So unimaginably small, however, is this newer particle, that its diameter, as we are told by Professor Millikan in *The Popular Science Monthly*, is only about 100,000th that of the atom; and according to Sir Oliver Lodge, the electron, as compared with the atom, is "that of the earth and other planets to the solar system", or, as Professor J. J. Thomson has it, that of a dust particle to the entire volume of air in a lecture-hall.

It is in its velocity that the enormous power of the ultra-atomic particle resides. We know what velocity will do on the material plane. A flexible chain, swiftly twirled, will stand on end; a silk cord becomes rigid in rapid motion; a jet of water moving at

sufficient speed resists a hammer stroke; while a paper disk, we are told, if it could be made to perform the necessary number of revolutions per second, would act like a buzz-saw. It is a commonplace that the vortex of a tornado will uproot a giant oak or break its trunk like a reed, lift a building into the air and crush it like an eggshell, or carry heavy masses for many miles; and now and then stories reach the newspapers of straws hurled like spears into trees, and wooden billets driven like so many spikes into brick or stone walls. These aspects of matter in motion may enable us the more clearly to understand the actual power of the radioactive particle and the theoretical power of the electron in general.

Within the atom, now become a very miracle of complexity, the electrons revolve with incredible swiftness about a common centre, much as in our solar system the sun's satellites sweep about the central orb, with the orbits and spaces no greater in the latter case than in the former, relatively to size. "The motion and change of motion of the electrons," says Professor Soddy, "gives us light, the X-rays, and the long ether-waves used in wireless telegraphy," and the reaction of the ether upon the moving electron, he explains, gives it its "mass".

Now and then, we are told, a particle escapes from the atomic system, as in the case of the radioactive substances, and it becomes possible to measure its momentum. The *alpha* particles, says Professor Soddy, reach in some cases a speed of twelve thousand miles per second, while the fastest of the *beta* particles of radium attain as high a speed as 170,000 miles per second, approaching that of light itself. Le Bon, in an article already referred to in this paper, asserts that a velocity of 60,000 miles per second for certain of the radiations has been measured, and in order that the significance of the figure may be appreciated, the distinguished French scientist explains that to give a speed of 60,000 miles per second to a rifle ball would require an arm holding 1,340,000 barrels of powder each weighing over one hundred pounds! Such are the phenomena which have revolutionized all thinking and driven science to a conception of the atom of matter as a dynamic thing—a reservoir of "supra-terrific forces", in the daring phrase of Dr. Duncan.

Now momentum, according to the fundamental doctrine of dynamics, is never born, but only borrowed. No body in nature ever moves of itself. It is pushed or drawn. As observed by Professor J. J. Thomson in *Science*, "the amount of momentum in the universe is constant," and wherever, therefore, any substance manifests momentum, that momentum comes from beyond itself. The relation of this truth to the new physics is dealt with by Professor Soddy in the series of lectures to which I have referred. "The last century," he observes, "will remain forever memorable on account of the development and establishment of the great doctrine of energy. The first law, that of the conservation of energy, states that energy is a real entity and has a real existence no less than matter, and no more than matter can energy be created or destroyed, although the forms it may assume are legion. The driving power of the machinery of the modern world is often mysterious, but the laws of energy state that nothing goes by itself, and our experience, in spite of all perpetual motion machines which inventors have claimed to have constructed, bore this doctrine out until we came face to face with radium. Nothing goes by itself in Nature, except, apparently, radium and radioactive substances."

Such being the language of the science of dynamics and the universal pronouncement of our thinkers and investigators, the conclusion drives in irresistibly upon us that the energy of the radium particle, whether within the atom or after its expulsion, falls within the general law, and that its terrific power is a something borrowed from an inner, unexplored, inconceivably complex realm, beside which this lesser arena of activity inhabited by us is the tamest of worlds.

It will not do to say that in the radioactive substances we have an exception to a law which the whole science of energetics hitherto has shown to be universal. The need for making such an exception does not exist, and it is far more logical to say of this new form of energy that *it comes from somewhere.* This conclusion seems only the more reasonable when we learn that the *alpha* particles of radium cease beyond a certain range of space to give token of their presence, possessing at the moment of their disappearance "sixty-four per cent of their initial velocity", as

stated by Dr. Duncan, and "forty-one per cent of their initial kinetic energy"; for the implication is plain that through ordinary matter as well may be pouring vast tides of energy, only at velocities too low to affect the most delicate of our instruments—less, say, than five thousand miles per second.

That in the radium rays we have an indication of a new and mysterious world of energy, we find what seems an impressive testimony in the law of velocity governing these in common with other recently discovered phenomena. "One definite thing we do know," says Professor Soddy, writing of the ether, "namely, the velocity at which influences are transmitted. It is 185,000 miles per second, the speed of light. So far as we yet know, all influences that are transmitted by the ether travel at this one definite velocity. Not only light, but also the electro-magnetic radiations employed in wireless telegraphy, the magnetic storms, as they are termed, which reach us from the sun, and also as we believe, the X-rays, travel through the ether at this one definite speed." That the speed is in all these cases the same is suggestive of a common source and fountain-head, and one is emboldened in the supposition that behind and within the material system with which we are familiar is a subtle and infinitely marvelous world from which the universe we know is fed and sustained, and which uses the light—swift undulations of the ether—as the carrying agent of its varied influences.

Taking together all that we have here considered, one may claim abundant warrant for the statement that the attitude of science toward the notion of a supersensual universe, or series of universes, interacting with the material fabric we know—a concept fundamental to any logical theory of immortality—has ceased to be the hostile or indifferent one it once was. On the contrary, it might almost seem that the theory of a universe of finer and infinitely more potent substance is almost ready to be announced by our scientific thinkers as an inevitable conclusion from recent discoveries. It is a thing of illimitable portent that the atom, the very starting point of the universal fabric, which we should have expected to find of utmost simplicity, science actually discovers to be a mechanism of unimaginable complexity; nor shall our conclusion be easily challenged that this baffling and

unbelievably complex thing may be the link with another world of being, whence the life and energy of the world we know are borrowed for a season.

I cannot better close this paper than by quoting the nobly prophetic words of Sir William Crookes, delivered more than thirty years ago, concerning the new matter of which at that time the first faint hint had appeared: "We have actually touched the borderland where matter and energy seem to merge into one another—the shadowy realm between the known and the unknown;" and it seems almost as if by an inspiration that this most intuitive of our scientists should have been able to say in that hour: "I venture to think the greatest scientific problems of the future will find their solution in this borderland, and even beyond. Here, it seems to me, lie ultimate realities—subtle, far-reaching, wonderful."

CHARLES KASSEL.

THE WELFARE WORKER'S HUMAN SIDE

BY ELIZABETH JORDAN

THERE are all sorts of conceptions and misconceptions of the welfare worker's work, of her duties, and of the employer's need of her. Though she has been in existence for years, though the vast majority of our great corporations, firms and factories have her on their pay-roll, the general public has only a limited notion of what she is and what she does.

What is welfare work? Who are welfare workers? In some definitions welfare work is anything, outside the technical details of an industry or a trade, which makes the workers more valuable to the employers. Whatever tends to make them healthier, more skilled, more interested in their work, belongs to the welfare division. The range of such work is wide. It may mean nothing more than having on hand a kind and pleasant-tempered woman to suggest to young girls that it is detrimental to health to stand all day on teetering, Eiffel Tower heels. Or it may mean that a force of architects, builders, engineers, landscape-gardeners, teachers, play directors, gymnasium teachers, moving picture artisans and what not, may be required for a given "welfare" job.

Take the simpler situations first. What should the ordinary woman welfare worker in an industrial or commercial plant be? What gifts should she have, what training? The correct answer is that if she has the gifts which would make her the highly successful mother of a large family, plus half a hundred other gifts, she will be fairly well equipped for welfare work. She—fortunately it may be a collective "she"—must know what to do when one girl faints. She must be able to connect another girl's morning lassitude with a shrewd guess as to last night's recreation. She must know what to do when a third cuts her hand on her machine. She must be able to distinguish the difference between the languors of a love affair and those due to an infected tooth. She must be able to tell when a girl is lying to her, and

she must be able to convey this fact to Josephine without causing her to take refuge in utter, surly silence. She must be able to distinguish the first offender in thievery from the hardened thief. She must know how to manage when half the working force has the influenza. She must be able to persuade this girl not to spend two months' salary on an unsuitable evening dress, and that girl to go to the doctor. She must convince the free-born American working-woman that it is no denial of the rights guaranteed to her by the Constitution to ask her to hand in her cafeteria check right side up and with the money to pay it in proper order—for when one is feeding six or eight hundred women in three-quarters of an hour such things count! She must be able to preserve her self-possession when detectives and an irate parent arrive from Florida in search of the latest recruit to her staff, who, despite the plausible story she has told in the employment department, is merely a home-bored "flapper" out to see life.

It thus requires a large degree of versatility to be an industrial welfare worker. But let us go from generalizations to particular instances. What, for example, happens to girls working in department stores who are suspected of stealing and perhaps finally caught at it? In all probability there is no stern reference to the employing and discharging branch of the store for final, drastic action. The human quality is, of all the thousand qualities needed in this comparatively new profession, the pre-eminent one—and it is exercised in these cases in a somewhat original fashion.

"There is bound to be a certain amount of thievery," says the counselor of one such girl. "Any welfare worker who believes that her store is free from it is only deceiving herself. It is impossible to avoid it where there are so many temptations—so many pretty things that beauty-loving girls crave, so many little things that are easy to pick up and slip into a convenient pocket; and where there is the constant handling of money by girls who sorely need money. It is easy for girls to convince themselves that the petty thefts with which they begin do not matter much—that the store 'can afford it.' They don't consider whether they themselves 'can afford it.' They are not concerned with the abstract question of character building.

"When finally the head of the department in which thefts are occurring has practically proved one girl guilty, that girl is sent to me. As a usual thing, if she is really the first offender she always claims to be, she can be induced to confess. Of course there is no 'third degree' method of extracting the confession. I try to get her to make the admission because, with the truth between us, there is a possibility of building some sort of permanent and worth-while relation such as could not be built on a basis of her falsehood. When she has confessed I try to learn from her whether it was girlish vanity or poverty and hard home conditions that brought about the transgression. If the latter, I try to devise some help for her. If the former, I let her know that at least I understand and do not utterly condemn her. But I try to make her see in her turn how her action has brought suspicion and shame upon all the girls with whom she is working—all her associates in her department. She has not only done the store an injury, but she has seriously injured those girls. Is she willing to admit as much to them, and to abide by their decision as to whether she is to remain and to have another chance?

"That is the 'trial by a jury of one's peers' that we have worked out. If the offender agrees—and she usually does agree if, as she almost always claims, it is her first fall from honesty—the other employees of her department come up into the general manager's room. There they are told what has happened. She admits it before them all. The manager asks what they desire the verdict to be. Shall the girl be discharged, or shall she have another chance? If she is to have another chance, her associates are told, it must mean that she is taken back absolutely—that never by the flicker of an eyelash must she be reminded of or taunted with her offense. Much has been said of 'woman's inhumanity to woman,' but it is refreshing to add that in the great majority of cases the girl's associates are merciful. 'Give her another chance,' they say, and the session ends with their all shaking hands with her. It is not a sloppy, sentimental performance. It is a carefully thought out piece of business policy."

Not everyone admits the need of this human touch. To some persons the welfare worker in industry is another bit of machinery, another contrivance of steel and wood, or another piece of red

tape. There are radicals—especially youthful radicals—who, resenting the fact that the world is so constituted as to make welfare workers a necessity, transfer their resentment from the fact to the agents of its alleviation. There was at least one such young radical in a recent Bryn Mawr Summer School for Women Workers. The occasion on which she publicly expressed her views was in the course of a debate in the English composition class. In her vocabulary, "welfare work" was defined in two ways. It was either a cunningly applied gilding to the prison doors of "enslaved" workers, or it was the drug-charged soothing syrup with which the hated race of the enslavers stifled their conscience. She argued brilliantly. But happily there were young women of her own industrial group who strained at their leashes during her presentation of her argument, and who were on their feet tearing it to pieces as soon as she sat down. They were not such eloquent debaters as she; but they had one great advantage—they happened to know what they were talking about. They started their arguments from the safe premise of experience. They told the young scorner of welfare work exactly what it had meant to them; how it had been one of the educative forces that had fitted them for the positions in which they found themselves. And they were a picked lot; leaders in their various occupations.

Those girls were not to be convinced by any process of logic, any dazzling display of rhetoric, that the nurse in their factory, the personnel manager of their department in their store, the treasurer of the loan society in their laundry, was a disguised agent of capitalistic tyranny, any more than they could have been convinced that the chance to attend Bryn Mawr College for a season was part of the deep-laid plot. They extolled welfare work and welfare workers. And to them it was the human side of the welfare worker's efforts that had made the strongest appeal—though, almost without exception, they objected to the general notion of being "helped". It was an incident which showed the power of a word. Repeated to the head of the Welfare Division in a big New York department store, it brought forth a smile. "If they had called it 'personnel' work instead of 'welfare' work, there would have been no debate," she said. "Not even the most independent, the most radical-minded working girl

objects to the knowledge that there is a 'personnel' division in her industry. It has a less condescending sound. 'Welfare' work is still allied with 'charity;' and one cannot blame a worker for resenting the idea of charity in her relations with an employer."

In some large department stores the employees are allowed to run charge accounts after they have been with the firm three months. These accounts are not permitted to total more than a week's salary, except after consultation with the head of the welfare work. The object of the arrangement is not to keep clerks and other workers in the bondage of perpetual debt, but to keep them free of that detriment to good salesmanship and good, efficient work. Somewhat allied to this is the loan privilege, which many large industrial concerns, both producing and selling, offer their people. Saving is encouraged. The commercial history of the country is full of cheerful stories of homes owned, of debts paid, of self-respect inculcated by the ancient process of honest acquisition—all due to the way in which group associations of employees, with the aid of the management, have encouraged saving and made it possible.

"Made possible" does not always mean made easy. Saving is a difficult road of self denial and privation, even with every encouragement. The card catalogue in one big concern recalled to the welfare worker of that store the case of a Russian who came to this country before the United States entered the war. "He must have lived on next to nothing a week," the welfare worker began as she looked at the card. "After he had been here the required three months he joined our savings association. Our employees use the savings bank, and the bank's interest on all their deposits as workers are doubled by our firm. Of course the deposits must be of the money earned here. The firm would not care to undertake to double all the deposits which an employee might be able to make through commandeering the wages or the savings of all the members of his household, wherever they worked! So the deposits have to bear a convincing relation to the wages of the depositor. Well, this Russian's savings bank book shows that within three years he had saved a thousand dollars. Then he came to the loan department and asked for a hundred and fifty

dollars. He had been saving in order to be able to bring his mother and his two young sisters over to America. That had not been an inexpensive achievement, but he had succeeded. His face was beaming with joy. He had brought them over, he had installed them in a flat somewhere, and now he wanted a hundred and fifty dollars to buy a little furniture. Of course he got it, and of course—with the apprenticeship to thrift that he had already served—he promptly paid it back."

From another great firm came a story of savings that were used not to establish a home, but temporarily to break one up. A big, strong man who had come in with a hard luck record and who had worked energetically and successfully at first, developed in six months a "grouch", and his work suffered. The head of his department, regarding him with attention, was soon able to see that his morning moods and afternoon inefficiency were due to nightly potations. In the old days that would have been the signal for dismissal. But in this business a welfare department intervened. It developed that the man's wife, already the mother of two children, was about to have another baby. The doctor at the clinic she attended had told her that she had incipient tuberculosis and that she would not survive the coming ordeal unless she took extremely good care of herself. So she moped and cried and neglected the flat and the meals and the children, while she wished she were back in Ireland with her mother. The husband, being neither saint nor stoic, acted as any other undisciplined young man might have conducted himself in the circumstances.

The welfare worker of that concern did not remind him of the responsibilities he had undertaken at the altar. Neither did she send someone to tell the wife she ought to be ashamed of herself. Instead, after a few friendly visits to his home, it was decided to lend the man enough to send the ailing, unhappy little woman and her children to the old home for which she longed, and where her mother and sisters could help her. The sum of one hundred and sixty-four dollars was loaned and three steerage tickets were bought. The business, although the welfare department distinctly discourages "collections" and gifts as a usual thing, contributed an extra fifty dollars. In three months the man re-

ported a fine baby born in Ireland, and a mother doing well and recovering her health. He himself was keeping his own house and keeping it neatly. He even did his own washing, and it was well done. In time he paid back two hundred and fourteen dollars to the loan fund. Then he was told that he had overpaid by fifty dollars—that the coat-and-shoe money had been a gift from the firm, and that he was, by half a hundred dollars, a member of the capitalist class!

Welfare work received a great impetus during the war when labor was scarce and when it was desirable that workers should not only be induced to remain with the job, but should also be kept in condition to do it well. There has been much falling off in it since the war, but this falling off is seldom or never on the part of firms and corporations that had tried it before the war, that have tested it for years, and that know what it means in increased efficiency, quite apart from what it means in general humanity.

Mining companies have built whole "welfare" towns. So have manufacturing companies. Other companies have transformed whole districts of already settled communities. Publishing concerns have been especially progressive in all welfare work. Department stores and factories have been increasing their efficiency for more than twenty years by a constantly growing knowledge of the relation between good work and healthful, cheerful surroundings, sanitary working conditions, hours for relaxation and recreation.

Welfare work usually begins with health. Candidates for employment are examined to find if they are likely to be able to do successfully the work required, and whether they have any infectious disease which might be a menace to their fellow employees. Once admitted to the force of an industrial concern, they find there agencies for keeping them in condition—doctors, nurses, rest rooms, hospitals; the elaborateness of the equipment depending upon the size and progressiveness of the concern. There are lunch rooms for supplying good food at the lowest possible prices. There are recreational opportunities—noonday dancing, baseball clubs, vacation funds. Some stores and factories supply dental help. Everything that bears upon the

health of the worker and so upon his or her value as a worker is considered by the enlightened employer a matter for help, both to the conditions of the work and the condition of the employee.

Some educational work is done by a great many businesses. It may be entirely education in the particulars of the business. Classes in salesmanship are the commonest example of this form of work. Or it may be generally cultural. In the case of young people entering industry at fourteen, many States now require continuation classes to be held in the shops and factories employing them, the State supplying the teachers and prescribing the curriculum.

The workers' economic condition is helped by such savings and loan associations as have already been cited, and also by schemes of coöperative buying which many concerns have instituted. Here laundry workers have bought their summer ginghams at wholesale prices through their welfare department; there bank clerks have bought their butter and eggs, their bacon and sugar, through theirs; and so on.

The mental condition of the worker is at last recognized as one of the largest factors in her efficiency or inefficiency. This has required the extension of the welfare worker's task into that of the home visitor, the friend, the advisor in all the problems which human beings of every class are so marvellously able to construct for themselves. In other words, when welfare work entered the shop and the factory, woman followed her old work out of the home in a very special sense—her old work of nursing her sick, of binding up her wounded, of making cheer for her young, of teaching them prudence, of giving them understanding and sympathy.

ELIZABETH JORDAN.

THE APPEAL OF THE RELIGIOUS PRESS

BY H. K. CARROLL

It should be obvious, even to the superficial observer, that the religious press is necessary to the plans, purposes and enterprises of the organizations known collectively as the Christian Church, and individually as religious bodies or denominations. The denominational system which characterizes the branch of Christianity known as Protestantism makes a denominational press indispensable. If there were one Protestant Church as there is one Roman Catholic Church, the problem would be simplified, but the necessity would not be removed. Not long ago, the National Welfare Council, acting for the Roman Catholic Church, conducted a campaign to increase the circulation of the Roman Catholic press. In doing so it gave six reasons why a Catholic press is necessary, the chief of which is that the secular newspaper does not serve its Catholic readers with news of Catholic institutions, organizations, movements and events. It manifestly could not do this for one denomination without doing it for all. It could not give the space for all, it could not discuss denominational questions, and its staff is not fitted for this kind of work. It might be added that most dailies have no consistent plan of dealing with current religious events. They may report one or two sessions of an ecclesiastical convention, or synod, quite fully, and neglect the rest. One can never be sure that the accounts given will be either adequate or intelligent. Therefore, said the National Welfare Council, there must be a Catholic press, and the welfare of the Church requires that this press should go into every Catholic family. Other denominations would with equal conviction hold to the necessity of a denominational press, and the reasons are too obvious to call for discussion.

How far short the Catholic press falls of the ideal condition of a copy in each of the estimated four million Catholic homes is indicated in the appeal referred to. Only about a million homes

receive, we are told, a Catholic journal, or one-fourth of the whole number. This sums up fairly well the reasons for the existence of the religious press of Protestant denominations. The difference in faith, in church polity, discipline, form of worship, in no wise affects the necessity of the appeal of each religious body to its own constituency. The same conditions which lead to the establishment of art, scientific, industrial, trade, and other class publications operate in the religious world to create and continue denominational journals. Scarcely any denomination, however small and insignificant, is without its own organ to present the reasons for its existence and to advocate its principles.

Denominationalism is still very strong, notwithstanding the various movements for Christian unity which have been launched from time to time, and Councils or Conferences for co-operation which have been formed, as the Evangelical Alliance, whose successor, the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America, has carried interdenominational fellowship and co-operation to its most advanced stage by an organization embracing thirty or more Evangelical denominations having an aggregate of twenty million church members or communicants. The Faith and Order Movement, launched by the Protestant Episcopal Church, and aiming at world-wide organic union, has its hope fixed upon a Conference to be held in the not distant future. The initiative in 1919, taken by the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in the United States of America, for an organization in which Baptists, Presbyterians, Congregationalists, Methodists, Friends, Lutherans and other bodies of diverse polities, principles, practices and creeds, were to be brought together in a sort of Federal Union, preserving their own histories, names, forms of organizations, confessions, and even methods of work, has been abandoned by its own proponent, with its value as an experiment unascertained.

Nor can it be said that organic union of members of the same group, as Presbyterian and Reformed, Methodist, Baptist, Lutheran, etc., where differences are few and agreements many, has had much success. A small body of Baptists and a smaller body of Presbyterians have merged with other family members. The one notable achievement in reversing the process of division

has been in the Lutheran communion, where three considerable English-speaking bodies united, a few years ago, in forming the United Lutheran Church in America, and three Norwegian organizations were securely welded into one.

The chief Presbyterian and Reformed bodies, though friendly enough for co-operation and fellowship, cannot quite consent to surrender their independence and separate entities; and a like fear of being swallowed up and losing their particular identities prevents the Methodist Episcopal Church and the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, from returning to the united state from which they were separated when slavery was a burning question three-quarters of a century ago.

The particular bearing which this question of organic union has upon the condition of the religious press is that there are too many of these papers. If the number of denominations were reduced, the number of organs could be reduced, and the weak, unattractive, inefficient, which serve no useful purpose, could be retired. As an illustration, the United Lutheran Church in America is now represented by one strong, able, influential paper, where three or more used to compete. As a matter of fact a Lutheran weekly printed on calendered paper, in good type, with a variety of contributed articles and strong, vigorous editorials, is not unwelcome to non-Lutheran readers, for in these days the denominational barriers are not so high that Methodists and Presbyterians and Lutherans may not see what is going on beyond their own enclosures, and be quite willing to add a paper of another denomination to their own.

Now having suggested that the multiplicity of denominations, every one of which insists upon a denominational organ to vindicate its existence, accounts for many journals too weak to perform any useful function, and that organic union is the only salvation of scores of useless and decaying denominations, let me show

Year	*No. of papers*	*Aggregate circulation*
1880	268	2,091,866
1890	337	3,061,076
1900	410	4,805,433
1910	398	7,020,027
1920	354	7,000,923

something of the history of the religious press of the United States in the last forty years. The story of its growth in number and circulation is graphically told in the preceding condensed table.

The increase in the number of these journals does not mean an increase of power and influence; it is to the gain in average circulation to which we must look for greater effectiveness, and this was small, being only 1,300 in the first ten years and 2,600 in the second. When the number of papers began to decrease after 1900 the average circulation ran up to 17,638 in 1910 and to 19,776 in 1920. This increase in average circulation was in the face of a loss in the number of journals of 12 in 1910 and 44 in 1920. Unfortunately, the evolutionary process of the survival of the fittest probably did not determine the continued life of some of these papers, but an appeal to denominational pride, or the granting of a denominational subvention. That is to say, some denominational papers representing particular localities, or constituencies, or races, or causes, are published at a loss, which is made good out of the excess of incomes of other periodicals belonging to the same publishers. Some of the larger denominations have this system of an official press. The Methodist Episcopal Church has an official publishing house, with publishing agents and editors elected by its General Conference and responsible to it. Certain other denominations are served by both official and independent periodicals.

Whether official denominational control tends to develop, or to hinder, the self-support and healthy growth of the periodicals whose deficits are covered from the general publication income, or whether editorial freedom of utterance is or is not hampered, is not, so far as the Methodist Episcopal Church itself is concerned, a matter of much discussion. The editors would affirm, one and all, that they are under no other control or hint of control as to the expression of editorial opinion on any subject than that of their consciences and common sense. And so far as their journals bear witness it is to the exercise of editorial freedom. The only instance of pressure brought to bear upon an official editor to resign was in the late war and concerned a German periodical. His opinions were contrary not only to the loyal attitude of the Church, but to the feeling of the majority

of his German constituency. The incident was quietly settled and another German editor appointed. Of course, such a change would take place under any kind of ownership or control. However, the argument that an official editor will be influenced, either consciously or unconsciously, by the judgment of the body which holds the power of his official life in its hands, cannot perhaps be conclusively answered. But it is only fair to say that no Church is more effectively served than this by its group of a dozen or more official and semi-official weeklies.

The growth of the religious press in the forty years, by denominational groups, does not indicate any disposition to abandon this method of cultivating denominational loyalty, denominational enterprise and denominational prosperity. The Methodist group, including fifteen or more separate bodies, was served in 1880 by 39 papers with an aggregate circulation of 221,000. In the next ten years the circulation was more than doubled; it was doubled again in the period 1900–10, and in 1920, covering the war period, when scarcity of print paper and high cost of production reduced the number of publications, the total circulation again advanced by 269,000 to 1,415,000. These figures carry their own argument and enforce their own conclusion, which is that the denominational press is reaching six times as many Methodists as it did forty years ago.

The Baptist group, including fifteen separate bodies, had 24 papers in 1880, with 143,000 aggregate circulation; in 1900 it more than doubled the number of its papers and their aggregate circulation, and in 1920 it had 47 papers with an aggregate circulation of 459,000. This is not so favorable a showing as might have been expected. The Baptists have great popular strength. They have run side by side with the Methodist group, and are making prodigious strides, particularly in the South. The Southern Baptist Convention is by far the largest Protestant body in the South, with probably three and a quarter millions of members, having a million more than the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and being second only as a denomination to the Methodist Episcopal Church. That the Baptist press should have less than half a million average circulation among nearly 8,000,000 communicants, notwithstanding the fact that

their attachment to denominational doctrine, principles and practices is tenacious and their denominational loyalty intense, is a phenomenon for which I can offer no explanation.

The Presbyterian group, consisting of ten or more separate bodies, had more papers and a larger average circulation in 1880 than it had either ten or twenty years later. In 1910 with more papers, 26, the average circulation was more than double that of 1900. In the next ten years it lost ten papers and advanced in aggregate circulation to 454,000; nearly as large as that of the Baptists, for a group of much less than one-third of the Baptist numerical strength.

The Roman Catholic press has grown by leaps and bounds in the number and aggregate circulation of its press. Beginning with 44 papers in 1880, with 271,000 aggregate circulation, it advanced to 76 papers in 1900 and 819,000 circulation, crossing the million line in circulation in 1900 and increasing it to 1,367,000 in 1910. Of course the Roman Catholic constituency is polyglot in character and embraces many distinct European nationalities. It has grown immensely by immigration and now has a population, including communicants and baptized infants, of more than 18,000,000. Its press has gained not only in aggregate circulation, but in character and influence. One of its weeklies has a circulation of 50,000, another of 32,000 and a third of 27,500, ranking in this respect only a little under the three most widely circulated Methodist papers.

The Lutheran group, embracing many separate bodies, has developed a denominational press of growing power and influence, but with a combined circulation below that of the other groups mentioned. The two mergings of six Lutheran bodies into two compact organizations promise greatly increased effectiveness and enterprise.

I have left out of view so far the interdenominational press. These papers are generally well supported and some of them, which offer particular features of service, have attained a large and remunerative circulation. Members of the various Evangelical denominations are drawn to them because they neither exploit nor decry denominational interests, but endeavor to give a broad general survey of religious progress, and lend support

to interdenominational co-operation and Christian unity. They cannot, however, take the place, in the minds of the majority of ministers and church members, of their own denominational papers in the matter of denominational news and discussion of denominational policies and enterprises. Hence as long as denominations endure, the denominational press will probably continue.

The daily newspaper will equally hold its place in Christian minds as the purveyor of the news of the day from the wide world, and no one is more interested in the events in other continents and nations than the alert minister and church member, because in these days of missionary enterprise in all lands, progress in Christian civilization is the natural outcome, as they believe, of missionary work, and they have the world vision and interpret events in other hemispheres in the light of their faith in the Divine formative Providence. And the omniscient editor of the morning or evening newspaper may have little or no knowledge and less sympathy with this dream.

More than this, ministers and church members are greatly interested in moral and governmental reforms and believe that the evils of society should be fought and overthrown. They developed a conscience against slavery and the lottery and rejoiced in their overthrow; they inaugurated and conducted a campaign against the drink evil until prohibition came, and there are other reforms which they are prosecuting for the benefit of humanity. The great newspapers are not always friendly to these reforms; but the religious press serves faithfully in creating and strengthening sentiment against public evils.

I am aware that there is a general impression that the religious press is not the power that it used to be in leadership and the shaping of religious opinion. This belief may be due, in some measure, to the fact that certain notable changes have taken place in its editorial control. Those whose memory runs back to the days when eminent denominational leaders were in the editorial chair, and made their journals personal organs, may easily conclude that there has been a decline in editorial leadership because these well-known editors have passed off the stage of action, and their successors do not advertise themselves. But this is the day of impersonal editorship, not only in the religious

but also in the daily press. A generation ago leading Church papers were edited as though they were personal organs. There was Dr. S. I. Prime, Presbyterian divine, whose genial and commanding personality made the dual departments of *The New York Observer*, the secular and the religious, one for week day and the other for Sunday reading, welcome in thousands of homes; and its opinions were quoted, not as those of the paper, but as those of the wise and erudite Dr. Prime. And there was Dr. Henry M. Field, of the brilliant Stockbridge family, which gave to the country great lawyers, father and son, a United States Supreme Court Justice, a financier and cable-layer, as well as an eminent divine. Dr. Field had a genius for the pen and made *The Evangelist* an attractive personal organ. Dr. Henry M. Dexter was, in those days, *The Congregationalist*, and *The Congregationalist* was Dr. Dexter. Drs. Daniel Curry and J. M. Buckley gave successively intellectual strength and brilliance to *The Christian Advocate*, and men quoted them more than they quoted the paper. In this galaxy was also Dr. E. M. Bright, of *The Examiner*, whose virile, caustic pen fought opposing opinion and pointed the way to his Baptist followers; and the coruscating T. DeWitt Talmage, whose sermons read like novels, carried *The Christian Herald* into sudden prominence, which it has managed to hold under its impersonal régime. Henry Ward Beecher gave tone and brilliance to *The Independent*, which Theodore Tilton, in a brief meteoric career, changed by subtracting the tone and maintaining the brilliance.

These men are missed, just as the great personal editors of the daily press are missed. Horace Greeley and Whitelaw Reid, the Bennetts, Charles A. Dana, Henry Watterson and other shining lights, have disappeared from the firmament of journalism; but their successors in the editorial chairs, though they do not work in the blaze of personal publicity, make greater, steadier, stronger papers for the public. A personal journal is as strong and sound as its controlling editor and not more so, for if it has his strength and wisdom, it also partakes of his weaknesses and foibles.

The passing of personal journalism does not therefore indicate a decline. When Dr. Daniel Curry controlled by his great

personality the columns of *The Christian Advocate*, a half century ago, and fought the introduction of the lay element into the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, prominent laymen established an unofficial paper, *The Methodist*, which carried this important reform to success.

I do not believe that the religious press has declined in influence, but I do not say that it has improved very generally in character. A letter to me from the editor of an influential religious paper published in a Border State of the South, is quite frank in expressing his opinion: "While the religious newspapers of this country have done considerable good in the great work of carrying on our religious operations, I cannot believe that they have been any great power in our national life. Poverty and short-sighted policies with reference to our journalism, and a scant circulation, have kept our religious press on a secondary plane of influence. The idea of the value of publicity has never gripped the heart of our Evangelical Churches." He is, however, hopeful for the future, and sees indications that the Churches are beginning to develop a conscience concerning their periodicals, and he believes that in a few years, "we will look back and wonder that in the year 1922 the Evangelical Churches were practically content with the Church press as it was then."

The religious press has a difficult task to perform in the present generation. Anybody can see that change is the order of the day in religion as in government, in business, in commerce and industry, and in other human activities. Science has come with its passion for fact and with its discoveries, and philosophy is busy with theories and deductions based on scientific facts. Evolution as a working hypothesis is widely accepted in religious circles and modifies, if it does not actually change, belief. The exact methods of science are being applied to the interpretation of the Bible by a widening company of scholars. The New Testament as well as the Old is under the microscope and interpretations which the Fathers would have indignantly rejected are defended with increasing confidence. Old methods of evangelism are being abandoned, and in preaching emphasis is put on a different set of doctrines. It is true that many of these changes are not fundamental. The Deity, the sinlessness and the saving

power of Jesus Christ, the fact of sin and its corrupting power, the necessity of regeneration and of the building of a Christian character in accordance with the teachings of Christ, are still held and preached as great central doctrines; and Christian life, though it may seem far less strict in observance of certain rules and practices, measures up to a higher moral standard.

The religious press moves forward with the Church in all these things, and interprets for its constituency the newer and larger claims which society, the state and the nations collectively are making upon the Church. Its particular weakness lies in its lack of financial resources. Its golden future, if it is to have one, must be in that day when the process of reunion has reduced the multiplicity of denominations to, say, the original stocks of a single Presbyterian and Reformed body, one Baptist, one Methodist, one Lutheran and one Mennonite organization, instead of seventy. Then many superfluous denominational organs will die of inanition, and larger, stronger and more commanding periodicals will represent the chief Protestant divisions. This day is near the dawn, for the increasing demands for funds to finance the work of the Churches in their broadening fields of activity would compel consolidation of members of these and other groups as an economic measure alone, if other reasons were lacking. They are held apart more by the force of the fervid appeal to denominational loyalty to a proud history than by any serious differences in belief or practice. Meantime interdenominational journals may have increasing support and influence, if they can see and seize the opportunity.

H. K. Carroll.

THE BOOK OF THE MONTH

MR. STRACHEY'S OTHER STRING[1]

BY LAWRENCE GILMAN

MR. LYTTON STRACHEY is the Lucky Fiddler of criticism, for his bow has two strings. As is known to all, he can do biographical criticism to the King's taste, if not to the Queen's (what Victoria would have thought of Mr. Strachey's book about her is a fascinating speculation). It is less generally known that Mr. Strachey is also an accomplished master of that somewhat bedraggled art, literary criticism. This seems hardly fair. Mr. Strachey should have been content with the kind of thing he does so triumphantly in *Eminent Victorians* and in his Life of the Queen, without poaching on the preserves of those who write about such dull matters as poetry, plays, and novels. Is Mr. Strachey a member of the Critics' Union? To be sure, he had written an earlier book of criticism, and he has contributed to *The New Quarterly*, *The Edinburgh Review*, *The Athenæum*. Yet we fancy that it will jolt the critical guild to find Mr. Strachey using their tools and loafing around with such easy grace, as if he were entirely at home, in the club-rooms of the Brotherhood. What business (you hear them muttering) has the biographer of Florence Nightingale and Victoria to be writing—and writing with such dangerous ease and competence—about Blake and Shakespeare and Sir Thomas Browne *as artists*, not simply as Characters? It seems, as we said, unfair and monopolistic. Mr. Strachey's possession of a card should be established without delay.

But alas, card or no card, we fear that Mr. Strachey, as a practitioner of literary criticism, has come to stay, no matter how unwelcome he may be to those who cannot but view with some degree of envy his brilliant performance of their own stunts.

[1] *Books and Characters.* By Lytton Strachey. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co.

Mr. Strachey, contrasting those poets whose virtue resides in their substance with those other poets who prevail by reason of their style, remarks: "Take away the expression from the *Satires* of Pope, or from *The Excursion*, and, though you will destroy the poems, you will leave behind a great mass of thought. Take away the expression from *Hyperion*, and you will leave nothing at all. To ask which is the better of the two styles is like asking whether a peach is better than a rose, because, both being beautiful, you can eat the one and not the other."

Discussing the tragedies of Racine and the tragedies of Voltaire, he writes: "The technical restrictions [Racine] labored under were incredibly great; his vocabulary was cribbed, his versification was cabined, his whole power of dramatic movement was scrupulously confined; conventional rules of every conceivable denomination hurried out to restrain his genius, with the alacrity of Lilliputians pegging down a Gulliver; wherever he turned he was met by a hiatus or a pitfall, a blind-alley or a *mot bas*. But his triumph was not simply the conquest of these refractory creatures; it was something much more astonishing. It was the creation, in spite of them, nay, by their very aid, of a glowing, living, soaring, and enchanting work of art. To have brought about this amazing combination, to have erected, upon a structure of Alexandrines, of Unities, of Noble Personages, of stilted diction, of the whole intolerable paraphernalia of the Classical stage, an edifice of subtle psychology, of exquisite poetry, of overwhelming passion—that is a *tour de force* whose achievement entitles Jean Racine to a place among the very few consummate artists of the world. Voltaire, unfortunately, was neither a poet nor a psychologist; and, when he took up the mantle of Racine, he put it, not upon a human being, but upon a tailor's block. To change the metaphor, Racine's work resembled one of those elaborate paper transparencies which delighted our grandmothers, illuminated from within so as to present a charming tinted picture with varying degrees of shadow and of light. Voltaire was able to make the transparency, but he never could light the candle; and the only result of his efforts was some sticky pieces of paper, cut into curious shapes, and roughly daubed with color."

Again, he wishes to suggest in a sentence the essence of the Romantic revival ("that marvelous hour in the history of French literature when the tyranny of two centuries was shattered forever"), and he does it thus: "It was the hour of Hugo, Vigny, Musset, Gautier, Balzac, with their new sonorities and golden cadences, their new lyric passion and dramatic stress, their new virtuosities, their new impulse towards the strange and the magnificent, their new desire for diversity and the manifold comprehension of life."

Now, what are you going to do about a professing biographer, a projector of historical characters, who, according to the rules of the game, should stick to Victoria and Manning and Gordon and the rest, yet persists in stealing the literary critic's stuff and putting it to such engaging uses? Obviously, the only wise thing to do is to admit him to the Brotherhood. For not only is it distressingly clear that the interloper can perform the Brotherhood's own tricks, but it is evident that he can teach them some new ones of uncommon merit. He has that priceless faculty in a critic—the faculty of taking an old and much photographed subject and so placing it before the lens as to produce a wholly new set of contours and surfaces and expressions, so that we see the long-familiar face, the well-known turn of the neck and pose of the body, in a fresh and engrossing light. He glances at our old friend Hamlet, for example, and begins to speak of the tragedy of that much-examined soul. Perhaps you expect to have Mr. Strachey ring the changes on Hamlet's wavering will? You are in for a pleasant disappointment. "Hamlet's tragedy," he remarks (as casually as if he were re-stating a critical platitude), "was the tragedy of an over-powerful will—a will so strong as to recoil upon itself, and fall into indecision. It is easy for a weak man to be decided . . . ; but a strong man, who can do anything, sometimes leaves everything undone."

Shakespearean sharks like Dr. Lawrence Mason may think that Mr. Strachey's theory as to the state of mind in which the divine William conceived the plays of his final period is a bit over-simplified, and perhaps it is. But it is at least plausible, and it makes mighty interesting reading—so interesting that we cannot resist exhibiting some of it. When Shakespeare wrote *Cymbeline* and

The Winter's Tale, he was getting bored—"bored with people, bored with real life, bored with drama, bored, in fact, with everything except poetry and poetical dreams. He is no longer interested, one often feels, in what happens, or who says what, so long as he can find place for a faultless lyric, or a new, unimagined rhythmical effect, or a grand and mystic speech. . . . Is it not thus, then, that we should imagine him in the last years of his life? Half enchanted by visions of beauty and loveliness, and half bored to death; on the one side inspired by a soaring fancy to the singing of ethereal songs, and on the other urged by a general disgust to burst occasionally through his torpor into bitter and violent speech? If we are to learn anything of his mind from his last works, it is surely this." And then Mr. Strachey proceeds to take Shakespeare to task for having achieved in *The Tempest* a work in which "unreality has reached its apotheosis" (he has just been pointing out that in all the plays of the final period, "we are no longer in the real world, but in a world of enchantment, of mystery, of wonder, . . . a world in which anything may happen next"). He is unhappy over this aspect of *The Tempest:* "Two of the principal characters are frankly not human beings at all; and the whole action passes, through a series of impossible occurrences, in a place which can only by courtesy be said to exist." This strikes us as a bit thick, unless we are too dull to understand why Mr. Strachey should be dissatisfied with *The Tempest* because of its "unreality". Surely he is no first cousin to the celebrated British matron who objected to *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* because they were "so improbable"? Mr. Strachey cannot be in *that* galley. We read on, and find that what Mr. Strachey really objects to in *The Tempest* is that it differs from the romance and magic of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* in that its supernatural beings are not "full of life". The persons that haunt that wood near Athens—elves no less than lords and ladies and mechanics—"*are* full of life": "substantial creatures, whose loves and jokes and quarrels receive our thorough sympathy. . . . To turn from Theseus and Titania and Bottom to the Enchanted Island, is to step out of a country lane into a conservatory. The roses and the dandelions have vanished before preposterous cactuses

and fascinating orchids too delicate for the open air." Is one mistaken in thinking that Mr. Strachey in this vivacious passage is just a bit less perceptive, less delicately comprehending, less intuitive, than one has a right to expect him to be? Is he quite fair to himself when he grumbles at Ariel's "insubstantiality"? He refers somewhere in this essay to his "irreverent eye"; but here we are confronting not "irreverence" but what an unfriendly critic of Mr. Strachey (if conceivably there be any such) might rudely call obtuseness.

The Shakespeare study was written sixteen years ago, when Mr. Strachey, like the rest of us, was younger than he is now; and his essay on *The Poetry of William Blake*, dating from the same year, has something of the same relative immaturity. What strikes one at the outset is that the diction is a good deal less artfully felicitous than that of the mature, contemporary Strachey. We do not think that Mr. Strachey to-day—the Strachey who knows so many of the secrets of beautiful and musical prose—would use in the same line the words "singularly" and "single". Nor is it easy to imagine the Strachey of to-day writing these stiff and perfunctory phrases—

> . . . his compositions, amenable to no other laws than those of his own making, fill a unique place in the poetry of the world.
>
> . . . worthy of the great university under whose auspices it has been produced, and of the great artist whose words it will help to perpetuate.
>
> . . . welcomed by every lover of English poetry.

And it is in this essay that Mr. Strachey attains what is, for him, the almost incredible quality of stupidity. He attains it when he permits himself to object to mysticism because of what he calls "its lack of humanity". "The mystic ideal," he observes, "is the highest of all; but it has no breadth." Of that, there are so many things to say that one gives up in dismay. We leave Mr. Strachey to the tender mercies of Miss Evelyn Underhill and the embattled ghosts of Shankara, Emerson, and Walt Whitman. You cannot help wondering what Mr. Strachey thinks a "mystic" is, and whether he would be greatly surprised to learn that Jesus of Nazareth was one.

Yet turn to almost any page in this delectable collection, and how easily you forgive Mr. Strachey for his occasional obtuse-

ness! After all, what critic—even the most brilliant and acute—has not disclosed blind spots and rioted with perverse joy in astonishing miscomprehensions? Remember the obtuseness of Matthew Arnold about Shelley, of Schumann about Wagner, of Swinburne about Euripides, of Lowell about Whitman, of Sainte-Beuve about Stendhal (a case which Mr. Strachey himself recalls), of Pater about Rossetti—who was praised by the ineffable Walter for his lesser virtues and ignored for his transcendent ones. So who will not gladly forgive Mr. Strachey for his nonsense about mysticism and his myopic view of *The Tempest* when his many triumphs of interpretation and disclosure are happily brought to mind?

You will remember, perhaps, the swift vividness with which he sets forth the difference between the magic allusiveness of Shakespeare and the simple directness of Racine: "When Shakespeare [he says] wishes to describe a silent night he does so with a single stroke of detail—

. . not a mouse stirring . . .

"Racine's way is different, but is it less masterly?

Mais tout dort, et l'armée, et les vents, et Neptune.

"What a flat and feeble set of expressions! is the Englishman's first thought—with the conventional 'Neptune', and the vague 'armée', and the commonplace 'vents'. And he forgets to notice the total impression which these words produce—the atmosphere of darkness and emptiness and vastness and ominous hush."

Is that not admirable as a piece of critical indication? And here is his description of the method by which Shakespeare paints the minds of men diffused, not sharpened, by emotion: "As passion rises, expression becomes more and more poetical and vague. Image flows into image, thought into thought, until at last the state of mind is revealed, inform and molten, driving darkly through a vast storm of words." And his picture of the imaginative terrain of Racine is not easily forgotten: "The world of his creation is not a copy of our own; it is a heightened and rarefied extension of it; moving, in triumph and in beauty, through 'an ampler ether, a diviner air'. It is a world where

the hesitations and the pettinesses and the squalors of this earth have been fired out [1]; a world where ugliness is a forgotten name, and lust itself has grown ethereal; where anguish has become a grace and death a glory, and love the beginning and the end of all."

Some will excite themselves with argument over the relative importance of Mr. Strachey the critic of letters and Mr. Strachey the critic of character. Perhaps the passage that we have just quoted may help to suggest the relative value of the two Stracheys. Mr. Strachey as a discoverer and appreciator of æsthetic qualities is beguiling and sensitive and distinguished, and he writes with point, with wit, with beauty. He is clairvoyant, eloquent, delightful, when he writes of poets and prose-men. But Mr. Strachey the biographical dramatizer is azygous in the true sense of the word. It is not difficult to think of other men who could have written as well as he has written of Racine, of Stendhal, of Sir Thomas Browne. But who else under the canopy could have produced the consummate essay on Madame du Deffand in *Books and Characters*, or the sly and delicious study of Voltaire and Frederick the Great, or that dazzling piece of biographical bravura, *Lady Hester Stanhope*? Here Mr. Strachey is a sovereign of undisputed sway; here he is without rival: a master of masters. Where in the literature of biographical narrative would you turn to find the equal of the superb passage with which Mr. Strachey brings to an end his study of Lady Hester?—

"She ran into debt, and was swindled by the money-lenders; her steward cheated her, her servants pilfered her; her distress was at last acute. She fell into fits of terrible depression, bursting into dreadful tears and savage cries. Her habits grew more and more eccentric. She lay in bed all day, and sat up all night, talking unceasingly for hour upon hour to Dr. Meryon, who alone of her English attendants remained with her, Mrs. Fry having withdrawn to more congenial scenes long since. The doctor was a poor-spirited and muddled-headed man, but he was a good listener; and there he sat while that extraordinary talk flowed

[1] Mr. Strachey was writing Britannic English, not American English, and so of course did not suspect that his "fired out" might be a little disconcerting to the American reader of his exalted paragraph.

on—talk that scaled the heavens and ransacked the earth, talk in which memories of an abolished past—stories of Mr. Pitt and of George III, vituperations against Mr. Canning, mimicries of the Duchess of Devonshire—mingled phantasmagorically with doctrines of Fate and planetary influence, and speculations on the Arabian origin of the Scottish clans, and lamentations over the wickedness of servants; till the unaccountable figure, with its robes and its long pipe, loomed through the tobacco-smoke like some vision of a Sibyl in a dream. She might be robbed and ruined, her house might crumble over her head; but she talked on. She grew ill and desperate; yet still she talked. Did she feel that the time was coming when she could talk no more? . . .

"She lived for nearly a year after he [Dr. Meryon] left her—we know no more. She had vowed never to pass through the gate of her house; but did she sometimes totter to her garden—that beautiful garden which she had created, with its roses and its fountains, its alleys and its bowers—and look westward at the sea? The end came in June, 1839. Her servants immediately possessed themselves of every movable object in the house. But Lady Hester cared no longer: she was lying back in her bed—inexplicable, grand, preposterous, with her nose in the air."

You recognize, of course, that this is the mother-ship of certain of those sly and devastating submarines of character that were afterward to flash through the shining waters of *Queen Victoria* (the essay on Lady Hester is dated 1919). But what if Mr. Strachey does pull the same stuff more than once? No one else could do it; and it is marvelous stuff.

LAWRENCE GILMAN.

AFFAIRS OF THE WORLD

BY WILLIS FLETCHER JOHNSON

IRELAND has once more taken the centre of the tragic stage. Scarcely had justice been executed upon the murderers of Field Marshal Wilson when the same abhorrent passion manifested itself again in the even more cowardly assassination of Michael Collins. He was the one man whom the country could least afford to lose, and his death, following hard upon that of his colleague Arthur Griffith,—no less a martyr to duty, though in a different fashion,—leaves Ireland bereft indeed. Never before in our time, not in the days of Phœnix Park and Kilmainham, nor in those of the Easter Rebellion, has the situation been more deplorable and ominous. At the very time when the renascent nation most needs the best possible leadership, it is deprived of the two men who above all others possessed and merited the confidence of the people and had shown themselves competent for the task before them. At the very time when union and harmony are supremely essential, the land is faction-rent as never before. The most ominous feature of the case is, obviously, the danger that chaos and anarchy may presently make it necessary for the sake of humanity that England shall intervene and reëstablish British rule—which would have to be done at the point of the bayonet. Such a necessity, and such a fulfilment of it would, I need scarcely add, be one of the most regrettable things that could possibly happen, from either the Irish or the British point of view. It would be nothing less than a calamity for both nations.

The coal strike, which at one time threatened the greater part of the United States with a winter more dark and cold than that which we suffered during the World War, has been marked with bitter irony. Never before was the machinery of Federal legislation and administration so elaborately and benevolently or-

ganized for the just avoidance of such troubles. And yet, as if defiantly to flout such safeguards and agencies, the very greatest of all such troubles was wantonly and contumaciously brought upon us. The operators proposed that the men should return to work at the same wages which they received in March last, and should continue at work on those terms until the first of April next, meanwhile leaving all other issues to governmental arbitration. But the strikers, or their leaders, peremptorily rejected the offer; not because the wages offered were insufficient nor because any other conditions of labor were unsatisfactory, but solely because they were unwilling to submit to arbitration—albeit the operators had not insisted that acceptance of arbitral awards should be compulsory, but had conceded that the men should be free to reject any award that did not please them. "We will never consent to arbitration, or to any phase of arbitration," was the declaration attributed to Mr. John L. Lewis, the president of the United Mine Workers; practically reëchoing the intolerably intolerant dictum of George F. Baer, spokesman of the operators, in the strike of twenty years ago. Strange words for the third decade of the twentieth century of the Christian Era! I have keen recollection of more than one case in which labor unions demanded arbitration, and scathingly denounced the employers for their unwillingness to accept it. More than that, ever since the United States and the United Kingdom set the great example of fifty years ago, men and women throughout the world—statesmen and soldiers, scholars and philanthropists, capitalists and industrialists, churches and labor unions—have been earnestly urging the universal substitution of arbitration for war. Yet here was organized labor, which had been conspicuously vociferous for international arbitration instead of war, stubbornly insisting in industrial affairs upon war rather than arbitration. It was a disheartening spectacle.

Not the least interesting and important part of the President's address to Congress on the labor troubles was his reference to the Massacre of Herrin—which he fittingly condemned in the strongest terms at his command—coupled with a renewal of the old,

old plea for Federal authority to fulfil our treaty obligations. Among the victims at Herrin, it seems, were some aliens, whose Government may call ours to task for the tragedy and may demand redress; in which case our Government will be put in the humiliating and scandalous plight of having to confess that the murderers have not been punished and that it has no power to punish or to compel the punishment of them. Just such things have happened before. Seventy years ago a New Orleans mob wrecked the Spanish consulate, looted the shops and homes of Spaniards, and defiled the Spanish flag and the portrait of the Spanish Queen. It went quite unpunished, and our Government —Daniel Webster was Secretary of State at the time—had to plead the baby act of inability to do anything about it; save to pay a round indemnity from the public funds. Later, in our own time, we were put in the same plight by a massacre of Chinamen at Rock Springs, and by various murders of Italians in New Orleans. For seventy years Presidents have been pleading with Congress, for the sake of justice and national honor, to prevent any more such humiliation by investing the Federal courts with jurisdiction over all offenses against treaty obligations. Nothing could be more logical than that, because treaties are exclusively the business of the Federal Government and all cases arising under them therefore properly pertain to the Federal courts. Of course, unnaturalized aliens are under the protection of treaties made by us with the lands from which they came, and wrongs done to them are therefore wrongs against those treaties. The last time before the present that such an appeal for Federal jurisdiction was made, the granting of it was objected to and was, I believe, defeated in Congress on the ground that to give aliens special protection would be to violate the Fourteenth Amendment of the Constitution which, it was said, guarantees to all persons the equal protection of the laws. But that Amendment contains no such guarantee. It merely forbids any State to deny to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws; a quite different thing. Since the section in question refers explicitly to persons who are citizens of the United States by birth or naturalization, it is not clear that it applies at all to aliens who are not citizens. Moreover, to forbid a State to dis-

criminate among those under its jurisdiction is certainly not to deny the right and power of the Federal Government to give special protection to those who stand apart in a special class and for whose welfare it is specially responsible. Note that the Constitution does extend the judicial power of the Federal Government "to all cases, in law and equity, arising under Treaties." If the murdering of a man whom a treaty obligates the Government to protect does not present a case arising under a treaty, it would be interesting to know why.

One of the most eloquent tributes paid to Samuel F. B. Morse and his invention of the telegraph was that he had done more than any other man to bring the people of the world together, in intimate communication. That was quite just and true; at that time. But at least equal if not greater credit to the same effect must be given to the late Alexander Graham Bell. The telephone is fully the peer of the telegraph in utility, while it far excels it in familiar and multitudinous use, as of course it also does in ingenuity and the elements of the wonderful. If by popular preference, or on strictly scientific grounds of value, utility and necessity, only one of them were to be retained and the other were to be eliminated from the arts of civilization, there can be no question as to what the choice would be. The name of Bell must ever have a secure place among those of the greatest inventive benefactors of the race.

The famous *Rake's Progress* is eclipsed by the progress of the German mark; in both extent and profligacy. In January, 1914, there were 2,407,000,000 paper marks in circulation, and gold was at par. In July, 1919, the paper circulation was 29,269,000,000, and gold was at 3.81 premium. In July, 1920, the paper circulation was nearly 55,000,000,000, and gold stood at 9.72. In July, 1921, paper marks totalled 78,000,000,000, and gold stood at 18.77. In July, 1922, the paper marks had risen to 173,000,000,000, and gold stood at 113.63. Now, every international financier knows that this has been unnecessary and wanton inflation. France, suffering far greater financial burdens than Germany and taxed several times more heavily, has limited

her paper currency and is now steadily reducing its volume and returning to a parity between it and gold. Germany, like a wanton, chooses "the easiest way"; and not only the easiest, but what she thinks the surest way to defraud her lawful creditors. Also, when the date for paying an instalment on her debts draws near, she transfers her millions from banks where her creditors might levy upon them and puts them where she thinks them safe, and then pleads poverty and inability to pay. Yet there are those who wonder at her chief creditor's increasing inclination to exert lawful pressure upon the international welsher.

Senhor Pedro Carolino, if happily he is still in the flesh, might write a sequel to the little book which made him famous, to be entitled *The Tariff as She Is Made*. We are told that the pending bill, on being sent by the House to a conference committee, for a third drafting, comprised no fewer than 2,436 changes from the first draft. These were all to be passed upon, confirmed, rejected or what not, by a committee of six, sitting in secret; with the intention that the result should then be swallowed, hook, bob and sinker, by both Houses, and become the law of the land. That would be a most gorgeous and resplendent example of that "conference committee legislation" which Professor Lindsay Rogers acutely analyzed and condemned in an article in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW of last March. And the unique glory of the thing is that nobody seems to be altogether pleased with the bill in either its first or second or yet its prospective third estate; unless indeed it be Representative Fordney and Senator McCumber, its sponsors; neither of whom is to be reëlected to the next Congress! Not the least significant feature of the case is the increasing inclination of those in control to withhold final action on the bill until after the November election; upon which comment would be superfluous.

The death of Lord Northcliffe closes a career at once romantic and pragmatic almost beyond imagination, and removes one of the great, outstanding figures which the world could least well afford to lose. One of the most impressive tributes to him is implied in the simple fact that the ownership and direction of

The London Times formed only a minor part of his multifarious labors. His connection with that paper was one of his last engagements, but is the one for which he will be most remembered; in the illustrious roll which includes the names of the Walters, who hesitated not to criticize the immoralities of the Prince of Wales and of Royal Dukes; of Barnes and Sterling, who won the name of "Thunderer"; and of Delane who, in a service of unrivalled duration, caused *The Times* to be known as "the leading journal of the world." Easily *primus inter pares* in the newspaper world, he more than any other man of his generation incarnated the veritable Genius of the Press. By his labors and achievements in the World War he made civilization and humanity his everlasting debtors.

We may not revere the American Academy of Arts and Letters as our Gallic cousins do their Immortal Forty. It is young yet, founded only in 1904. Yet a glance at the exquisite little *Book of Record* which it has just issued *in memoriam* affords grateful reminder that this country can boast a company of men and women "of light and leading" not unworthy to be compared with those of any other land. Of the fifty-one former members, now deceased, here enrolled, there is not one who did not add distinction to the art and letters, not only of America but of the world. It is with pardonable pride that among them we may observe two former editors of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, while probably a majority of them were contributors to the pages of this magazine.

NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

THE JEWS. By Hilaire Belloc. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company.

It is the frankness of Hilaire Belloc's discussion of the Jewish problem—a frankness as interesting as it is devoid of indelicacy—that gives the principal value to his book. This value is limited, on the other hand, by the fact that the problems, being one of social attitudes rather than tangible political or economic factors, is not subject to regulation in the ordinary sense. There is no public programme to be advocated; the book will do good just so far as it influences the attitudes of individuals.

The Jewish problem, declares the author, exists and cannot be successfully ignored. The method of nineteenth century Liberalism—that of regarding the Jew as a citizen of the country in which he happened to reside, indistinguishable from other citizens except in the peculiarity of his religion and social customs—cannot be maintained, because it contradicts the facts. It is of no use to pretend that the Jew is a member of the French or English nation when all the time he is really a member of the Jewish nation. This method of ignoring the truth has proved feasible for so long as it has done so, only because of specially favorable conditions, and there is no reason for regarding it as a permanent solution. It has worked no longer than have other solutions. Invariably, in the past, the Jewish problem has passed through a certain cycle. First there have been tolerance and even welcome; then, as the Jews became more numerous and more powerful, there have been unrest and dissatisfaction; and finally there have been intolerance and persecution. In England, and perhaps in the United States, the second stage has been reached, and the third stage may not be far off.

Mr. Belloc does not define very concretely what he means by Jewish nationality; one would judge from his discussions that it has no important political aspect, and so the nationality or racial solidarity of the Jews (for these two expressions seem to mean the same thing) seems to be just a factor in what is essentially a social question—a problem of living together.

The ultimate cause of dissension would seem to be a kind of instinctive intolerance between two groups persistently differing in certain more or less indefinable ways as to culture and ideals. The Jew has moral courage, for example, and so, we think, have we. But manifestations of this virtue on the part of the Jew are apt to appear to us in the light of arrogance or obtuseness. Our courage, on the other hand, may appear to the Jew in a no more favorable light. It may seem to him, perhaps, to be mere weakness or folly. The differences are endless and yet so complex and variable that they can scarcely be stated in terms sufficiently exact to avoid unjust implications.

Under these circumstances mutual tolerance between the majority of Jews and the majority of Gentiles—a tolerance based upon a thorough understanding of each other's point of view—would seem an ideal scarcely possible of realization.

But apart from this general cause there are certain special causes of friction which the author enumerates. These are, upon the Jewish side, the expression of superiority and a reliance upon secrecy; upon our side, an equal expression of superiority and a deep-rooted disingenuousness in our attitude toward and dealing with the Jew.

The remedies proposed are of an extremely general nature. The first is "the determination to speak of the Jewish people as openly, as continuously, with as much interest, with as close an examination, as we speak of any other foreign body with which we are brought in contact". The second is "to avoid in the individual public recognition of those with whom we must live, all futile anger and all mere reaction".

All this is perhaps as good general advice as can be given; yet it implies a counsel of perfection. We are to get rid of intolerance by not permitting ourselves to be intolerant. At the same time we are to cultivate frankness; we are not to prepare the materials for an explosion by repressing our real dislikes or aversions through fear or any other motive. The author is especially insistent upon this point. "The suppression of resentment, though that suppression is the act of the men who themselves feel the resentment and not directly of their opponents, is a fierce irritant and accounts for the high pressure at which the attack escapes when once it is loosened." But this last-mentioned recommendation does not make the problem any easier; on the contrary it makes it harder. It is, on the whole, more reasonable to expect that a person will learn tolerance than that, while feeling intolerance and resentment, he will acquire the mentality to give these feelings a just and measured expression.

There is, then, no panacea, no real programme. We are left simply with certain rather obvious moral principles. But Mr. Belloc's book, by virtue of its frankness, its clear statement of facts that are frequently blinked, its accurate appreciation of difficulties and of differing points of view, should make the application of these principles somewhat easier. In this view, it seems that the book might have been even better if its author had ventured to be rather more concrete and a little less cautious. As it is, one feels that there is a trifle too much moral reasoning in the book—reasoning of a rather obvious and elaborate sort. The average reader goes out "by that same door wherein he went", but he is grateful for the formulation of the problem, for the facts and for the statement of authoritative general impressions that are as good as facts.

An Introduction to World Politics. By Herbert Adams Gibbons. New York: The Century Company.

It is rather unfortunate that Mr. Gibbons's dissertation sets out, like so

many books of its kind, as if it were going to be a mere compendium of the driest of dry facts. In truth, it is nothing of the sort; on the contrary it is one of the soundest and most illuminating treatises about international relations that have yet been written, though no especial brilliance of style or parade of conclusions signalizes this fact. The excellence of the author's point of view and general method may perhaps best be indicated by saying that no writer has more successfully than he digested his economic determinism. This doctrine makes him, as it were, cynical as regards the past, yet leaves him rationally hopeful. This is as it should be. The time has come when hardly anything seems more important than that we should be able to look back upon the war and upon the whole era preceding it without illusions.

Through the detailed account given in these pages one sees the game of world politics, influenced by the developments of the industrial era, for what it really is: "The science of government as practised in international relations, under the influence of real or fancied interests in other than neighboring countries or those with which relations of reciprocal advantage are naturally maintained." Its aim is "to enjoy, exclusively, the fruits of economic imperialism". As one reads this book, personal bias drops out of sight; specious claims and counterclaims, justifications, national aspirations, and even "ideals" are ironed out. The reason is that we are not merely comparing the relative justice of the policies of two nations or groups of nations, but are studying world politics as a whole; and though there is not a word of polemic in Mr. Gibbons's book, it is astonishing how wretched a business the facts make the whole system of world politics to have been.

The author is scrupulously just and quite unsparing. The question of Germany's special war guilt scarcely comes within his province. Not in justification of her provocation of the World War, but as a simple deduction from the facts, he writes: "In going to Tangier and in forcing the conference of Algeciras, Germany had laid down the principle that there must be equal opportunities for Germans in independent countries, and had demonstrated that she was prepared to enforce this principle. When one considers the remarkable growth in population and the industrial and maritime evolution, this attitude cannot be wondered at, much less condemned." However much we may prefer the Allied war aims to those of Germany, we must recognize that the understanding between Great Britain and France is not an idealistic arrangement. "The facts of Anglo-French relations prove that the Entente Cordiale is the result of a realization of common interests, which came when the statesmen of the two nations concluded that the prosperity and increasing power of Germany were more to be feared by both Great Britain and France than the prosperity and power of each were to be feared by the other." Even American participation in the World War "followed the great law of history, which is that peoples fight when they feel themselves menaced in their security and prosperity, and not until then". To say that the avowed motives—the vindication of principles of peace and justice against selfish autocratic power,

the fight for democracy, rights of small nations, and universal domination of right by consent of free peoples—to say that these were insincerely held or were not worth fighting for, or that they were wrongly invoked as motives for fighting against the Germans, would of course be utterly false. Yet the fact remains that "the Entente Powers had begun the war with the proclamation of those very principles almost three years earlier". Either these principles were not deemed by the American people sufficiently important to fight for, or the nation and its leaders had as a whole been unaware that they were the issues at stake until the beginning of 1917.

What, then, of ideals? They have influence, but they are normally conditioned by economic conditions, and this is not a moral principle but a historic law. After the war we had a treaty which applied the high moral principles professed by the Allies to the defeated enemy, but did not make them binding upon the victors. There has been no improvement; there is not likely to be any until nations begin to recognize the folly of economic imperialism, to see that the game is not worth the candle. Now, thinks Mr. Gibbons, if Germany, excluded as she is from all participation in world politics, should nevertheless prove capable of again becoming a prosperous nation, the lesson would not be lost upon the other peoples of the world. Meanwhile the partial success of the Washington Conference is a cheering sign of the times.

Mr. Gibbons is far removed in spirit from those who hold that because there is necessarily a struggle for the survival of the fittest between nations as between individuals, therefore we should accept this fact as a sort of divine ordinance and play the brute game as brutally as possible. No, the right ought to prevail. The question is only of the way in which it can prevail in a human society governed by economic laws. We are, then, to be moral opportunists in a world the economic determinism of which we must fully realize.

This seems a reasonable point of view. At all events the conclusions which Mr. Gibbons reaches regarding the principal moot points—the significance of the Russian Revolution, the policies of President Wilson, the Treaty of Versailles—seem eminently sane, clear, and unhesitating.

THE CLASH. By Storm Jameson. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

It is not because one's national pride is offended by any false portraiture that one regards as absurd the putting forth of Storm Jameson's *The Clash* as a study in the conflict between the English and the American temperament. Doubtless there are some authentic British traits mixed up in the story. For all one knows, there may be real American traits in it, too. Traits common to both nations would seem, according to this picture, to be drunkenness, passion, foolish talk, and general immorality. But if there is anything distinctly national to be found in any of the persons Miss Jameson depicts, it is so obscured by sex, temperament, and general caprice as not to be distinguishable.

The Clash is a whirlwind of a story—no story at all. Of the plot, it is enough

to say that it deals with the amatory adventures of a rather unusual young English woman, one of the said adventures being a liaison (after her marriage to a deserving Englishman) with a soldier from Texas. A general moral and mental demoralization, apparently the reaction of the war, is continuously depicted, and there are all sorts of incidents that apparently have no necessary relation to the main thread of the story. The author well portrays transient scenes, passing attitudes, bits of actuality keenly realized for a moment, conceived with a kind of excess of imagination. But the picture is never seen steadily from one point of view; the persons never remain long enough in one posture or in one frame of mind to enable one to judge whether they are human beings or chimæras. Indeed, persons are represented by passions, bits of jest or highflown nonsense, strained moods, unrepresentative impulses—by the most exaggerated aspects of personality, in short. Is there, may there be, something real beneath all this? One doesn't know.

Imaginative unrestraint in fiction may work out, variously, into romanticism, humor, vulgarity, brilliant but unsteady visioning of facts such as passes for witty criticism, tragedy, "with Hamlet left out"; into every kind of mental glint and sparkle, into all manner of crudities and subtleties. In *The Clash* the author's unrestrained and capricious fancy—a fancy evidently sensitive to the impact of fact yet not a slave to reality—works out into all these forms, and presents to us a dazzling but meaningless whole. Even the alleged meaning, which one suspects to be superficial enough, gets lost. The supreme quality of the story is its versatility. Seldom, if ever before, one thinks, has so much silliness and so much intuition, of a sort, been so brilliantly packed into so short a tale. The great merit of *The Clash* is that it is not dull. It affects one with a bewildered interest, but its final effect is unsatisfying. Of one of Storm Jameson's books *The London Times's* reviewer said that it was "nothing but talk, talk, talk", while a critic writing for *The London Bookman* declared that the same work "seems written with the very lifeblood of the author, with the very core of her brain fibre". Profound reflection may induce the belief that there is nothing necessarily inconsistent between these two judgments.

Chaos or Cosmos? By Edgar L. Heermance. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

Science, like religion, leads into ultimate mysteries; matter, as it is analyzed, seems to dissolve into smoke; old-fashioned physical materialism is more or less discredited; and it really seems as if, with all the exciting new ideas that we possess and with all the fine negations on which we pride ourselves, we ought to be able to construct some kind of modern version of Christianity which shall fit in with our present scientific notions, our habits, and our social conditions. Nothing drastic or revolutionary is contemplated or wanted. All that is desired is some kind of sensible working hypothesis that we can call religious and that is plainly not unscientific.

The trouble with such attempts is that science in the last analysis refuses to validate moral or religious ideas, and that views of the universe which leave out faith and moral consciousness exercise no binding force upon the human spirit.

In Mr. Heermance's version of Jesus's teachings, there appears to be a kind of incurable Philistinism. "Happy are the gentle-men," he says, "for they will [sic] inherit the earth. That is, God's world eventually will come into possession, not of the bully but of the courteous man, who with all his ability to see opportunities and his shrewdness in grasping them, is considerate of others' rights and interested in others' welfare." Thus is religious teaching made to sound like common sense. The reconciliation of religion and science is still easier; the passing of materialism removes the only real obstacle. Only think that matter is not material in the old naïve sense of the word, and there is no longer any difficulty in regarding it as spiritual—if you are not too particular about what you mean by "spiritual". The general conception thus formed is hospitable to poetry, and there is room enough in Mr. Heermance's easy-going philosophy for the romanticism of Rousseau and Whitman. Modern astronomy does not make religious belief impossible—so let us believe. Evolution is really friendly to religion. *Pace* all difficulties connected with Pantheism, Panpsychism, and the mystery of evil, it is sufficient for us to know that God works from within. Ignoring the various antinomies in regard to the absolute, we may pleasantly believe that we "coöperate with God", whatever that may mean. The idea fits in well with our ideals of efficiency. Altruism is advantageous to the individual and in some degree necessary to the survival of communities. If anyone is not prompted by this argument to lead a better life, we may say to him, like Dogberry, that he is not the man we took him for. We must practice the "higher selfishness". Character is an asset. Prayer is an act of coöperation. "Once let the Christian realize that effort and study, attention and skill, carefulness and good management, are acts of communion, shared by God and expected to be acceptable service, and he will begin to pass the godless and evil man"—a favorite point of view with those who seem never to be quite sure whether religion is something that we use or something that uses us. The conclusion of the whole matter is clear: "Jesus's idea of the universe has proved adequate as a working hypothesis."

All of which is about as inspiring as Confucianism.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

PROHIBITION AND POPULAR SOVEREIGNTY

SIR:

I have read with interest the article in the August number of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW entitled *Principles Underlying Prohibition*, by Wayne B. Wheeler. Chief Justice White stated in the specially concurring opinion in *Rhode Island v. Palmer* (253 U. S. 350, 388; the case in which seemingly the so-called Eighteenth Amendment was pretended to be attacked, upon grounds in no wise going to the real fundamental principles involved):

> I profoundly regret that in a case of this magnitude, affecting, as it does, an amendment to the Constitution dealing with the powers and duties of the national and state governments, and intimately concerning the welfare of the whole people, the Court has deemed it proper to state only ultimate conclusions, without an exposition of the reasoning by which they have been reached.
>
> I appreciate the difficulties which a solution of the cases involves and the solicitude with which the Court has approached them, but is seems to my mind that the greater the perplexities the greater the duty devolving upon me to express the reasons which have lead me to the conclusion that the amendment accomplishes and was intended to accomplish the purposes now attributed to it in the propositions concerning that subject which the Court has just announced and in which I concur.

Since Justice White thus spoke, without, however, expressing any either of his own or of the Court's reasoning therefor, it is indeed refreshing and interesting, if not very instructive, to have put for the first time in black and white by Mr. Wheeler, the leader of the Federal Prohibition forces, the reasons which he conceives to justify the Federal functionary government in attempting and pretending to go through the motions of granting to itself an entirely new and theretofore concededly unpossessed governmental power without the sovereign people of the United States (who solely and alone are the essential source, fountain-head and owner of all governmental power in America) being at all consulted or having the least thing to do with the usurption by the Federal functionary government under consideration.

Mr. Wheeler states that the "right to secure and enforce Prohibition" is based upon two fundamental principles, as follows:

> The right to secure and enforce Prohibition in any unit of government is based upon two fundamental principles which have been established by the decisions of Courts of last resort in the United States. The first one is that the people have a right to better their conditions whenever they proceed in a legal and orderly manner to accomplish that end. . . . The next important principle is that the beverage liquor traffic is so vicious in its influence and results that it has no inherent right to exist.

It is true that Mr. Wheeler pretends to make quotations from United States Supreme Court opinions without giving the case or report wherein it

is claimed by him that the language he pretends to quote verbatim was used; and it is also noticeable that in the two single instances in which he states the report or case he mixes up his own language and puts it into the mouth of the Court as though it were the Court's own language. Such a practice is, of course, entirely unfair not merely to those who may desire to answer him, but to the Court itself. But I will not consume time to quarrel with him further on that score. The props of his entire contention can too easily be knocked from under him by the statement of a single indisputable fundamental principle (strangely entirely omitted in the arguments of attacking counsel in Palmer case), upon which this country exists as a Republic, or at any rate did prior to the so-called Eighteenth Amendment, or usurpation by Federal functionaries as it should more properly be termed. Government by functionaries in violation of the last lawfully expressed will of the sovereign People of the United States, and any true "Republic" or "republican form of government", cannot exist together and at the same time; the plain and conclusive reason being that they are diametrically and unalterably opposed the one to the other.

The one (Mr. Wheeler's so-called inherent right of government) is the "anarchistic" (*U. S. v. Williams*, 194 U. S. 279, 292–3), "Bolshevistic", foreign, monarchical doctrine, lawfully impossible in America, of "functionary or creature sovereignty", repudiated by our forefathers from the time of the War of the Revolution and Declaration of Independence by which Americans put an end, it was thought and hoped in America forever, to the ridiculous pretentions and usurpations of mere "functionaries",—at that time the British functionary King and British functionary parliament, "making believe" and "playing at" sovereignty over the people. That (erroneous) principle of "functionary sovereignty" and the "origin of monarchy and kings" and other usurpers of governmental rights, was stated thus by a well-known writer of the time of the Revolution; in a pamphlet entitled *Common Sense:*

> The chief of the band contrived to lose the name of "robber" in that of "monarch"; and hence the origin of Monarchy and Kings.

And in a certain other well-known pamphlet he well said:

> That men mean different and separate things when they talk of Constitutions and government is evident—or why are the terms distinctly and separately used? A Constitution is not the act of a government, but of a people making a government; and government without a Constitution is power without a right.
>
> All power exercised over a Nation must have some beginning. It must be either delegated or assumed. There are no other sources. All delegated power is a trust, and all assumed power is usurpation. Time does not alter the nature and quality of either. . . . The final controlling power, therefore, and the original constituting power are one and the same. . . .
>
> A government on the principles on which constitutional government arising out of society is established cannot have the right of altering itself. If it had, it would be arbitrary itself. It might make itself what it pleased; and whenever such a right is set up, it shows there is no Constitution.

> The right of reform is in the Nation (People) in its original sovereign character, and the Constitutional method would be a general Convention elected for that purpose. There is, moreover, a paradox in vitiated bodies reforming themselves.

The other (correct or American) principle, on the other hand, has been emphasized and stated so many times by the United States Supreme Court and every other court in America entitled to the name, that it seems strange that it needs to be repeated. But as Mr. Wheeler seems to confuse government and the sovereign people who created government, and who alone were competent to create government, it may not be out of place to quote from the unanimous holding of that Court in the well-known case of *Yick Wo v. Hopkins* (118 S. U. 356, 376):

> Sovereignty itself is, of course, not subject to law, for it is the author and source of law; but in our system, while sovereign powers are delegated to the agencies of government, sovereignty itself remains with the people, by whom and for whom all government exists and acts.

It requires the inherent, unlimited, inalienable, indivisible, and humanly and territorially omnipotent power of the sovereign owner of all governmental power in America to make or to unmake Constitutions, State, Federal, or combined, or to grant to government, or to take from government, State, Federal or combined, any governmental power whatever. Mere governments, all, one or many, are wholly incompetent, without lawful power or jurisdiction, to do or to attempt any such thing. Why? The reason is plain; it is because governments are not themselves sovereign, and a written Constitution is nothing more nor less than the sovereign command reduced to writing. It is because the truly sovereign People of the United States, the sole and exclusive source, fountain-head and owner of all governmental powers in America, and not mere government or governmental functionaries, own all governmental power in America, State, Federal and Reserved. As stated by Chief Justice Marshall in *Semperyreac v. U. S.* (7 Peters 222, 241): it is "incontestable that a grantor can convey no more than he possesses (owns)."

As stated in *Lane County v. Oregon* (7 Wall. 71, 76), quoting from *The Federalist*, No. 46, Ford Ed. page 310: "The Federal and State governments are, in fact, but different agents and trustees of the people, constituted with different powers and designated for different purposes"; and in the same number of *The Federalist* the text immediately goes on to say:

> The adversaries of the Constitution seem to have lost sight of the people altogether in their reasoning on this subject. . . . These gentlemen must be reminded of their error. They must be told that the ultimate authority, wherever the derivative may be found, resides in the people alone; and that it will not depend on . . . the different governments, whether or which of them, will be able to enlarge its sphere of jurisdiction at the expense of the other.

But it will depend, as that language of *The Federalist* in effect tells us, when it comes to "enlarging" the powers of either government at the expense of the other, upon, and solely upon, the people of the United States, truly sovereign over all governments.

Government by functionaries in violation of the last lawfully expressed command of the sovereign People of the United States must cease, or the Republic in America is at an end, and "functionary sovereignty" has usurped and enthroned itself in the seat of the sovereign. When the truly sovereign People of America come to see and understand this, they will not endure it.

Whether or not it would be a wise thing for the Federal functionary government to have the power "to regulate" the intra-State liquor traffic, may be a fairly debatable question. But that the Federal government is not now and never has been in lawful possession of that governmental power, is as certain and unquestionable as is the principle upon which this Nation was founded, that the People alone are sovereign in America.

JOSHUA F. GROZIER.

Denver, Colorado.

STABILITY IN PUBLIC SERVICE

SIR:

The interesting and valuable paper by Walter Robb in your June number on *The Plight and Hope of the Philippines* suggests the thought that our policy, or rather lack of policy, in the Philippines is now showing what some people had prophesied would come—a corrupt local government with financial chaos. Has it not occurred to you that our system of frequent changes of administration, which is our internal policy, is entirely inadequate for colonial stability? If we desire to handle our colony in a business-like way we must induce our representatives whom we send over there to take up their duties as a life work. The only nation which has made a success of handling a remote foreign dependency has been Great Britain. A young man who has ambition to do work in India announces that fact in college. He is given special studies in addition to his regular course. When graduated he is assigned to a position for life and given a fair salary with prospects of promotion. Every four years he is required to come home in summer so that a too long residence in a tropical climate will not enervate him. On retirement from age or ill health he is given a pension.

Contrast our system. Each change of administration may result in his retirement. His experience is lost and his successor starts as a raw beginner. This is similar to our consular service. New consuls every few years with small pay. English consuls are paid well, promoted, and retained in office as long as they are satisfactory.

Unless we imitate the English system and offer a permanent office to our young men who may have the ambition to take up such life, we shall get nowhere.

SIDNEY C. EASTMAN.

Pasadena, California.

Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

NOVEMBER, 1922

THE LITERARY DISCIPLINE—I

BY JOHN ERSKINE

DECENCY IN LITERATURE

THE quarrel with indecent art is an old one, and the present discussion of improper books, with threats of censorship, begins to rally itself in two familiar camps—on one side the moralists, showing in the heat of debate less understanding of art than they probably have, and on the other side the writers, showing in the same heat somewhat less concern for morals than it is to be hoped they feel. The censorious seem disposed to suppress on the ground of indecency almost any kind of book they happen not to like; the writers seem at times to argue that all books are equally good, or at least, should be free and equal. These are the old exaggerations of the quarrel. Yet in two important respects the present discussion is quite novel and more than usually interesting; for one thing, the attack now is less on obscenity, about which there are no two opinions, than on indecency, of which we have at the moment no adequate definition; for another thing, the writers themselves, perhaps for the first time in history, have no definition of literary decency to offer, and seem not greatly interested in forming one.

Censorships are usually exercised for the protection of religious or political doctrine, and whatever may be said against the method, at least in the field of religion or politics the censor knows clearly what he wishes to protect. But if we now

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would protect decency, we must first define the term. It is not enough to have a moral conviction on the subject; we must have also some principle outside of our emotional prejudices, based on something more lasting than fashion. In the present welter of contradictions and opprobrium it is sometimes thought indecent to wear bobbed hair or short skirts; for the morals of the school, teachers have been dismissed who rolled their stockings below the knee. Obviously, these are not great faults in decency, if faults at all; a good deal of camel must have been swallowed before justice could be done to these gnats. Some of our neighbors wish to suppress certain plays; others wish to suppress the theatre. Some wish to suppress Swinburne and Baudelaire, with one hand as it were, while distributing with the other copies of the Bible containing the *Song of Songs*. A minister of this type, earnest in his work for decency and quite muddled as to what it is, told me that he could not give his approval to the *Spoon River Anthology*, brilliant though it was; he could approve of no book that portrayed fornication. Yet he must have read the story of Lot's daughters and their behavior with their father. He approved of the Bible, and he would probably not call it indecent. What is decency, then, or its opposite?

At this point the writers ought to stand up and answer. In other ages they would have done so; they would have thought no one so competent as the artist to define decency in his own field, and they would have stated their definition from the point of view of art. They would have called it "decorum" instead of "decency", but they would have meant the same thing—fitness or propriety in the particular art they practised. When Milton made his famous plea on ethical grounds for freedom of the press, he went on, as an artist, to say that of course there are good and bad books, and when a book has had its chance, it must submit to the judgment of the competent. He was writing in an age when the reader might be expected to have some training in artistic definitions of decorum. If books are to enjoy freedom of publication now, it seems incumbent upon the writers to define the decency of their art, and to spread the knowledge of the definition as widely as possible, that the competent reader of today may have a standard by which to judge.

II

It ought to be possible now, as it once was, to define decency in terms outside our emotions, not variable with our private taste but fixed in the conditions of the artist's work. When man is inspired by the world he sees to make some lasting record of his feeling about it, and selects a medium to express himself in,—wood, stone, metal, color, language,—he immediately encounters certain problems and difficulties in his medium, certain limitations in it which he must submit to, if he would convey his meaning with precision. The limitations of his medium, therefore, dictate to the artist his first lessons in decorum. For if you will not respect those limitations, you will find yourself saying what you did not intend; instead of beauty, you will convey some effect humorous or grotesque or ugly. It is at least bearable to see actual garments on the wax figures in shop-windows; we dress up dolls. But not even the shop window could tolerate a marble statue with clothes on. When the artist learns that some things, though excellent in themselves, do not come out in his medium with the effect he desires, his good sense and the sincerity of his art compel him to leave these subjects for other mediums. The themes he thus abandons are not indecent in the sense of obscenity or filth, not bad in themselves, but they do not fit his art—or, as writers used to say, do not belong to its decorum.

The decorum of art may seem to the moralist far less important than the decency his own strong emotions feel after, but the moralist is wrong. The decorum of art is the deeper kind of decency, for it is based on lasting principles, and it leads to an understanding of the positive good in art, to beauty, as the moralist's concern for decency often does not. You cannot explain on moral grounds why the glorification of the body in Walt Whitman, let us say, is sometimes disconcerting, yet the glorification of it in Greek sculpture seems not only decent but noble. The artist could explain the matter if he understood the decorum of artistic mediums. In so far as he does not understand it, he adds to the confusion of the arts in our time; he fills our magazines, for example, with photographs of Greek dances, and is himself, let us hope, disturbed by the grotesque contortions he has perpetuated.

The dance was probably a graceful flow of motion; of all that flow, however, only a few moments would be in the decorum of the camera—moments of poise, in which motion might be suggested but not represented. But the photographer was charmed by the moments of motion, which are the essence of dance decorum, and he gives us a picture of grim-faced ladies suspended in the air, with frantic gestures of fingers and toes.

In literature, since the medium is language, decorum is a question of the limitations and capacities of words. The great limitation of language is that it must be heard or read one word at a time, though most of the things we wish to speak of in this world should be thought of or seen all at once, and their true outline and their total effect may be dislocated by piecemeal expression. To represent in language a landscape or a person, a building or any intellectual architecture, is, strictly speaking, impossible; we can merely make statements, carefully selected, about the subject, and trust that no matter how dismembered in the telling, it will somehow come together again in the hearer's mind, thanks largely to the hearer's imagination. Where the suggestion is so slight and the collaboration so great, the writer is under some obligation to be precise and conscientious in what he suggests. His responsibility might perhaps seem less when he is telling a story; if language is inapt for the portrayal of stationary things, having mass, structure and extent, we might suppose it better fitted to the representation of action, which like language occurs in sequence of time. But even in the recital of events, language has to name separately in an artificial order events which actually coincide, and the reader's imagination must put the fragments together again. "*Indeed,*" *replied Mr. Jones*, or, *Mr. Jones replied*, "*Indeed!*" Neither formula quite represents what happened. In life, when we heard the "Indeed!" the sound would tell us not only what was said but also who said it. No wonder the poets have so often thought of the drama as the most satisfying literary form, for when a play is acted, words convey in it all that they can convey in life, and they are aided, as in life, by other kinds of language—by gesture, facial expression, scenery, which speak to the eye while the voice is speaking to the ear.

Because words must be spoken one after another, there are not only some things which are hard to say in that medium, but others which in certain circumstances should not be said at all. No matter how much we select the sounds, our utterance will lay a fairly even emphasis on all the things we name; therefore, if we wish to subordinate some part of the picture, to pass over it with no emphasis at all, we cannot throw it into shadow, as a painter can—we must leave it out altogether. A painter may portray a face half in shadow, so that one ear is barely discernible; looking at the picture you do not see the shadowed ear, and do not miss it. But if some one tells you in words that the ear is in shadow, at once the ear enjoys special emphasis, the opposite of the painter's intention. Or suppose the portrait is not shadowed, but all the features are clear; and suppose the artist has focused your attention on the eyes, or has brought out some characteristic expression. You can attend to the picture exactly as you look at the subject in life—noticing what is important in it, but not examining it otherwise in detail. The head has two ears, but you do not count them. If, however, the writer describes the face as it is in life, or as it is in the portrait, he may speak only of the chief focus or expression of it; he must not say that the subject has two ears. If he does so, he will be indecent in his art, and may seem to the original of the portrait insulting in his manners.

All literary accounts of the human body raise this problem, not a problem of squeamishness or puritanism, but of decorum. The classical Greeks seem to have mastered the question, either by instinctive good taste or by analysis, as they mastered so many other problems in art with which we are only beginning to wrestle. They cannot be accused of prudishness where the body is concerned; they loved its naked beauty, and in their sculpture they portrayed it frankly, with a serious and unflagging delight. Yet in their poetry they did not portray it; they merely noted the total effect of physical beauty, and omitted details, as we should omit the number of ears in the portrait. In the classical Homer, to be sure, there remained even after much expurgating certain stereotyped labels of the body; goddesses are "ox-eyed", beautiful women are "deep-bosomed",

But the phrases are so conventional that they probably called up a general sense of approval, rather than a specific detail, as the word "mortals" calls up to us the general idea of men, rather than the fact of death. Aside from such phrases Homer and the other classical poets suggest the body without detail, trying to render the general effect the body makes in life—its femininity, its masculinity—at the same time avoiding any such attention to anatomical detail as in real life would seem, to the Greek and to us, morbid or clinical. The sculptor, working in another medium, can use the details the poet must omit; when we look at his Apollo or his Aphrodite we see not a naked body but a divine presence. The effect of divinity is not furnished by any anatomical member, nor interfered with by any. The body in detail is before us, but the expression, the something divine we feel, is in the attitude or the character. The wise poet, knowing the limitations and dangers of his medium, tries to reproduce only the attitude or the character. Later sculptors, in the decadence that followed the Periclean age, deserted the decorum of their own medium, and called attention to separate parts of the body—to ribs or veins, neck or breasts. In literature a parallel decadence occurred; the poets tried to give the effect of beauty, not in Homer's way, by avoiding physical detail, but by citing it. They managed to suggest not beauty but sex.

The modern lover of beauty who quite properly wishes to restore the body to its rightful honor and reverence, usually appeals to the Greeks for his precedent. But if he wishes to celebrate the body in detail, he should appeal not to the Greeks but to the poets of the Renaissance. The praise of the body in the Renaissance is sometimes explained as springing from a newly recovered delight in material beauty. It should also be explained as a reaction, on the part of earnest, even puritanical moralists, against other moralists who, they thought, viewed life but partially and cramped the human soul. In our own language, Edmund Spenser and John Milton led in this praise of beauty—moralists both; as in modern times Walt Whitman led the praise, a moralist also, whether or not his detractors admit it. But a moral purpose is a dangerous approach to art, whether you are a critic or a poet. Whitman is perhaps the easiest illustration

to begin with. He felt that to the pure every part of the body is sacred, and at its best is a thing of beauty. Had he been a sculptor, he would have proceeded to make statues which probably would have shocked nobody. Working in language, however, he mistook the decorum of the art, and wrote as though he were sculptor or painter, and the result is in those anatomical catalogues from which no beauty emerges, whatever else does. He differs as widely as possible from Edmund Spenser in most things, but in this one matter they are alike. Milton was too close to the Greeks to go wrong, even with his moral impulse to assert the honor of the body; his impassioned praise of wedded love, and his remarks on the glory of nakedness when Adam and Eve first appear in his epic, put no strain on literary decorum. But Spenser's moral enthusiasm for beauty leads to such physical inventories as his picture of Belphœbe, in the second book of the *Faerie Queene*, or of his own bride, in the *Amoretti* and the *Epithalamium*—an accounting of eyes, teeth, hair, neck, shoulders, breasts, waist, arms and legs. No English poet is more spiritual than he—all the more impressive the indecorum to which his moral earnestness brought him, and all the more helpful his example ought to be to modern beauty-lovers who fancy that the decorum of an art need not be studied and obeyed.

Through ignorance of decorum in language a moralist sometimes comes to grief in the opposite direction; wishing to indicate indecency, he sometimes through reticence stumbles upon the Homeric method and portrays beauty instead. A while ago a minister of some name, an aggressive defender of decency, preached a sermon on the dangers which at the moment he saw threatening us from the arts. According to the newspapers, he said that if certain theatrical managers could get it by the police, we should have a show in which a naked woman in one scene posed before a black velvet curtain. Wishing to touch the sulphurous subject as gingerly as possible, he merely suggested the lovely contrast of body and background; those of his congregation who had seen it forgot their moral danger and remembered the Venus de Milo in the Louvre. It occurred to some of them that this material might be indeco-

rous in the pulpit; in the theatre, however—well, they were not unwilling to see it, if it was actually put on.

III

The principle of literary decorum which applies to the representation of the body applies also to the allied theme of sex. The body is a fit subject for literature, but not in detail. Sex is a proper subject for literature, so long as it is represented as a general force in life, and particular instances of it are decent so long as they illustrate that general force and turn our minds to it; but sexual actions are indecent when they cease to illustrate the general fact of sex, and are studied for their own sake; like the ears in the portrait, they then assume an emphasis they do not deserve. This seems to be the decorum of the theme as great writers have treated it, and this is the decorum which men instinctively adopt in discussion, if they have not been trained to think that all discussion of sex is naughty. People so trained will call any book indecent which in any way touches the theme. When *Trilby* appeared years ago, many of us then youngsters were protected (in vain) from the lovely story because Trilby had been somebody's mistress before the romance began. So to an earlier generation *The Scarlet Letter* had seemed dangerous because Hester Prynne's child was illegitimate. But neither book had physical passion for its theme, though the force of sex in life, for good or evil, gave each story most of its interest and its pathos. How indecent in the artistic sense, how indecorous, either book might have been, we realize by supposing that Du Maurier had centred attention on Trilby's early and sordid affairs, before she met her true love, or that Hawthorne had given us in detail the experiences of Hester in Arthur Dimmesdale's arms. One has an uneasy feeling that so the books might have been written to-day; the general fact of sex and its influence would not operate as a colossal force in the story, but would be deduced in an argument or assumed as an hypothesis—modern specialists in sex are so incertain of its existence—and the focus would have been on the animal behavior of human beings, which the hypothesis of sex would explain. This kind of book is indecent, though it is usually too psychological in manner to

disturb the censorious, and entirely too frequent in recent literature to suppress.

We turn for relief to the decorum of great literature. "From the roof David saw a woman washing herself, and the woman was very beautiful to look upon." The painter might give the details of that beauty; the writer could not. But he could continue: "And David sent and inquired after the woman. And one said, Is not this Bathsheba, the daughter of Eliam, the wife of Uriah the Hittite? And David sent messengers and took her, and she came in unto him, and he lay with her; and she returned unto her house. And the woman conceived, and sent and told David, and said, I am with child. And David sent to Joab, saying, Send me Uriah the Hittite." So begins one of the greatest of stories from both points of view, artistic and moral. Is it too frank for our taste? Would the minister who described so well the naked woman and the black velvet, set this story also before his congregation? He ought to, for it is a masterpiece of decency. David's passion, Bathsheba's acceptance of it and her consequent terror, were important only as beginning the spiritual tragedy; the old writer names the facts and passes on to his great subject. To have begun less frankly would have been to misrepresent life and spoil the moral; to have elaborated the scene of David's love-making would have been indecent. In the same decorum the classical Greeks told their stories; Helen eloped with Paris; Œdipus had children by his own mother; Clytemnestra killed her husband and made her lover king—so much of the fact is necessary in each case to understand the magnificent and tragic consequences; but the Greek poets did not pry further into the details of passion.

There are, of course, unhealthy minds which have developed a mania for obscenity, and at the other extreme of exaggeration there are the unbalanced minds which do not care to admit the existence of sex. But sex, in one form or another, is in the thoughts of most people most of the time, and common folk—and the great poets—speak of it constantly, and in the same way. In unsophisticated society, among sincere and simple men, the references to sex are at once reticent and frank; it is recognized and respected as gravitation might be or as the sea is by sailors—

as a power always immanent, in contact with which men may be lost or saved. Gossip in that kind of society may whisper that such a girl had a child by such a boy only a month after their wedding, or that so and so is not really the son of his supposed father. Exactly this kind of scandal furnishes material to Homer and to the old prophets in the Bible, to Dante and to Shakespeare, for sex is one of the permanent sides of our moral world. If this treatment of it is essential to a complete picture of life, the thinness of American literature may well come from lack of frankness; but current attempts to correct the thinness by dwelling on physical details are seeking frankness in the wrong direction and are but so many offenses against literary decorum. One reason why we cling with such pride to *The Scarlet Letter* is that with all its shortcomings as a novel it bases its great moral vision on just such a complete and decent observation of life as our books do not usually give us.

IV

In this discussion of sex our attention has shifted from the problem of language to the question of the general and the particular in art—that is, from the principle of decorum involving the medium of literature to the principle of decorum involving its subject matter. This second principle, rightly understood, marks the chief difference between contemporary art and what some of us still believe was the great art of the world hitherto—the best of the Greek, the best of the mediæval. When you look at life naturally, in the directions dictated by your spontaneous impulses, it is your own life that seems important, your private fortunes, your personal ambitions. Everything that belongs to you seems peculiar, because it is not natural at first to compare the lives of others with our own. A poet who presents experience from this angle of individuality will always make a strong initial appeal and perhaps a lasting one, since he falls in with our instincts, and this accord will seem to us evidence of something profound. Such a poet, to some extent, was Euripides, who imagined his characters sympathetically from their private points of view, and portrayed for us the egotism of human nature in its most tragic form. It is not fair to say that in his

world men and women need only to explain themselves in order to be right; but, at least, after they have explained themselves it is hard to tell who are right and who are wrong. Such another poet is Browning, who represents human nature one individual at a time, always from the individual's point of view. By such a simple and primitive method he obtains effects of obvious richness—he shows how varied life is, since there are so many individuals in it, and how novel it perpetually must be, since each of us is discovering the world for the first time, and how much right there is in every man's cause, once he has the chance to speak for himself. If we had all the works of Euripides, we should probably find in them as rich and varied a world as Browning's, expressed with clearer and more direct poetic genius. Our contemporary taste is rather solidly for this kind of literature—Browning flourishes more and more, and Euripides has been revived; and if you really approve of the individualistic approach to art, it is hard to see how you can call anything indecent. Anything that is natural to any kind of character must get a hearing.

But men can also be imaginative enough to look at life as a whole—first, perhaps, to look out at all other men, and then to stand off and look at all men, oneself included. When you begin to take an interest in other men, you notice of course that their lives are not like yours, not so important nor interesting nor promising, but in their drabness they are all curiously alike; they all, with slight variation, are born, are brought up, fall in love according to their lights, marry, earn their living, have children, grow old, and die. When this uniformity begins to interest you, you are making your first intelligent acquaintance with life; and when you have looked at mankind and included yourself in the picture, when you have admitted however reluctantly that the single addition does not change the total effect, that life is still simple and uniform and that you are less peculiar than you thought—then you have seen yourself at last as one of the human race.

To see this calls for imagination and for the Greek virtue which we translate as magnanimity—great-mindedness. The virtue is not to be acquired all at once. We have made a great

advance when we can think of life in terms not of ourselves but of moral and material aspects and powers—in terms of youth and age, for example, of strength or beauty or pride. This is the allegorical stage of our pilgrimage in wisdom, no mean stage to reach, though it happens to be out of fashion just now. We are acquainted with it in the old morality plays, especially in the almost popular *Everyman*, and perhaps in Æschylus, especially in *Prometheus Bound.*

But our advance is greatest when we can recognize these aspects and powers in the individuals around us—when our observation includes at one and the same time the general truths of life and the particular instances. The poet preëminently master of this sane wisdom was Sophocles, who, in Arnold's familiar phrase, saw life steadily and saw it whole. The point of view which he represented is the most magnanimous, the least egotistical, that art has yet taken, and one would have to think meanly of the race to believe that we shall not return to it, as to the noblest part of the Greek legacy. But Sophocles was only the illustration of a decorum generally practised. In the brief and magnificent period which left us our greatest perfection in the arts, the Athenians thought of the individual as important if he illustrated for the moment the general truths or fortunes of life, but his strictly private fate was insignificant.

This attitude has been explained by saying that the Greeks, having no gift for introspection, took always an objective view of life, but such a formula hardly accounts for all the illustrations of magnanimity. When Athens was in her glory, for example, it was only the public buildings that were glorious; no individual, not even Pericles himself, thought of putting Phidias to decorate his private home. Again, in the *Antigone* Sophocles is introspective enough—as introspective as Euripides or Ibsen himself—but the introspection is concerned with the general theme of piety, of one's duty to blood relations, not at all with the love story of Antigone. She was betrothed to the son of the king who condemned her to death, and the fact proves tragic for the son and for the king, but the love of the two young people is their private business, and the poet therefore does not let his heroine discuss the problem of piety from that point of view.

It was the genius of Shakespeare and of Molière, even in comedy, to preserve the same decorum. They show us those aspects of man's fortune which are of interest to all men; of course we are free to fill in the gaps according to our taste in gossip, but the dramatist awakens our feelings and calls our attention only to general experiences and common wisdom. In Shakespeare, *Measure for Measure* is a good example, a noble tragedy and a decent play. It is less glorious than the *Antigone*, obviously, since it shows human nature resisting temptation rather than establishing an ideal, but the grimness of its subject and the fact that it portrays an indecent character do not make it indecent, as some critics think. Its power is its probing into general truths of life, chiefly into the capriciousness of temptation, where sex is concerned, and into the various forms of the fear of death.

Claudio, condemned to die and convinced that there is no hope, persuades himself that he does not care to live; but immediately he has a chance to live at the cost of his sister's honor, and he finds himself slipping into casuistry to make his escape possible even on such terms. Here is introspection of the Sophoclean sort, touching the psychology not of a particular man but of all of us. Walter Pater remarked the paradox that Angelo is tempted to his fall by sight of the pure-minded Isabella, the incarnation of virtue. He might have named other paradoxes of Isabella's influence. She fascinates all the men she meets, good or bad. At the end of the play the Duke announces that he intends to marry her himself, and since he gives her little opportunity to dispute this plan, we may speculate how far his motives differ essentially from Angelo's. But Lucio, the wretch so steeped by habit in indecency that he can hardly frame a clean sentence, is immediately and permanently sensitive to Isabella's beauty of soul as well as of body. Why? Shakespeare merely exhibits the paradox, in his characteristic way, without hint of explanation. But we may read a lesson in decorum, if we wish, in the decency of art, from the first speech of Lucio to Isabella in the nunnery, when the dirty-minded wretch, having none but coarse formulas in his vocabulary, tries to address her with the reverence he feels.

V

On all this the moralist may comment that decency as a matter of art is one thing, and the protection of public morals is another; that however artists may be interested in the decorum of their medium, or in the general truth of their subject matter, the public is also interested in the motives and the possible effects of their writing. Granted; but if the moral point is to be made, as against the artistic, the artist has his own conclusions to draw. The first is that one may as reasonably question the motives of the vice-suppressors as the motives of the artists. Better not to question the motives of either, but if the mean insinuation begins, it must in justice spread in both directions. The woman before the velvet curtain, described by the preacher, seemed a vision of loveliness; yes, you may say, but what would be the motives of those who produce such an exhibition—worship of beauty, or wish to capitalize our baser impulses? The question is unanswerable unless you can see into men's hearts, but it applies also to the minister who preached the sermon; was he interested only in morals, or was he capitalizing to some extent our craving for the sensational? An artist would be content to answer that where the result is beautiful, in the decorum of the art, it is sensible as well as kind to suppose men's motives of the best; and when the result is not beautiful, it is sufficient to condemn the result, without reference to the motives.

But the more actively censorious hold that the weak need to be saved from themselves; that a constant brooding upon indecencies is the death of the soul. Well, if it is obscenity that we war against, by all means root it out, for it can be recognized at a glance, and the reformer need not brood long upon it. But in the realm of art in which decency rises, the suppression of indecency involves as much brooding on it by the reformer as by the endangered public—in fact, the reformer must specialize in such brooding. Whether or not it is to the death of his soul, it seems to be to the impairment of his taste. You cannot give all your time to bad art and know much about good. The rôle of the censor would take on some dignity if there ever were a censor who was a connoisseur, who was the patron of good poets and painters,

who actively supported a clean stage. But then, if you had the taste for the best, no inducement whatever would make you give your life to the detection of indecency.

Human nature is wiser in the long run than any censor; in the long run the books of the highest decency hold their place in fame by crowding out the others. The public suppresses indecent books by reading decent ones. Every artist would respectfully suggest this method to all censors. Perhaps the censors will say that the method is too slow—that it takes too long for the good books to crowd out the others. It does take too long now, but why not hasten the process by calling attention to the good books, instead of delaying it by advertising the bad? If the energy which now tries to suppress books sure to be forgotten in fifty years, were directed to the encouragement of the few books which after fifty years might still be worth reading, the final verdict of fame might be hastened. But there seems to be a decorum in morals too, or perhaps two decorums, a creative and a negative—one seeking to displace evil by a positive good, the other too much preoccupied with the evil to notice the good at all.

JOHN ERSKINE.

THE NEW MEDITERRANEAN

BY BRUNO ROSELLI

No less than nineteen different flags wave lawfully along the Mediterranean Sea at the present time, if we interpret the term Mediterranean to include the Black Sea and the Adriatic; and one or two more may at any minute be hoisted. As a result of the War, the once ubiquitous Turkish emblem has been confined, in the Mediterranean proper, to a limited zone northwest of the island of Cyprus; the Bulgarian floats only along the Black Sea, while the Jugoslav has for the first time tasted salt water, and the Austro-Hungarian is a thing of the past; the yellow and white Papal flag has waved in the Mediterranean breeze on boats of Catholic countries transporting high Church dignitaries; the legal murder of Montenegro has abolished her standard; we have learned those of Palestine, Armenia, Ukrania, and Fiume; while the blue and white flag of the Interallied Entente has again and again forced entrance into a port of unsettled political status, notably in the Adriatic. And the changes have not been limited to national emblems. Egypt is sulky and far less accessible, Genoese seamen under Signor Giulietti have attempted Sea Socialism, former Turkey is a checkered battlefield, American naval units which President Wilson rushed to the Adriatic in 1919 seem to have taken root there, Ragusa has been re-christened Dubrovnik and is alive again, Trieste and Fiume are dead, and Sardinia demands self-determination. Plenty of news; and mainly troublesome.

Yet this year has seen a large amount of American tourist travel in Mediterranean lands. This is partly because a red-blooded people cannot be kept forever from the chief school, altar, and playground of our planet by interested reports of lack of butter and anti-Wilson recriminations; partly because America, having jumped into World War and almost into World Partnership while stupendously ignorant of the history and geography of

all foreign countries other than England, France, and Germany, has now jumped out of both with a sobering realization of such ignorance, a salutary fear of vicarious information, and an eagerness to learn by the excellent method of visual instruction.

When these tourists pass between the Pillars of Hercules, I hope they realize that Gibraltar is more than a reminder that England shares with the Catholic Church a knack of parking on the most picturesquely strategic spots in the world, and that a right-angle triangle is one in which the square of the hypothenuse is equal to the sum of the squares of the other two sides—even if the hypothenuse be the bluest sea water; it is the perfect production and tangible symbol of British insularity.

Gibraltar's own war is over, but now she sees other people's wars: for Spain is again at the Moors. The Spaniards have no easy time, either, in establishing themselves firmly on their little strip of Northern Morocco, while France "pacifically penetrates" the remaining nine-tenths of the country.

And French Morocco has certainly blossomed forth since the armistice. This being a non-political article, I shall not explain how the French took over this non-warring land as a consequence of the war. I prefer to take off my hat to General Lyautey, now an Immortal of the Academy, for his superb qualities as a colonial administrator. He has even succeeded in creating a fine body of native Moroccan officers in a country where the military career was considered debasing by the best families, and has made it coöperate with the smart young French officers of the new protectorate, thus forming another link in that romantic chain of North African French troops which includes the Foreign Legion. But the links connecting this huge new North African empire of France, which on the Mediterranean includes Morocco, Algeria, and Tunis, and extends across the Desert to Senegal in the West, French Congo in the South, and French Soudan in the East—one-third of Africa—are not only of a military nature. A railroad will soon unite Casablanca with Tunis; and already excellent automobile roads are opened on which motor tours, free or personally conducted, are carried on. The sleepy days are over.

Algiers herself is a tribute to French colonization. Those of

us who think of her in terms of the canvases of the French "Orientalist" school imagine a city far more barbaric and Oriental than the Paris of North Africa is to-day. Now Algiers shines with electric lights, transports its motley population in the swiftest trolley cars which climb superb hills dotted with villas; boasts boulevards only a bit less dusty and *boulevardiers* only a bit less elegant than those of Paris; and glories in department stores where goods sell sometimes at a fraction of cost, having to be disposed of there or not at all.

Tunis is a sad place for an Italian to visit nowadays. Ever since the French occupied in 1881 this advance post of *Italianità* in Northern Africa, an Italian has felt there as I suppose a negro must feel in a Mississippi town: a member of an unwelcome majority which can be curbed but not ignored, a silent reminder of errors of the past. But now the situation is worse. Thousands of local Italians (most of them Sicilians born here) crossed the sea to fight under the red, white and green tricolor, and returned to Tunis with the proud spirit and the lifted forehead of the Italian veteran who has seen his country hard at work on the biggest job of her new history. Such people are hard to Frenchify. And so those who pull the strings of the *Régence* (which is *de facto* a French colony) have replied, by passing laws forbidding other than French citizens to live in the *Régence* more than a short, specified period. And most of the Italians have lived there all their lives, having arrived long before the French! It is a cruel situation. I suppose it will end by the Italians conforming in appearance, and availing themselves of a new clause of the Civil Code of Italy which declares the denationalization of an Italian to be null and void whenever it is "not spontaneous".

But now let us look at the other side of the ledger. When the Italians took Tripoli in 1911, they expected that many of their compatriots from Tunis would move across under the Italian tricolor. This did not happen, because the Italian is afraid of the fiscal and bureaucratic colonial régime of Italy, of the inconstancy of her policies, and of the ease with which people of no colonial experience and inclinations are raised to the highest steps of the colonial ladder in that country. And the World War came before Italy had been able to make much headway in the new colony.

The year 1915 found her troops withdrawing to a few Tripolitan coast towns, and her civilians repatriating. The bulk of the non-Arab civilians in Tripoli now consists of Italian-speaking Jews, who have ever been an asset for Italy in North Africa, demanding nothing and preserving, if not the culture, at least the language of Italy throughout ex-Turkish lands. It is an interesting and little-known chapter in the history of the Mediterranean, this loyalty of the Jews to the heirs of the Grand Dukes of Tuscany who protected them more or less actively in the past; and it explains why so many Italian-speaking Jews, who had never seen Italy before, volunteered in the Italian army, most of them from the military district of Leghorn, the Tuscan seaport where their fathers were registered in old Grand Ducal days.

Incorrigibly idealistic, the Italians began their colonization of "Libia" by a superb restoration of the Roman triumphal arch of Marcus Aurelius in Tripoli, and by archaeological excavations on the site of Cyrene in the old vilayet of Benghazi, now Cirenaica; and they will soon begin to work on the ruins of the ancient temple of Jupiter Ammon, in the barren hinterland of Solum, if this is ultimately adjudged to her.

Unfortunately for Italy, the oases of Siwa and Kufra are also in the debatable district; and the British (should I say the Egyptians?) might disregard Jupiter Ammon, but not an oasis. And so in 1920 a Mrs. Forbes, an Englishwoman, proceeded "spontaneously", accompanied by an Egyptian official, to the discovery of that region; and her recent book, *Kufara: The Secret of the Sahara*, is a best seller among Americans, who little realize, while reading of adventures, what a political rôle the writer has played.

But this is no time for Italy to think of enlarging Tripolitania: she had better think of reoccupying what is technically hers. Can she do it peaceably? It is a problem; but she has gone at it in the right way, changing the status of the country from that of a colony to that of a mild protectorate, by what was really a declaration of autonomy. The echo of this proclamation has stirred numberless natives, West, South, and East.

Particularly important has been its effect toward the East, in Egypt. There the restless Nationalist, the fanatic Fellaheen,

and the foreigner other than British, all foes of English rule, used Tripolitan autonomy as a means of wringing from England the promise to evacuate. It is difficult to blame them for chafing at being treated as an indifferent crowd of janitors of a precious door; it is also difficult to see what they will do with Egypt, now that England is about to give them a chance to run the state. Technically speaking, England can withdraw from the land of the Pharaohs without undue loss of prestige, keeping the Canal and a "Canal Zone", as well as sovereignty rights over the Egyptian tracks and terminal of the all-red Cape to Cairo railroad. And, the divorce once granted, it is easy to see which of the parents shall keep their promising child, the "Anglo-Egyptian Soudan".

When Rudyard Kipling, in his far-famed *Mandalay*, was singing "Ship me somewheres East of Suez, where the best is like the worst", he did not realize how appropriately and humorously his characterization of private life in the East before the War would apply to public life there after the War. Beyond Suez is chaos, politically speaking—chaos pure and simple, at least along the Mediterranean, in the former Asiatic Empire of Turkey. Jews, Arabs, French, Turks, English, Greeks, Armenians, and Italians disagree totally as to possessions, boundaries, forms of government, spheres of influence, and the rest.

Palestine first of all. Britain has it; *de facto* since General Allenby conquered it from the Turks, *de jure* since the clever Zionist plan was sponsored by the British. No wonder the Pope was displeased when he found that the Holy Land would be taken over by that Protestant country, in spite of the fact that Palestine had always been considered a region to be internationalized when freed from the Turk. But Italy had later been elbowed out of the Near East; France, the chief protector of the Catholics, could not also be the chief protector of the Jews. Thus England assumed this latter rôle; not that she wanted this additional territory, but because somebody must defend with bayonets a Jewish colony where the original Arabs, nine-tenths strong, are to be systematically and brazenly pushed out to make room for an unwarlike group of Jews imported to reinforce the original handful of their co-religionists, and dumped here because they belong to a type not good enough for Ellis Island.

Just north of Acre, Palestine ends, Syria begins. This is a French protectorate now; or, to be more specific, the Southern zone is, from Damascus to Aleppo. But the moment you pass beyond the gulf of Alexandretta, Syria proper becomes Cilicia, a name sad to French ears, because of terrific military reverses, of which America has been allowed to hear nothing, but which have been so sweeping that France has withdrawn from the region, although everybody allowed her to have it—except the owners.

Against the heart of this region is pointed, revolver-like, the British island of Cyprus. British? Why, of course: in 1878 England occupied it militarily, as a friendly measure toward its Turkish owners, in order that her troops might better guarantee the *status quo* of Asiatic Turkey! If it is true that a sense of humor redeems many situations, even this is liable to redemption.

This island has always made trouble. It began by giving the worship of Venus to the world. The heroic Bragadino was flayed alive by the Turks on this island. Recently, it has given so much malaria to British Tommies and so many worries to British Governors that England, shortly before the War, had seriously considered, I shall not say giving it back to its owners, but selling it to a third party. But the situation is different now. To begin with, nearby Rhodes is in Italian hands, as a result of the Italo-Turkish war of 1911. The population of Rhodes is about two-thirds Greek and one-third Turkish. Invited by Greece to evacuate the island, Italy replied: "Just as soon as England gives up Cyprus". England was furious, but helpless; all the more because she knew that the British occupation of Cyprus was far more irregular than the Italian occupation of Rhodes. Then she began to use persuasion. "Rhodes was, at best, a bridgeead into continental Asia Minor. If England helped Italy annex a piece of Asia Minor outright, would Italy not give up Rhodes, forgetting the unfortunate formula?" She would, forgetting also one of the best of Æsop's fables.

For this is what happened: The part of Asia Minor to which Italy has been in turn granted and denied political rights for the last ten years, adjoins French (or Turkish?) Cilicia in the East and reaches to the Dardanelles in the West, taking in practically the lower half of Asia Minor. As early as 1910, Italy began to

build railroads here: perhaps with the usual intention; perhaps not, because an Italian rule over Anatolia would have appeared visionary then; while on the other hand it seems only natural that, the main railroads of the entire world having used so much Italian labor, the government of Italy should have finally exploited for itself the road-making ability which the modern Italian has inherited from his Roman ancestors, and should have turned contractor in No-Man's Land. At any rate, all plans were changed by the events of August, 1914. Eight months later, Italy, signing the Treaty of London and then plunging into the cauldron, expected that, if she emerged alive at all, she would appear holding in her arms all this vast territory. Indeed, by the later agreement of St. Jean de Maurienne, Italy was promised even a few more sanjaks. But . . .

Enter Greece. She fights a bit, plays politics and gets a thrashing on the Salonika front, and finally claims Smyrna, repeatedly granted to Italy. Now Smyrna is a Greek city, as things go in the Levant. The hinterland, however, had no Greeks, and a compromise might have been reached by the Allies doing for Greek Smyrna what Italy wanted done for Italian Fiume. Fiume! That explains the whole thing. D'Annunzio's irregular occupation of that city provided the excuse which the Allies wanted, in order to turn Italy down. They claimed that the St. Jean de Maurienne agreement rendered the London agreement null and void; and that this very St. Jean agreement was in turn rendered null and void by the lack of the Russian signature—the Russians having in the meantime gone to the wall. *Ergo*, Italy must keep out. Come on, Greece; back, Italy, back, even with your very transports loaded with troops! Italy deserves high praise for refusing to let her inflammable people know that the men-of-war of England and America—Wilson's America—were used to prevent those transports from landing thousands and thousands of Italian soldiers.

And so by the Treaty of Sèvres, signed August 10, 1920, and officially terminating the war between the Allies and Turkey, the Italian flag was altogether excluded, and the Greeks were assigned the "Territory of Smyrna" with boundaries to be carved by Greek bayonets. The ruins of Smyrna are smouldering while

I write these lines; and the tragedy—ethical, æsthetic and cultural—of the situation prevents me from yielding to a sensation of triumph as I read in my earlier notes: "Emphasize the instability of this iniquitous arrangement; history still in the making here." The Anatolian campaign of Greece, begun with "Tino's" triumphal entry into Smyrna, the deriding of the few Italians left, the well-screened retaliatory atrocities of the Cross against the Crescent, and the frequent toasts to the day when Hellas would be as great as under Alexander of Macedon, ends with the flight of the Greeks before the ill-organized Turkish irregulars.

The trouble is that Greece had been allowed by the Powers to grow too fast and too easily, and her head has been turned by such phenomenal growth. Everything helped it: the ancient history of these regions, the thin line of Greek merchants strewn along the shores and giving the hasty visitor an illusion of solid Hellenic civilization, the religious factor by which Macedonians and Albanians even inimical to Athens have appeared "Greeks" because they were Orthodox; the Levantine astuteness of Venizelos; the weakness of neighbors; the American-made wealth of a number of patriotic Greeks who actually presented complete men-of-war to the Hellenic Government; the Allies' fear of Italy, who is becoming earnest and practical a bit too quickly; the linguistic ability of the Greeks, who knew what was going on in foreign chancelleries and newspapers while others were at the mercy of a few translators; the distance from the Rhine, which enabled Greece to hold aloof from the World War until 1917 and to be armed to the teeth just on the eve of victory —a victory of Pyrrhus for the other Allies. And since appetite grows with eating, the Greeks had come to believe themselves on the eve of reviving the old Byzantine Empire.

They forgot one element of the situation, however: England holds Byzantium now, and she is not ready to let go. It began as an Interallied occupation, as usual: but one day the British admiral announced to his colleagues that they might stay, but only as guests. Gallipoli was avenged, but in what a strange way!

However, not vengeance but the traditional desire of strategic power explains Britain's course in Constantinople. What Greece would have construed as the humiliation of the con-

quered Caliph, in the language of England spells "The One Key to the Black Sea".

But of this inner body of waters I shall not speak, for it is really a separate sea in all aspects except the physical. I prefer to follow the poetic course of Leander, and to swim across the Hellespont—finding on the other side more lands recently annexed by Greece: in fact, the beginning of an uninterrupted stretch of 2,000 miles of European Hellenic seacoast, which has barred out European Turkey, Bulgaria, and Jugoslavia from any access to the Ægean. Can Greece give a good government to regions as difficult to rule as Thrace, Macedonia and Epirus? Countries politically far more advanced would be unable to cope with the problem which confronts her—a kingdom spread over provinces mentally at odds, and an archipelago which is a veritable European Micronesia; possessing the tradition of a unity which was racial but not political, and of a government whose unit was the city and not the nation. But the Powers are to blame for creating this problem by fostering Greek megalomania; for whenever you see a spoiled child, you must find fault with the parents first.

Only in one quarter the Greeks were turned down by the Powers: in Albania, the southern part of which the Greeks claimed as inhabited by "Albanophobe Hellenes", who turned out to be pure Albanians of Greek-Orthodox faith. It was a late settlement. Did France and England begin to see, as soon as the great mesmerist Venizelos walked out?

Few people know anything about this new state of Albania, the wildest spot in Europe, a bit of Mohammedanism only two hours from Italy, a former Yucatan for Turkish governors, past, present and future nursery for "Arnauts" to act as bodyguard for Christians through the Near East; and the only country which, in these days of governmental money-printing presses working overtime, has no money of her own, but uses that of all her neighbors at a rate which changes according to the nationality and destination of the last steamer in port. During the War, Italy had occupied the country; and she spent hnge sums there, expecting to stay, according to the terms of the Treaty of London. But she had hardly proclaimed her protectorate, when France sent a cavalry colonel from Salonika to proclaim overnight a full-fledged

Albanian Republic, with the capital in a little town on Lake Ochrida where he was stationed. Naturally, the Albanians flocked to it. The Italian army was then honeycombed with malcontents: it was before order had been restored by the Fascisti, Italy's Vigilantes. The Albanians attacked the Italian garrisons in full force, the Italian soldiers appointed to relieve them mutineed at Ancona, refusing to go: Italy lost all Albania.

The world has been kind to the new state in the matter of boundaries. Just as Albania obtained Argyrocastro and Coritsa in the South, so she was awarded Scutari in the North, against the contention of Jugoslavia. Probably if Montenegro instead of Jugoslavia had been her opponent, things would not have run so smoothly, because Scutari happens to contain the tombs of the Montenegrin royal family. But the brave little land which alone in Eastern Europe withstood the onslaught of the Turk, has been foully murdered. Serbia under the assumed name of Jugoslavia has taken possession, imprisoned, killed, expelled, and then carried out elections which declared at an end the independence of proud Cernagora! *Pro bono pacis*, Italy, whose queen is a Montenegrin, refused to interfere, and even concurred with the Allies in accepting the present Jugoslav boundaries; she refused to discuss Montenegro even when she reached the long prayed-for understanding with the Serbs on the bordering region of Dalmatia.

Why is Dalmatia so unknown to Americans? It is so easily reached via Trieste, and is one of the most picturesque lands in existence. Huge mountains—the Dinaric Alps—are just behind; and a lagoon-like sea, and a maze of low wind-swept islands, and a stony grim soil, make you appreciate all the more the charming *campanili* and the superb Venetian town halls which beautify her constantly warring cities. One does not need to insist on a problem which created such a stir two years ago, beyond saying that the "intellectuals" are Italians, a true aristocratic Venetian immigration, and the masses are Slav. The combined efforts of France, England, and America having failed to provide a way out, Italy and Jugoslavia finally met without middlemen and negotiated the Rapallo Treaty, by which Italy retains Zara, the capital, which has a population ninety-seven per cent Italian, and Jugoslavia is given the beheaded country.

What can Zara do now, with her two little miles of hinterland? She is neither Italy proper, nor the capital of a Dalmatia now Jugoslav; neither a naval base nor an industrial centre nor a commercial *entrepot;* neither a colony nor a protectorate nor a "motherland". A Zaratino feels that the Italian tricolor is to him the flag of his "Great White Father" beyond the sea; the flag of the rest of Dalmatia to-day—the Jugoslav tricolor—he hates; the old Dalmatian standard of azure with three golden leopards' heads is the only emblem he feels he has in common with other Dalmatians, but that is internationally illegitimate now.

Yet an optimist can use his sense of humor even under such conditions. Take the matter of the currency. By an international agreement generally disregarded, lands under military occupation should use as legal tender only the currency which was in use previous to such occupation. Here, the previous currency was the Austrian crown, now worth a fraction of a cent if stamped by a "Succession State", and practically nil if unstamped. A stickler on legality, Italy continued to use the unstamped Austrian crowns, which, being used nowhere else, began to assemble here from the four quarters of the globe. Whereupon Italy legislated: An Italian lira must be worth seven Austrian crowns here. Bankers made millions and millions before Italy corrected the economic absurdity.

An even more striking anomaly existed at Zara a couple of years ago. You could see there a garrison of D'Annunzio's Fiuman troops, side by side with the regular Italian troops, and housed in barracks of their own. Those were the days when Italy could send no more soldiers to Fiume, lest they turn D'Annunzian. She did send, however, some men-of-war which remained "regular"; and so the *Comandante* decided to return the courtesy, and sent to Zara a picked body of Fiume troops, to live side by side with the "regulars" and incidentally inspire them with their superb discipline. It was a funny situation.

Ragusa is the city which profits by all these political irregularities. A maritime republic of considerable importance in the past, supplying to the Crusaders some of their best boats (and being rewarded by the English language by having the word "Argosy" describe a daring ship), boasting in the Cinquecento a literary

Renaissance in Latin and Venetian, yet constantly and successfully fighting the power of Venice, Ragusa had died during the last few years. Yet the Austrian Government made this port the maritime terminus of a strategic railroad leading into Bosnia; and lately, with Fiume blocked, this Jugoslav city, renamed Dubrovnik to redeem her Latin past, has become a great port of entry for Jugoslav goods.

No wonder the great Diocletian built a palace for himself in Dalmatia, so that he might rest from the cares of the Roman State. The city of Spalato is built in its colossal remains, and from this very Palatium takes its name. But the descendants of the proud Romans, who until 1877 had contrived to keep the town under an Italian civic administration, have nowhere in Dalmatia been more abused since the War than here. And the word "abused" is mild. In July, 1920, some Italian naval officers sipping coffee at a local café were attacked by the populace without the slightest provocation, and the Italian glass sign *Gelati* (ice cream) was broken over their heads. The commander of their ship, who hastened to their rescue in a little boat, was killed with rifle fire from Jugoslav soldiers ashore, under the shadow of the American cruiser *Olympia*, whose officers had done nothing to stop the riot. And what was the *Olympia* there for, unless to keep order?

You should hear what the local Italians have to say about that American squadron in Adriatic waters, sent at the time Mr. Wilson was legislating against Italy. Even more amazing was its presence in that closed sea long after the Orlando-Wilson incident. On the streets of Spalato (where, incidentally, not one Italian sign is now visible), I saw Slav girls wearing sailor hats with ribbons inscribed "Jugoslav Navy". But this navy is still on paper, although an officer whom I met qualified himself as a Jugoslav Naval Aviator. However, complacent America undertook to bridge the gap for these oppressors of the Italians. As a Spalato Jugoslav put it, "The United States, after giving us a birth certificate, have loaned to us their navy while we build one." Still, if you prefer, you may say again, "Fiume is to blame."

Every few weeks the newspapers tell us about trouble at Fiume; and again I see her, at the head of the Quarnaro, overwrought, watchful, resourceless, sullen; this city of forty thou-

sand inhabitants, everyone of whom costs Italy several million dollars; this inartistic, mongrel town whose every square inch means a square mile lost somewhere to Italy's all too crowded sons! Yet D'Annunzio is out, Italy herself is out; the Treaty of Rapallo made Fiume a sovereign state, fantastically carved so as to place the wharves and half the harbor and the warehouses and even the power plant in Jugoslav territory. Commercially ruined under D'Annunzio, the city elected to the presidency one Riccardo Zanella, whose chief claim to glory was that he had been D'Annunzio's enemy. His first real act of government was to obtain from Italy two hundred million lire for the rehabilitation of city finances; his second was to dress the Fiume militia as Jugoslav gendarmes. Then they kicked him out, and again called to Italy; and Italy again had to say "No". Now Zanella is back—for the present.

Post-bellum Romance ends here. West of Fiume, one finds along the Mediterranean that commodity so cordially detested by the Latin temperament, which is called Normalcy; but, whether in Italy or still further west, it is a normalcy less lighthearted, just a bit introspective and suspicious; equally noisy perhaps, but less communicative, and hospitable to the limit of courtesy but not of sacrifice. At the cost of indulging in alliteration, I would define the present condition of the more civilized cities along the Mediterranean as "Normalcy plus Nerves". But, frankly, who had not feared far worse in 1914?

BRUNO ROSELLI.

THE MAN FROM GOD'S COUNTRY

BY MARGARET PRESCOTT MONTAGUE

Richard Webb wished to be alone. To that end he had slipped aside from all suggestions of companionship made the night before at the club by the other newspaper men, and had come out by himself to witness the great spectacle. Just this once he desired to be completely aloof in the crowd, to draw its masked psychology about him like a cloak, unrent by any single intruding personality. He was infinitely thankful that he did not have to write about it. He was not even reporting it for his American paper, having fortunately escaped the assignment. He wondered a little restlessly, out there in the early morning air while one veil of mist after another was gradually withdrawn from the November day's serenity, how the other fellows would handle it, what reactions they would get out of it. Gibbs, of course, would do it for *The New York Times;* but, praise God, Richard Webb was not doing it at all! What he got out of it would be nobody's business but his very own. Surely even a journalist had a right to occasional reserves. He felt a trifle sorry for the other writing men in whose minds, even now, he knew descriptive phrases were beginning to come to birth, to be hastily rustled down in notebooks, and later rounded out to thinnish paragraphs. They must be busy, he thought, describing the London streets filled with the vast reverent multitude, bearing flowers in wreaths, and crosses, and simple sprays, and the still tenderness of this Armistice Day of 1920, when the body of England's Unknown Soldier—so little of humanity, and yet so much—waiting now in Victoria Station, should be escorted to its resting place in the Abbey. But as for himself, he would not cheapen the event by translating any of its emotion into newspaper phrases.

The whole idea of reporting this was so repellent to him that he wondered, a little apprehensively, if he could be suffering from

a latent attack of shell shock which had given him a sudden distaste for his chosen profession. For six years, now, he had been a reporter abroad. Ever since he came over, early in the war in the first flight of American newspaper men, his nerves tense with excitement, a belt filled with gold around his waist, and all about him on the boat crowds of singing, shouting, German reservists, he had not witnessed any of the world's great, continuous tragedy, without translating it into news. Seen now for a moment in bitter retrospect, he seemed to himself no better than an impersonal telephone transmitter, through which the agony of a disintegrating world had flowed from the center of the great disaster, across the Atlantic, to be flung in headlines upon comfortable American breakfast tables, together with the coffee cups, the finger bowls and the hot rolls. "News! News!" he thought bitterly. Great Heavens! what dragging down of a world's agony to phrase it all in newspaper columns! And how very tired he was of *words!* Well at least this burial of England's Unknown Soldier should receive the tribute of his utter silence. That was the deepest that he could offer, and he must give the best that was in him now for he was there to attend in all solemnity the funeral of a man he had known; a man for whose death he felt poignantly responsible, and for whom he had cared, although he had only seen him once. No, that was not true, he had seen him thousands upon thousands of times! But that one especial meeting had been a summing up of all the rest, had made him the type for all the others.

It happened back in 1916, before America was in. Just by chance they two, Webb and the unknown soldier, had been flung together for a few chaotic moments in a wild maelstrom of mud and curses and marching men. The soldier was going up to the front, and Webb was as near the front as reporters were allowed—indeed considerably nearer. He was a private in an English regiment, had been sent ahead with a message, and was waiting by the side of the road for his company to overtake him. Webb was there too, watching the great spectacle and thinking it into words. He had not noticed the boy—really he was no more—until he turned suddenly, looked at him appraisingly, and said, "You're from God's Country, aren't you?"

"America? Yes." Webb nodded back.

"So am I," the boy said eagerly, and Webb could almost have laughed, for the moment he spoke, in spite of his uniform, his nationality was so unmistakable. "What are you doing here?" he demanded, looking into the young, eager face before him.

"Oh, one of you writing fellows brought me over, a man named Webb—Richard Webb—writes bully war stuff. You're a reporter, too, aren't you? Do you know him?"

Webb's heart gave a lurch, and for an instant he did not answer. There was something in the eager eyes that terrified him. It was with an effort that he said, "I am Richard Webb."

"You," cried the other, "*You!* Good Lord, I never thought I'd have the luck to see you!" And by the sudden tribute of his face Webb perceived that he was a being set apart. "It was your stuff brought me over," the boy said, simply.

"Mine? Good God!" Webb exclaimed under his breath. He had a panicky desire to turn tail and escape, as though something tremendous and sacred were coming too intimately close to him.

"Yes," the other rushed on, "there were some especial articles, early in 1915—remember them?" (Oh, yes, Webb remembered them well! It gave him a revulsion of feeling now to think of them.) "Well, they turned the trick for me. They showed me where a man ought to be—at least where *I* ought to be—but I never thought I'd have the luck to tell you so, and—and to thank you." He broke off, flushing, too embarrassed to say more, but the consecration of his face was enough.

"*Thank* me!" Webb cried. "To curse me, you mean!" He looked about at the sordid press and confusion of men, the dreadful mud, a rotting horse by the roadside, and death, he knew, on ahead. The boy looked at it too. "I know," he said, "but it's where I belong." And again illumination shot through all his pride and shyness. "Here's my company," he added. "So long!" With a grin of farewell that did not conceal his emotion, he was gone, swallowed back into his unit, and marching away to death. For of course he had been killed, Webb told himself. So very few came back alive from that slaughter. And he was responsible for his death. What right had he to spread a net of golden words to entrap eager young souls like

that! It was hard to say exactly why—for they had had so little talk together—but for some reason this boy had stood to Webb as the type of all that generous and glorious youth that the nations had offered at its flood tide, and that the red god of war had drunk to the lees. Of course he had seen it over and over again. He had been at Gallipoli, and had heard that terrible cheering of the young men as they sailed forth to attempt the landing, which meant to most of them almost certain death, although he had not known how to translate it into undying phrases as Masefield had. There was something, he told himself, in the heart of youth that could always be inflamed, made drunk by the call of death and glory. Good God, how he had played upon it! What right had he or any of them so to entrap the youth of the world? Today he was there to offer an atonement, and to pay tribute to that unknown, his fellow countryman, the man whom he had brought over. He knew it was an impertinence to think of England's soldier as an American, but he did not really think of him as such. He belonged to a larger nationality. To youth, to glory, to idealism. He himself had said that he came from God's Country, and probably, Webb thought, letting it go at that, that was indeed the country from which he came. No matter from what part of the known globe such eager souls hailed, they were all natives of that one land. So it was the man from God's Country that they were burying today, and it was Richard Webb who had led him to his death.

But it seemed after all that Webb was not to be alone. He had been standing there some time, feeling the tense expectancy of the people all about him, when suddenly the lady appeared.

Where she came from, how she got there, was one of those mysteries of chance never to be solved. She was real enough in herself, yet she seemed to be so an epitome of all that England had suffered that one almost thought of her as having been distilled out of the hidden sorrow of the crowd. She must have slipped through the press of people at a corner of the street, and come walking down the empty thoroughfare, yet her appearance before Webb, who had been thinking unseeingly back to the eager expression in the eyes of the man from God's Country, was so startling and unexpected as to seem almost as though a

curtain had been withdrawn and a being had stepped through from the other world. He became aware of her, first, when a flapper near him giggled irrepressibly, and said, "Well, how did *she* break out?" And an older girl beside her said, "Shut up!" fiercely. Then Webb looked and the lady was standing in the street before him, a transparent wisp of humanity. Curiously enough he was conscious, first of all, of the appealing look of confusion and distress in her childlike eyes, rather than how strange she was. Her hair, which was silvery white, was uncovered and shining in the November sun. A dark cloak hung from her shoulders, disclosing a low cut evening dress of delft blue, whose gentle festivity, even Webb could see, belonged to prewar days. In her hands she carried the white chrysanthemums that so many bore that day, but on her feet were fantastic red-tasseled bedroom slippers.

She was protesting anxiously to a perturbed policeman. "No, no," she said, in a breathless, distressed little voice. "I cannot go home—I must be here. He would not like it—it would be *dreadful* if I were not here. No, they do not know I have come—I had to slip away from them. They would not understand, though I explained it to them over and over. But I *had* to come. You see," she said, speaking with a gentle finality, as she looked up into the policeman's face, "I am his Mother."

The officer's big face flushed all over at that, and he looked more unhappy than ever. It was at this point that she raised her eyes and caught sight of Webb. What there was in his expression to reassure her he never knew, but instantly her small face cleared. "You understand," she said, with complete confidence; and prompted by he knew not what Webb returned simply, "Yes, of course, I understand. It's all right, officer," he said, "the lady is with me."

The policeman was relieved. "Well let me know if there's any trouble," he whispered, and holding up the rope let her slip beneath it, and the crowd, straining respectfully back, made a little space for her beside Webb.

"I—I am glad I found you," she said, slipping her hand through his arm, "you are so like Tim."

"Tim?" he asked.

"Yes," she nodded. "He was my youngest brother, such a dear—but he was killed like all the rest."

But it was not about Tim she talked; it was about her only son who was being buried in the Abbey that day. She seemed quite sure that Webb knew all about him, and about his tastes. "He will like today," she said, "you remember how he loved November? He will be glad to come home on a day like this." But it was not of November days that she spoke most, it was of the spring; the spring when boys come home from school for their holidays. Most especially she spoke of the fresh sound of water running in late April. There must have been something very memorable and happy about the way the water—particularly one brook she knew—ran in spring, because, poor lady, she told Webb over and over about it, her stumbling thoughts constantly tripped up by its recollection. She appeared to realize this, for every now and again she caught herself doing it, and apologized in a little frightened way as though she had been scolded for it. Webb gathered that "they" hadn't liked her to do it. It seemed that as long as she could not forget about the water some one had to stay with her. "But how can I forget," she appealed, "when the sound of it runs in my head all the time, and here too?" she said, and touched her breast. "I might get it out of my head, but it will always be in my heart."

Whatever joys were connected with the brook in spring, they seemed to have been very simple and everyday, just the cozy happinesses that a boy and his mother might have together out of doors. She dwelt so persistently on those old days that she seemed in her tragic person to bring England's happy years before 1914 straying back into the present, shattered by the agony of the war and confused by all the shifting changes of the times. She talked disjointedly in a continuous murmur, necessitating no reply from Webb, and so low that it did not break the pall of silence that was over the crowd. Once she touched the folds of her blue dress. "He liked it," she explained. "It was new just before the war. We had it for best all that spring. I promised to wear it when he came home. It—it isn't quite right for the morning," she faltered, "but I promised him, and so I must wear it."

But the day's amazements were not over for Webb. As they waited there in the softly clearing sunlight, the great mass of people all about them, the Foot Guards lining the streets on either side now, and in the distance the tall, flag covered cenotaph, there was a stir in the crowd and a man came pushing his way through.

"Webb!" he said, breathlessly, "Richard Webb!"

Webb looked at him uncertainly. He was a man with one arm, gray hair and lined face.

"You wouldn't remember me," he said, "but I saw you once in the great push. It was what you wrote put me there—remember?"

"*You?*" cried Webb, "Why, why," he stammered under his breath, "I thought you were dead."

"No, what's left of me is still alive."

They spoke in hurried whispers out of deference to the deep silence of the crowd.

"I thought it was you they were burying today in the Abbey," Webb said.

"*Me?*" cried the man, "Great Heavens, no! It's a better man than I. It was the best ones they killed. But yes," he went on in a moment, "a part of me is dead, so perhaps they are burying it today."

"Which part?" Webb questioned.

"Oh, you know. The part you brought over with your fine words."

Webb winced away from the bitter disillusionment of the eyes bent on him—eyes that had been so clear and eager when he had seen them before. "Forgive me," he said helplessly.

"Oh, I forgive you all right," the man retorted grimly; "only," he burst out in a sudden passion, "for God's sake, next time, give us something better than war to die for!" The outbreak seemed to unlock the bitterness of his soul, and it gushed forth in fierce, disjointed whispers. "Preach danger to us, and hardship, and something big to die for, and you'll always get us, always get the young men—only, for heaven's sake, don't set us to killing one another again. Mind," he rushed on, "I think our side was right, and if it had to be I was glad I was in it—only why in

God's name didn't some of you wise ones see it coming, and dig in to resist it years ago? *We* didn't know. How should we—that's not our job. We only follow a good lead. We're always there, I tell you, red hot and ready for anything big. We're straining on the collar, and always ready, and then suddenly some of the big ones go crazy, and slip the leash, and in an instant we're at one another's throats, killing each other for a big idea—*killing* each other! God, what a damned waste! There it is, I tell you, all the red hot youth and idealism of the world, always there—a flame in the heart—always to be called on! But they *never* call on it for anything but war! Oh, can't you give us something better than that to die for?"

"What is its moral equivalent?" Webb asked uncertainly, stunned by the indictment from the heart of embittered youth.

"Lord, *I* don't know," the other retorted angrily. "That isn't for us to know. It's for you writing chaps to find out. We only follow a good lead, I tell you. Only," he whispered savagely, "think twice before you incite us again with the intoxication of words. Oh, you think the war's over and the world—what's left of it—safe now—I tell you it's *never* safe! Something will happen again, and in a second, before you realize it, you'll have us at one another's throats once more. Oh, I'm safe enough now!" he glanced at his empty sleeve, "but there are always more of us! Great God, you could do *anything* with us—move mountains, turn the world over, make a new heaven and a new earth—but all you ever do is to set us to murdering one another. Oh, for God's sake—for *Christ's* sake, preach us something better than war! We're so easy to be had—the flutter of a flag, drums beating, fine words—and we're off. Oh, I was young once; don't I know?"

"How old are you now?" Webb asked.

"Twenty-five," the man returned bitterly.

Webb was silent for a space. "I always thought of you as the man from God's Country," he said at length.

The other stared at him. "You didn't mean America?" he questioned.

"No; the land of youth, of faith, of glorious sacrifice."

"Well, I don't belong to that country any longer."

Webb looked at the lined face and the hair that was gray now, but had been bright gold. "Well," he said at length, "anyway it's a man from there they're burying today."

"Oh, God, yes!" the other cried under his breath. "It must be! They couldn't fail to pick one of them—there were so many, they died in shoals everywhere."

Suddenly the lady who had been standing silent reached across Webb, and touched the new comer, lightly, with her transparent fingers.

"I am glad you are here today," she said softly, her blue eyes raised to his.

The American had not noticed her before, but now he turned upon her a startled, comprehensive glance.

"It is this lady's son that they are bringing home today," Webb explained gravely.

The other's face flushed darkly all over, and he pressed his lips tight together. "I understand," he got out at length, and slipping behind Webb, he wedged his way through the crowd, and came to stand by the lady on the other side. "I knew your son very well, Madam," he said. "It was a great privilege."

He did not touch her, but bent down to her, very tender and reverent, his head uncovered.

"Yes," she answered, responding to his homage with a gentle graciousness, "I am sure you did. I know it is only his friends who are here today." She looked around for a moment on all the vast packed crowd of people. "He had very many friends," she said. "Many more than I knew. Indeed," she confessed piteously, looking confusion, "of all these friends of his you two are the only ones I seem to know."

The man spoke to her quickly, reassuringly. "But you do know us," he said, "so it is all right, and all these other people are his friends, and of course yours as well. They do not actually recognize you, perhaps, but they know you must be somewhere here, and all their hearts are with you."

Her face cleared gratefully. "Yes, of course," she said. "I had forgotten."

After that she began, in her gentle murmur, to tell him all over as she had told Webb about her son; about his youth and

most especially about the beautiful fresh sound of water running in the spring. She had a confused way of calling it the resurrection sound.

The morning had worn on; the streets were a sea of waiting people. The mists were gone now, and even the air and the sunshine seemed to partake of the utter stillness. But suddenly the silence was cut by the boom of a minute gun. Webb felt the little woman's body stiffen against him, and as the gun went on, minute by minute, a slow deep pulse of expectancy, he was conscious of her hands upon his arm in an agony of waiting. Then at last, far away, the air began to weave itself to rhythm. The Life Guards in front of them, with one solemn gesture, rippling along the whole line, reversed arms, and bent their heads over the stocks of their guns; and now one began to hear the drums rolling out the Dead March in the distance, and the skirl of the pipes. Far down the street men were taking off their hats, and here and there a handkerchief fluttered. The lady began to shake. "I mustn't cry," she whispered desperately.

Webb could not steady her. He did not know what he might do when those dark suffocating drums, beating out the sorrow of the world, came opposite. Again it was the other who reassured her.

"You will not cry," he whispered. "You will be too proud for tears. Your son has saved England, and all of England is here to pay him tribute."

She nodded swiftly back at that, her small face quivering, and her body bracing itself.

So they waited, the two Americans standing beside her in an utter reverence. The procession was very close now. First came the mounted policemen, then four regiments of Foot Guards, and now the pipes and drums—every drum encased in black—were passing with their terrible, heart-throbbing music. Followed a little pause of empty space, and then the gun carriage with its burden. On the casket lay the simple belt and helmet of a private soldier, and on either side of the carriage marched twelve pall bearers, Admirals, Generals, and Sir Hugh Trenchard, the first Air Marshal; representatives of all of England's high command from the land, the sea, and the sky.

With a quick gesture the lady had slipped out of her cloak, letting it fall darkly about her feet, standing forth in her blue dress, the sun upon her hair and bare arms, and the white chrysanthemums that she bore held close against her breast. As the cloak had dropped from her shoulders, so, almost, her body appeared as well to have fallen away leaving only her spirit there. She stood without a quiver, all her being gathered up in one intense look, fastened upon the flag covered casket. As he passed she spoke softly to her son. "Christopher—Kit! My dear, my dear," she whispered, all of England's pride and grief gathered in her one person.

It passed, and with the rolling drums, the pipers, and the solemn marching men, went on to the cenotaph. Here a figure came forth to meet it bearing a wreath, and someone in the crowd whispered, "The King."

The flowers had fallen from the lady's fingers, her body was still beside Webb, but she herself was there with her son at the foot of the cenotaph. Suddenly she spoke, "It is the King's son who is dead," she said, her own loss swept away in the revelation of the nation's grief. But in a moment she spoke again out of complete conviction. "No! The Son of Man—it is the Son of Man who is dead for all the sins of the world."

As she said the words a woman somewhere in the crowd screamed sharply and fell into deep sobbing.

The first strokes of the hour sounded from Big Ben. Every hand was raised in salute. The King pressed a button and the flags fell away from the cenotaph, leaving it stark and white to the gaze. Silence then, utter and complete. Silence over the waiting crowd, over all the city, and throughout the country. Silence, it seemed to Webb, over all the world, while the whole of humanity fastened the eyes of the heart upon that sacrificial altar whereon the spirit of youth had been offered for the sins of the nations.

Silence . . . then the bugles blowing the Last Post.

MARGARET PRESCOTT MONTAGUE.

THE WORLD MISSION OF CHRISTIAN SCIENCE

BY FREDERICK DIXON

A FEW miles out of one of the great cities of the world is a little inn which carries on its signboard the name, "The World Turned Upside Down." The traveller who enters its doors must often wonder how it came by such a name, but the chances are that it is merely a reminiscence of a once popular tune, the very tune that the bands of Cornwallis's regiments played on the day they marched out of Yorktown to surrender to Washington. Tucked away in a London suburb, the little old inn must have seen the world careen many times as it has spun down the decades. But probably never before, not even in the time of Waterloo, has it turned so completely upside down as in this decade of Armageddon.

In such circumstances it is not unnatural that men everywhere should be asking, "In the restoration of the world is the Church playing its full part?" The question is an atom invidious when put, as it is put, to members of individual churches. And yet the query is one which it is not difficult to answer. Anyone who will stop to measure the aspirations of the churches against the frailties of the flesh will probably come to the conclusion that for men and women to act up to the full profession of their faith would be practically impossible, since even the man who raised up Eutychus, in the street at Troas, was driven to admit to the Romans, "The good that I would I do not: but the evil which I would not, that I do." It was, indeed, the suspicion of "The Gentleman With a Duster" that the Church was failing in its moral leadership, that caused him to write his own famous volume, *Painted Windows;* and Professor Kirsopp Lake, in writing the foreword to the American edition of that book, insists that no one can afford to neglect this warning. The requirement of Christ Jesus to his followers in all ages, "Verily,

verily, I say unto you, He that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also; and greater works than these shall he do; because I go unto my Father," is too deliberately set aside as incapable of demonstration, and the Sermon on the Mount is too readily classified as a mere counsel of perfection, to make it possible to pretend that the churches are bringing forth their full fruit. And the matter is probably better left there. But to the question as to what the individual's own church, which in my case is the Christian Science Church, should do to play its part, it is possible, without even an implied criticism of others, to return a very definite answer.

The Christian Science Church is essentially a healing church. To comprehend, however, exactly what this means, the word healing must not be understood in any mere medical sense, but must be expanded to include the destruction of anything inharmonious with Principle. This, surely, was the theology of the first century, before the miracle had been degraded from being a demonstration of the force of Principle into a supernatural infringement of law. The healing of people physically is an important phase of this demonstration. The healing of their sorrows and sins is an even more important phase, for the connection of sickness with sin was indicated clearly by Jesus when he said, to the impotent man, "Sin no more, lest a worse thing come unto thee." But healing, in its full sense is the exertion of the energy of spiritual law, and this is really what Huxley had in mind when he insisted that a miracle, so far from being an infringement of law, itself an absurdity, could only be an indication of hitherto unsuspected law. Obviously, then, at a moment when the world is turned upside down, a demonstration of the power of divine Mind to control material phenomena must be of the first importance. It was the existence of this power which Jesus preached from Capernaum to Jerusalem; it was the availability of this power that he showed in healing the sick and raising the dead, feeding the multitude and finding the tribute money, calming the tempest and walking on the water; it was the fact of the Science of his teaching that Mrs. Eddy explained in *Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures* and her other writings, that she demonstrated in her own healing of sorrow, and sickness,

and sin, and to the preaching and practice of which she called the members of the movement which she founded.

It is plain, then, that the responsibility of the Christian Science movement is today a heavy one, but it is an individualistic one. The individual, that is to say, is responsible to Principle for living, in that splendid phrase of Milton's, "As ever in my great Taskmaster's eye," so as to retain that mental poise and clarity of vision, that purity and true humility, without which the words he speaks can be only "as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal", and any hope of demonstration based upon a scientific grasp of them impossible. This does not mean that every Christian Scientist who is not raising the dead or walking upon the water, or even healing the sick, is a failure or a fraud, but it does mean that he is a Christian Scientist in the exact ratio of his achievement. The spur to that achievement can, of course, never be a selfish one. If it be selfish, eventual shipwreck is inevitable. Jesus himself made this perfectly plain to his disciples when he said to them, at the very moment when they were congratulating themselves on their success as healers, "Notwithstanding in this rejoice not, that the spirits are subject unto you; but rather rejoice, because your names are written in heaven." He could hardly have said more plainly that the healing they had accomplished was the result of no virtue in themselves, but rather the effect of spiritual causation, to take advantage of which they must themselves remain in obedience to divine law.

At this point the question imperatively arises, What is this law of cause and effect which is of such paramount importance that Mrs. Eddy herself writes, on page 170 of *Science and Health*, "Spiritual causation is the one question to be considered, for more than all others spiritual causation relates to human progress." Spiritual causation is the fact that the one and only Cause which absolutely exists is the divine Mind; that the creations of this Mind constitute the spiritual phenomena, which today we see in a glass darkly, but which, in the proportion in which we rid ourselves of the false belief of life in matter, bred by the carnal mind, we shall see face to face; and that just as this carnal mind, instinct with the lusts of the flesh, is

put off, there supervenes that understanding of Principle, or God, which makes possible the demonstration of the power of Principle in what is known as the miracle. This is a conclusion the force of which is admirably brought out in that incomplete translation of the letters to the Church at Corinth made by one of the few men who have mastered the peculiar Greek of the New Testament, known as κοινή: "The things we now see are reflections from a mirror that we have to make out as best we can, but then we shall see realities face to face. Now I know imperfectly; then I shall know all, even as I have been known. But meanwhile faith, and hope, and love last on, these three, but the best of them is love." In a world of thought creations, such as modern natural science insists that the physical universe is, an understanding, however slight, of spiritual causation must be valuable; in such a world turned upside down it must be invaluable.

Now, if anybody will critically examine the nature of men's present discontents, he will quickly discover them to be compounded of fears and rooted in fear. If, however, he will probe a little deeper, he will discover that fear is something far more significant than being afraid: it is the existence of the belief of life in matter. If a man did not believe that life, and so sensation, was inherent in matter, he would have nothing to fear. Neither sickness nor death, neither exposure nor starvation, neither threats nor violence, could make any appeal to him, and he would begin more sanely to grasp the fuller meaning of that serene, almost contemptuous, reply of Christ Jesus to the boasts of Pilate, "Thou couldest have no power at all against me, except it were given thee from above." Christ Jesus had raised the dead, had walked upon the water, had fed the multitude, had stilled the tempest, and had vanished, when it suited him, from the crowd. To imagine, in the face of such miracles or demonstrations, that the Roman governor in his limited material concept of things had power to crucify him or to release him, must have seemed to him ludicrous even in the face of the conflict with sin and hate which he was facing in the determination to prove the nothingness of these and the allness of Life and Truth upon the cross. There, at the judgment seat of Pilate, there

was and is revealed to all mankind the way to help the world. It is to realize that the struggle is not with people, but with mental conditions, which in turn claim to possess and govern people. Pilate was possessed and governed by fear, the fear that the poisonous suggestion, "If thou let this man go, thou art not Cæsar's friend," would be carried to the suspicion-laden air of the Roman court. Believing in matter and in little else, with the whole-hearted thoroughness of the educated Roman, he saw opportunity, success, riches, friends, even life itself endangered, and he surrendered to his fear. For the moment, he retained his offices, his opulence, and his power. But at what a price, a price summed up by Christ Jesus himself, in one scorching and appalling sentence, "Verily I say unto you, They have their reward."

The work of Christian Science, therefore, is essentially to lift from the world this fear which, in the very nature of things, is forever oppressing it. In doing this it may become its privilege to engage in those acts of mercy and kindness which are summed up in the parable of the Good Samaritan. But in doing this, it will be dealing necessarily with effect, and its work scientifically must be the destruction of cause, for ultimately there is only one reason for human sin and affliction, the attribution of power to evil, and this reason is itself only a supposititious reason, since evil, the cause of everything unlike Principle, has no reality, and is nothing more than a human belief in the absence of good. Christ Jesus made this perfectly clear on more than one occasion. Once, when he told Nicodemus that the carnal and the spiritual were things of separate birth; once, when he told the Jews that the devil, who in the language of his day was merely personified evil, was himself only a lie, without a shred of truth, which is reality, attached to him.

It is here that the question of the healing of the sick becomes so important. For this healing of the sick is the test of the individual's understanding of Principle. So long as the Christian Science movement is really healing the sick, it is fulfilling its function, and no attack from all the forces of evil can prevail against it. If ever, however, it were to compromise with evil, to compound with the world, it might seem to flourish and to

put on leaves, like the green bay tree, but its doom would be assured. Here is the significance of that paragraph in *Science and Health*, "The flesh and Spirit can no more unite in action, than good can coincide with evil." To which, a few lines lower down, she adds the warning, "Only through radical reliance on Truth can scientific healing power be realized." If, relying radically upon Truth, the individual can heal sickness, he is in some degree, at any rate, justified in his battle against those human beliefs in the acceptance of which sickness finds its expression. That was why Christ Jesus sent out the disciples to combine practice with precept, to preach the gospel and to heal the sick. And that is why he warned them, on their return, not to rejoice in the fact of their personal success, but rather in the fact that their names were written in heaven; in other words, that the fact of harmony was so overwhelming that their understanding of this could, as they had seen, overwhelm inharmony whenever and however presented to them. It is the obvious mission of Christian Science to demonstrate the truth of this to a world turned upside down to-day, and the measure of the individual's demonstration of this is the measure of the fulfillment of his duty to humanity.

Clearly, then, the effort of a Christian Scientist is essentially an individualistic one. It is primarily to live and work so as to be able to preach and heal. In the proportion of his success he must, in turn, bring healing to mankind, and help to right a world turned upside down. The so-called physical causes of this upset are all in reality entirely mental, and are included in a belief in evil. Now Christian Science insists, of course, on the idealistic as opposed to the materialistic theory of the universe. But if Mrs. Eddy had stopped here she would have got no further in discovering the secret of divine healing than did the philosophers. She insisted, instead, on forcing her arguments to their ultimate conclusions, and so in bringing about an appeal to mental healing from which Berkeley recoiled when he declined on tar-water. In doing this Mrs. Eddy broke completely with every school of philosophy and every scientific theory, save that which she herself evolved from the Bible, and named Christian Science. For she repudiated in every way the theory that Spirit was or could

be the ultimate of matter, and carried the philosophic theory of matter as a mental phenomenon, and so an unreality, to the point of insistence that the νοούμενον, or mind, that produced it, was itself nothing at all but the personified lie of the Gospels, and as such a mere counterfeit of divine Mind, Principle, or God. When this is once grasped it is easy to understand that the ills of the world do not present to the Christian Scientist at all the same problem they do to the rest of humanity. The sensuality, the dishonesty, the sorrow, the sickness, all these, in their myriad phases, are there, demanding relief and destruction. But instead of their being something beyond his power, he knows that they are, on the contrary, within the range of that power, in the proportion that he lives up to his profession. This does not in the least leave him in an academic frame of mind unable to participate in the ordinary schemes of humanity for the betterment of the world. He can and should play the full part of a citizen of his country. But it does give him a clearer perception of the claims of citizenship, and so enable him the more effectively to meet those claims.

This, it will be seen, frees a man entirely from the reproach of "Black-coated Sabbatarianism", and carries his religion into every thought, and so every hour and every action of his life. "This spiritual idea, or Christ, entered into the minutiæ of the life of the personal Jesus. It made him an honest man, a good carpenter and a good man, before it could make him the glorified."[1] Now every Christian Scientist should know enough of Truth, and live near enough to Truth, to be his own physician. And if he were really his own physician, he would carry his understanding of Principle out into the world with him, wherever he might go, whether as a carpenter or as a publican, a fisherman or a scholar, whether into Wall Street or the stockyards, whether in the building of bridges or the writing of books, remembering that there is nothing so large or so small but that it is an idea in infinite Mind, and that he

> Who sweeps a room, as for thy laws,
> Makes that and th' action fine,

[1] *Miscellaneous Writings*, p. 166.

no whit less than the president of a republic or a great poet. The vastness of the power of Christian Science to aid a world turned upside down must become more and more apparent, and the responsibility of every member of the movement more and more unavoidable.

For what does it mean to be your own physician? It means to have ever before you the ideal of making yourself every whit whole, and learning every day how to translate this from a pious desire into an increasing manifestation of Truth. Only in the proportion in which the Christian Scientist achieves this end can he escape the reproach of the world, "Physician, heal thyself." For it is in doing this that the student learns in the words of the great Hebrew philosopher, written to the Philippians, to let his conversation be in heaven. Now the word translated conversation means more precisely citizenship, and thus it is obvious that, in the intent of the New Testament, the good citizen is the man who knows, and so is able to demonstrate, the truth of Principle. It was Christ Jesus himself who said, "If ye continue in my word, then are ye my disciples indeed; and ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free." What is continuing, in the words of the Christ, but having your conversation, that is your citizenship, in heaven? And does any human being know a better way to help humanity than by doing this? But in Christian Science this is not done by assuming the name of a Christian Scientist. It is done solely by living the life of one, an effort which depends upon a scientific knowledge of Truth. But a knowledge which is scientific is always a knowledge which is demonstrated. Therefore was it that Mrs. Eddy wrote, on page 55 of *Science and Health*, "My weary hope tries to realize that happy day, when man shall recognize the Science of Christ and love his neighbor as himself, when he shall realize God's omnipotence and the healing power of the divine Love in what it has done and is doing for mankind."

This is the part which has to be played by the Church of Christ, Scientist, if it is to fulfil its mission to mankind. What is this Church? It is not a building, not an organization. It is "The structure of Truth and Love; whatever rests upon and proceeds from divine Principle" (page 583 *Science and Health*).

Clearly the individual is a member of such a Church in the exact degree in which he puts off the old man and puts on the new; in the proportion in which he knows the truth so as to be freed by the truth; in the ratio in which his citizenship is in heaven. Therefore was it that Christ Jesus, on the road to Calvary, pointed out to every one of his followers for all time his own Calvary, the crucifixion of the lusts of the flesh, "And for their sakes I sanctify myself, that they also might be sanctified through the truth."

Obviously, then, the Christian Science movement is doing its predestined work in the exact degree in which its members are putting off the old man with his works and putting on the new. In a general way this is true of all churches, but it is essentially true of the Christian Science movement in that it has undertaken to be obedient to the entire demand to preach the gospel and to heal the sick—spiritually and not materially. That it is doing this, not so fully as it would wish but none the less abundantly, is clear from the steady way in which it is increasing, from its testimonies of healing, and from its innumerable charities. If it should ever fail in these, the seeds of its own failure would appear. At present it is the only church in the world which has set itself a standard by which it may be measured in the world. Lived up to, this standard would re-create the whole thinking of the world, and prevent it from being turned upside down.

FREDERICK DIXON.

THE VITALITY OF CONFUCIANISM

BY CHANG HSIN-HAI

ONE of the most significant movements in the intellectual life of China to-day is the attempt to submit accepted ideas to a new and fresh criticism. Whether that criticism in its present stage of development is sound is perhaps a doubtful question; but the movement, as a whole, towards what we may call intellectual autonomy is certainly salutary from all points of view. I say that the criticism itself has still doubtful value, because it is not inspired by the highest ideals of the critical art. Critics do not as yet seem to have a correct conception of what criticism is, nor how it arouses the intellect from the stupor into which it has fallen, and discovers the permanent truths of the great thinkers of the past. This second function of the disinterested search for truth is undoubtedly the most important function of the critical art, that which gives criticism its abiding value in all aspects of intellectual endeavor. As it is, the Chinese critics to-day are paying an undue amount of attention to the controversial side of criticism. One gets the impression, after reading the large amount of critical material that is being put forward especially in the periodical literature, that the predominant spirit is not the spirit of the inquirer for the truth, but the spirit of Mephistopheles. *Ich bin der Geist der stets verneint.* And so is the Chinese critic. He prides himself on the frequency with which he is able to demolish his opponent's ideas.

It is therefore particularly significant that in the midst of this intellectual rowdyism, of this critical amateurishness, there is a small group of men who, instead of saying that Confucianism is a thing of the past, as many people are doing who think that intellectual originality consists in irresponsible denunciations, are steadily and patiently endeavoring to reveal its essential value and to preserve it as the foundation for the new society that is rapidly coming into existence.

It is a remarkable phenomenon which seems to be common to all religious faiths that as soon as they become established and are accepted by the majority of men as being worthy of whole-hearted devotion, the process of petrifaction begins to set in. To arrive at the original spirit in which a man like Confucius or Christ taught is perhaps impossible. What may reasonably be expected is that the central points of their teachings should be thoroughly understood. To do this, it is necessary of course that there should be a sufficient amount of intellectual strength and an inquiring mind which is constantly engaged in examining the extent of the validity of these central truths and in seeing how far they are borne out by actual experience. Such is what I may call a living contact. The contact is a living one, because although in a general way we are agreed that these great truths have permanent value for us, we do not merely accept them but are concerned primarily with having an intimate knowledge of them, and adapting their essential phases to our own existence. Under these circumstances, there is little that is formal. It is in the spirit of these great truths that we live and have our being.

Now a living contact is exactly what we have not had for a long time in Confucianism. We have suffered from Confucian formalism as the people in the West have suffered from Christian formalism. No honest person will deny that traditional theology, which survives in varying degrees of severity in the different sects of Christianity with its numerous metaphysical fantasticalities, does not represent the true spirit of the Christian religion. In the same way Confucianism, which at bottom so deeply and so fully satisfies the desires of the human heart, has been encrusted with a rich layer of unessential material which people have taken to represent the genuine spirit of Confucian teaching. But this is an unfortunate confusion; and the important thing to do at present is to see what is involved in this confusion so as to bring to light once more the eternal truths which have given real happiness to generations of men in Eastern Asia.

This is why it is so very significant that a movement has been started to see what there really is in Confucianism, how far and in what respects it has value for the human soul, and the degree

of similarity or disparity which exists between what it really is and what has been traditionally accepted as Confucianism. Traditional Confucianism, like traditional Christianity, does not of course entirely misrepresent the Confucian spirit; but there is no doubt that a great deal of it has deviated from the central ideas and is therefore of little value.

Now it is unfortunate that some of the enthusiastic modernists have their attention fixed only on what is of little value in traditional Confucianism and then say that if such is Confucianism it is clearly useless, and must of necessity be ineffectual either as a religious faith or as an ethical philosophy. A well-known philosopher who has recently been in China did not find anything worth while in Confucianism, except that it has taught the Chinese people how to be polite. And he went on to say that Lao-tse was by far superior to Confucius both in the earnestness and in the profundity of his thought. I do not wish here to go into a discussion of the comparative merits of the teachings of Confucius and of Lao-tse, but the philosopher who saw nothing of value in Confucius has certain prepossessions with which Confucian teachings have little to accord. They happen, on the contrary, to be well supported by the thoughts of Lao-tse. And consequently he raised Lao-tse to an eminence which the Chinese people on the whole are unwilling to grant. In a similar way, those who go to China to vindicate the Christian faith refuse to allow to Confucianism what it really possesses. They either do not have the catholicity of mind to see its strength; or even if they do, they make it a point never to grant too many concessions as it might otherwise induce people to think that Christianity has no reason to be in China.

All that the missionaries are prepared to say, therefore, is that, in certain respects, Confucius succeeded in teaching what Christ taught, but that, even though he did, he was always in one way or another inferior to Christ. Either his tone is not spiritual enough or the delivery of his ideas lacks directness and poignancy. From whatever point of view, Christianity, they argue, is on a higher religious and ethical level, and so under all circumstances it must be taken as the standard. If Confucianism has anything to show which resembles Christianity, then to that extent it is

as good as Christianity. If it has not, so much the worse for Confucianism; for so long as it differs from Christianity, so long is it in a lower order of existence. A number of quite simple-minded people have therefore been made to say that inasmuch as Confucius himself never claimed his teachings to be absolute and final, as Christ did, it is perfectly clear that Christianity must be a more comprehensive religion than Confucianism, that it must possess greater spiritual value for the human soul.

In point of fact, however, this claim to absoluteness, for which the Christians are so very proud of their religion, is not without an element of weakness. Whether that religion is absolute or not is a doubtful question, but the most serious psychological effect which this uncompromising mental attitude produces is the tendency towards narrowness of mind; and narrowness of mind has been responsible for the larger portion of the calamities and unhappy occurrences which mar the otherwise brilliant history of Christianity. The Inquisition, the Index, and the other innumerable forms of persecution which have arisen because of the maintenance of what are called heretic views—all these are as remarkably prominent in the history of Christendom as they are absent from the twenty-five centuries of Confucian teaching. And why? There are a variety of reasons; but are we not warranted in saying that this claim to absoluteness is a very strong reason?

Now Confucianism, instead of teaching that there is a finality in the utterances of the servants of God, tells us that after all the essence of a worthy life is to be found in ourselves. Confucius says, in a characteristic way, that about the utterances of the Divine there is no absolute certainty. We must continue to disagree as to what exactly the divine utterances are. He acknowledges a Divinity, but the divine is what each one must find for himself. It is therefore only wise that we should pursue the divine in a purely positivistic way. We must in other words begin from the human, from our own nature. "If we do not know the human, how are we to know the divine?" There is no gulf between the human and the divine. The divine is realized in the ultimate realization of the human. And each must realize the human through himself. There is thus no need

for the establishment of a distinct class of people who are supposed to possess the power of ministering the divine. Confucianism has no priesthood: the moral and religious life is the personal problem of the individual himself.

What I wish to illustrate is that Confucianism allows the maximum amount of toleration. It does not decry any person because he happens to have another belief; it does not at any rate go to the extent of persecuting him. And it certainly does not say that any one who does not believe in Confucianism is on that account a heathen, one who is beyond salvation and must therefore be in hell after death.

There is of course a definite hierarchy of values in religious and ethical as in other matters, and one religious system may on the whole satisfy human needs more fully than another; but most people have the incurable habit of selecting and comparing a few separate statements and then argue the superiority of one religion over another on that basis. But comparison of disconnected dicta is of all things the most unprofitable in religious affairs. It is a very superficial undertaking, and betrays a mind which, as Mr. Santayana says, knows nothing, loves nothing and is nothing. Religion is what we live by, and what is of account is therefore its spirit, the totality of its essence rather than any separate injunctions or commands. That is why it does not avail anything when the missionaries insist upon saying that Confucianism is inferior to Christianity in this or in that respect. Translators of some of the Confucian texts into English have always been anxious to detach some specific passage and then subjoin it with a similar passage from the Bible which makes upon the reader the impression that Christianity is the better religion.

I had the opportunity many years ago to see what Mr. William J. Bryan had to say of Confucianism; and, as usual, he pointed out that while Christ taught that we should do to others what we wanted others to do to us, Confucius taught that we should *not* do to others what we would *not* have others do to us. In other words, while the fundamental thought is similar in the two cases, Christ is superior to Confucius because His is a positive command while Confucius gives only a negative one. And upon a basis like

this, the Western world has maintained for a long time that the East is negative and the West positive in its teachings. We smile at this kind of rigid antinomy, of course, because such facile distinctions, although making for convenience, are almost certainly superficial. But, besides, in this particular case of Mr. Bryan, he did injustice to Confucianism, like most of the missionaries, because the efficacy and value of a religion cannot possibly be judged from scattered statements, much less from only one of them. Even the Decalogue is but one part of Christianity. What is of importance is the total effect of the entire teaching. So also with Confucianism.

And even from the practical point of view, the attempt to discredit Confucianism by a series of petty skirmishes, as it were, does no good whatever. As long as there are educated Chinese who know something of their own history, these skirmishes will only serve to strengthen their stronghold instead of inducing them to surrender it, which is what undoubtedly the skirmishers aim at. That is why with all the missionary anxiety to Christianize the Chinese people, the more thoughtful ones are ever combining themselves to give greater force to the teachings of Confucius. While they have merely lived in the Confucian tradition for many centuries, they are now beginning to be conscious of it, to reflect upon it, and to strengthen it so as to make the generality of people aware of its great worth and possibilities. In other words, Confucianism is being revitalized, and there is a growing recognition that it must be preserved as the basis for the society now in process of reorganization. All this is taking place with the expansion of intellectual conciousness, but the unskilful tactics of the missionary skirmishers are no less a contributing factor. The more they continue to discredit Confucian teaching, the more they make Christianity unacceptable to the more thoughtful Chinese, because if Confucianism is of as little value as it is often taken to be, we must either say that the Chinese people have contributed nothing of permanent value to mankind, or if they did, it was not because of Confucianism but in spite of it.

Now there is no gainsaying the fact that no single force has been more responsible for what the Chinese have been and still

are than Confucianism. It has produced types of humanity which are worthy of its grandeur and nobility. Chinese history shows distinctly how much the Chinese people owe to Confucian teaching for what they have done, how much they have depended upon it for their happiness and for the realization of the worthy ends of life. And so when they are told how Confucius is defective in a variety of ways, they immediately ask themselves: "Can it be true that Confucius has little value for us? What do the facts of history tell us? Can Confucius be what we are told to be when generations of men have found in him the source of real joy and the guide to an elevated and noble life?"

We can readily admit that the Confucian tradition, as it is, has lost much of its vitality, but this is not the fault of the Confucian teachings themselves but of those who have taken them amiss. I wish therefore to distinguish traditional Confucian from the real spirit of Confucian teaching. What the real spirit is will always, I admit, be difficult to find out. Every age has the tendency to read its own thoughts into the past. To see the past as it really was is one of the most difficult of intellectual undertakings. People are, whether they will or no, influenced to a greater or less degree by current ideas, by the contemporary forces that work upon their minds. Take Christianity, for instance. People think that what they now understand it to be is the true version of Christianity; and yet it is not difficult to show that present-day Christianity is Christianity worked over by the sociological teachings which played so important a part in the intellectual life of Europe and America in the second half of the nineteenth century. The idea of utility, of social service, assumes a more prominent rôle in Christianity to-day than it ever did. What would a man like Jonathan Edwards, to go no farther than the eighteenth century, think of all the sociological crusading with which Christianity seems at present to be completely identified? Where is the sense of sin, when everywhere people are soothed by gulps of frothy optimism? And yet the conception of sin is one of the underlying conceptions of the Christian religion.

So too with Confucianism. Traditional Confucianism no

longer represents the true spirit in which Confucius taught. And although the task of rediscovering the true spirit involves many difficulties, it must be performed if Confucianism is to find a large body of genuine devotees. Traditional Confucianism differs from the true spirit of Confucianism in one of two ways. It either takes the unessential aspects of Confucianism to be its essential aspects, or it loses the spirit of the original through generations of unenlightened and uncritical acceptance.

To take an extreme example of how an original idea may completely lose its force through insufficient mental equipment, for that is what an uncritical acceptance of ideas really amounts to: The Andaman Islanders, the Australian savages, and their cousins in Africa, are now having practically as much Christian teachings given to them as the most intelligent peoples of the world. They are, I suppose, being taught the doctrine of the Trinity, the idea of original sin, predestination, and all the fundamental aspects of the Christian faith. It is of course a great credit to the energy of the missionary: it speaks for his enterprising activities. But the question remains whether all this Christian material which he so carefully prepared will not be reduced by the new believers of the faith into the form of worship which their mental inadequacy has made them accustomed to. Eventually what has been taught as Christianity will turn into something both rich and strange. We shall find it transmuted into one form or another of animism, of totemism, and into other forms of primitive worship. This is as it inevitably must be.

Now exactly the same mental process is at work when the original teachings of a faith like Confucianism come to acquire a totally different significance from what it was really intended to be. Without being perfectly clear of the real import of the Confucian teaching, without the comprehension and appreciation of its total spirit, it was only natural that the people began unconsciously to give a new version to Confucianism. What is really central would be taken as the peripheral, what is peripheral as the central, and so there would be no end of confusion. And such was precisely the case.

One of the most fundamental conceptions of Confucian teach-

ing is the idea of *li*. It is recognized by Confucius himself as one of his five cardinal virtues. Like all the great moral virtues, it has always had a spiritual significance. But *li* has been frequently taken to mean no more than rules of etiquette. One well-known sinologist, with all the Confucian texts before him, could not find a better term for the word in English than "rules of propriety". This is an utter misconception, because rules of propriety, however elaborate and refined they may be, do not go beyond the sphere of rules, and rules are mechanical things, a series of external commands which do not under any circumstance carry the idea of moral value which the word as used in Confucianism implies.

The word, as I said, is an important one in Confucian ethics; and without going into its details, we would do well to find out what its real implications are. It is used frequently in more than one sense; and it is perfectly true that sometimes it is used to mean no more than a group of externalities for the regulation of society, of the relations between one man and another. It sometimes means an elaborate ritualism, to be observed punctiliously at certain ceremonies and festivities. These ceremonies and festivities have their own peculiar rites, as they must, to distinguish themselves from one another. Hence in the *Li Ki*, which has been translated as the *Book of Rites*, we have a very detailed discussion of what the different rites are, how they are to be performed on the different occasions which call for them. Similarly, in other treatises, the authorship of which is however more or less uncertain, we have a number of minute observations on the performance and execution of the elaborate series of mechanical rules.

Then again, the word *Li* has been taken to mean one's deportment, the way in which one should conduct oneself in the presence of others. Different occasions again require different forms of demeanor. Thus in one of the books of the *Confucian Analects*, a work which was compiled by the disciples of Confucius to record what the Master said and did, we have a most amusing picture of the daily life of Confucius. Whether the description is merely a faithful reproduction of Confucius's everyday performances, or whether it is meant also as a subtle

piece of caricature, is a question which perhaps would be difficult to settle. But, at any rate, we are told that Confucius would not eat if the meat that was served to him was not properly cut, was not cut in good geometrical figures! At another time, we are told that Confucius refused to be seated on a mattress if it was not properly laid out. And then the recorder went on to describe the different forms of walking which Confucius assumed in going to and from the Imperial court, and so on. All of which seems to produce the impression that Confucius suffered from an acute form of moral priggishness. That must be the impression which Mr. Bertrand Russell carried away with him, for he told us not long ago that Confucius was a moral prig!

Now this elaborate ritualism does not accord well with the spirit of Confucian teaching as a whole. In a very characteristic remark, Confucius said in a reply to a question on the importance of ceremony that the essential thing is the sincerity of feelings, and that ceremonies, after all, have little value. The true Confucian idea on this subject seems to be this: That one's actions are not the regulated products of the ceremonials but are the expressions of an inward spiritual state or condition. In other words, what Confucius means by the word *li* which is, as I have said, one of the cardinal virtues, is that we should examine into our inner life and try to harmonize its conflicting elements, each of which insists upon going its own way. We have in us an orgy of desires and instincts, a menagerie of wild animals which are engaged in perpetual conflict with one another. Now Confucius says that in order that we might live a worthy life, one in which are realized the highest ideals of humanity, the most important thing to do is to give no chance for the assertion of our ordinary self. For the assertion of our ordinary self means chaos and disorder. What is required is the harmonization and coördination of the conflicting forces so that, instead of being elements of destruction, they may be brought into such a relation as would best contribute to the realization of the higher ideals of life. Now that principle of organization, of harmonization, is to be found in the idea *li*. It is essentially an inner principle, and the order which prevails in society is its physical embodiment. When people are inwardly

at peace, there is no cause for disorder in society. Society is after all what the individuals make it to be, and when they have undergone the necessary spiritual discipline, their actions in society inevitably assume an orderly appearance. It is not society that needs regulation: it is the individual. And so the popular idea of *li* being no more than a series of rules for the regulation of men's conduct in society, fails absolutely to convey the original Confucian sense. Confucius is for from within outwards: the popular idea is for pure mechanism.

That is why Confucianism is essentially individualistic. It says that each person must be his own savior, and to save himself he must cultivate the inner life. The inner life is in continual process of cultivation: the individual must continue to realize in him the highest and noblest ideals of human life. The ultimate product is therefore the man of absolute moral perfection; and who is he? He is the equal of God! It is impossible therefore to deny the existence of the element of the divine which is in Confucianism. All the discussion about whether Confucianism is a religion or not is in a large measure, as it seems to me, futile and unprofitable. The important thing to bear in mind is that Confucianism is more than an ethical philosophy. It recognizes an Eternal Power which it admits to be on a higher level of existence than anything that we find in the human sphere, and the aim of our moral activity is to approach this Eternal Power. There is, to be sure, a peculiar method of approach in Confucianism which makes it different from a religion like Christianity. While Christianity first postulates a Divine Power and then encourages struggling and fallen humanity to attain it through the sense of dependence upon Its omnipotence and Its eternal and everlasting efficacy, Confucianism does not recognize such a dichotomy. It gives no place to the antinomy between the divine and the human, but it says that the divine is realized in so far as one realizes the human. The divine is in the human, not in the sense of its being physically present there, but in the sense that if we fulfil the true law of our being, we discover that then is the divine within us. In this lies the fundamental difference between Confucianism and Christianity. The history of Chris-

tianity is what it is because it believes God to be God, and man, man. Therefore it has need of intermediary agents of reconciliation if man fails to cultivate the religious life in him. And for the same reason, there has grown up a rich literature of casuistry which we do not discover in the entire history of Confucianism. There is in Confucianism absolute autonomy. It has great faith in the power of the individual to give to himself his spiritual salvation. In this world of intellectual and moral independence, I leave the reader to decide for himself which it is that gives him the greater satisfaction, which is the more acceptable of the two.

What I have given is an example of what can be done in the way of rediscovering the permanent truths of Confucian thought. Much that is going on in China under the guidance of a few thoughtful leaders has been of great value, and there can be no doubt that it will prove beneficial to China as well as to the world.

CHANG HSIN-HAI.

CONSTITUTIONAL CONCEPTIONS: A CONTRAST

BY WILLIAM D. RITER

MANY writers on constitutional law, some but not all of them possessing a profound insight into the science of government, have often endeavored to explain the fundamental ideas which entered into the formation of the Federal Constitution. Upon one theme, which has engaged the earnest attention of all, there has been substantial unanimity; and that is that the line which separates the Nation from the State is established in bold relief. The line of cleavage, it is admitted by all, is not defined with meticulous care, but is derived from a consideration of the basic powers entrusted to the Nation. It is agreed that whatever powers are not expressly or impliedly granted to the Nation are reserved to the States or to the people. No other conclusion is indeed permissible, this being the very language of one[1] of the first ten Amendments, all of which were proposed within a few weeks after the Government was founded. The absence of these Amendments from the original draft of the Constitution, all but two of them being in the nature of a Bill of Rights, for a time threatened its adoption, the opponents of ratification being won over by promises that at the earliest opportunity they would be formally proposed. This is forcibly shown by the introductory part of the resolution under which their submission to the States was made:

> The Conventions of a number of the States having at the time of their adopting the Constitution expressed a desire, in order to prevent misconstruction or abuse of its powers, that further declaratory and restrictive clauses should be added: And as extending the ground of public confidence in the Government will best insure the beneficent ends of its institution—Resolved . . . That the following articles be proposed to the legislatures of the several States, as Amendments to the Constitution of the United States.[2]

[1] The powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution, nor prohibited by it to the States, are reserved to the States respectively, or to the people.

[2] This resolution was passed by the first Congress, which convened at New York on March 4, 1789.

Many well known statesmen of an earlier generation, revered in their day for their broad vision, but whose admonitions have unhappily had little influence upon the present age, were accustomed to assert that the whole foundation on which these respective governmental powers rested was apt to crumble if this division between the Nation and the State was not to be sedulously maintained. They repeatedly asserted that it was essential to the perpetuity of our institutions that the separation of these powers, then supposed to be wisely balanced, should be scrupulously upheld. It was openly proclaimed that the Nation, possessing such powers as were then supposed to be conferred, was abundantly endowed to attain in the fullest measure the great and enduring ends of national existence. On the other hand the evil consequences that must result if the State's power of control over domestic matters was to be withdrawn, were recognized by all.

All of this of course presupposes that in adopting the Constitution the people had well settled convictions as to the proper line of demarcation between the Nation and the State. It moreover gives emphasis to the fact that they possessed an abiding faith in their ability effectively to function within the two fields of activities thus circumscribed and drawn. To assert that the powers accorded to the one or to the other must be separately preserved if the great object of our national well being is to be attained, is but an implied avowal of the capacity of the people to reach the maximum of efficiency within the two orbits of governmental activities. No one was then prepared to advocate the doctrine that the States must receive outside guidance and assistance in matters with which they alone were concerned. The utter helplessness of the Colonies under the Articles of Confederation to achieve national strength was, however, everywhere recognized. It was this very impotency which gave rise to an insistent demand that a Federal Convention be called. Its authority was in strictness limited to formulating amendments to the existing Articles of Confederation. When some of its far-visioned members, convinced of the absolute futility of such a course, began preparing not amendments but an entirely new Constitution, many an acrimonious debate took place. Open

charges of wanton usurpation of authority were not infrequently made. For a while grave fears were entertained that these fundamental differences could not be composed. But in the end hope triumphed over despair.

It is of course axiomatic that although supreme with respect to all matters committed to its charge, the Government of the United States possesses only those powers which are expressly or impliedly delegated. The States still enjoy all the powers of sovereignty which were not surrendered to the Nation. But their unwillingness to surrender to the Federal Government all of the attributes of sovereignty which they had strikingly exhibits the then prevalent notion that, within the sphere reserved to themselves, the States could more effectively promote the general welfare of all.

A comparison of the underlying conceptions prevailing at the time of the adoption of the Constitution with those of to-day presents in truth a remarkable contrast. That instrument still remains unaltered in its most essential features, but a radical change in the public mind has taken place with respect to the extent of the powers which the States and the Nation respectively enjoy. At the beginning the former looked with jealous concern on any attempt by Congress to deal with matters of local concern. To-day there is a wide-spread feeling that the States have outgrown their usefulness. And as a necessary corollary there is an alarming tendency to insist that the Constitution be interpreted in such a way as to impose no limits on Federal activities whatever.

It must not of course be overlooked that this change of sentiment is in great part possibly due to a fuller realization of how broad some of the Nation's powers really are. While it can with accuracy be said that the Constitution itself has not changed, the truth is that not even its founders had in mind how far-reaching some of its language was destined to become. Who, for example, would have been able to point out at the time it came into existence the extent of the power flowing from these simple words: "The Congress shall have power . . . to regulate commerce with foreign nations, and among the several States"? Their meaning has given rise to endless controversies

which have challenged the attention of the highest court of the land for over a hundred years. The process of interpretation, necessarily slow and laborious, has been attended, it is true, by numerous divisions among the members of the court, but always with profound reasoning and an exhibition of mutual self-respect and restraint that have done so much to inspire confidence. Upon these words alone depends the validity of a mass of Federal legislation which is being augmented every year. Comprehending as they do every species of commercial intercourse, it is now unquestioned that Congress possesses the power to regulate the railroads, the telegraphs, and the telephones; to prescribe their interstate rates; to control their intrastate rates to the extent of removing any discrimination against the former; to determine the measure of liability for injuries to their employes; to fix their hours of labor; to prescribe, at least within certain limits, their rates of pay; to govern navigation; to regulate the payment of seamen's wages; to establish harbor lines; to say what bridges shall be built across navigable streams; to prevent the transportation of improper film pictures; to punish any one for transporting a woman from one State to another for immoral purposes, even if not done for commercialized vice; and to suppress monopolies and restraints of trade.

Leaving to one side its authority to legislate with respect to the census, treason, national elections, national territory, and prohibition, all the powers vested in Congress by the Constitution over subjects of legislation are to be found in no more than eighteen cryptic sentences. When we stop to consider that two of these relate to taxes and to commerce, and that the remaining sixteen relate to borrowing money, to naturalization, copyrights, patents, bankruptcy, the coinage of money, counterfeiting, the fixing of weights and measures, the establishment of post offices, post roads and courts, offenses on the high seas, war, the army and the navy, the militia, the seat of government, and jurisdiction over forts, arsenals, etc., we begin to see how circumscribed the powers of Congress really are. And yet the official set of statutes embracing all laws, both public and private, enacted since the Government was founded, comprises over thirty-eight thousand quarto pages.

The very fact that these powers, however broad and important each one is, are so few in number, is proof enough that the people who adopted the Constitution had unbounded confidence in their ability to grapple with matters of purely State concern. With respect to matters of National concern, where all alike were more or less affected by discordant and antagonistic commercial legislation; with respect to the pitiful absence of any effective power to raise revenue under the Articles of Confederation, even to discharge the indebtedness incurred in the War of Independence; with respect to rules of commerce whereby one State was able to enforce its own policy, however injurious to the trade of another; and with respect to treaties with foreign nations who were accusing us of bad faith in carrying them out when the truth is we lacked the power to do so, there was indeed a growing conviction that complete demoralization was bound to ensue unless something was speedily done. It was apparent to all that weakness and discord must be supplanted by strength and unity.

But no State doubted its ability to manage its own affairs. Not only was that thought never entertained, but from the time the framers of the Constitution entered upon their task in May until their work was completed in September, the whole struggle was over the extent of the sovereignty which each State was willing to surrender. On more than one occasion the jealousy of the smaller States, fearful lest their control would pass into the hands of the larger, threatened the whole proceedings with failure. But not once did any member arise to assert that a Nation was needed to govern the people in the sturdy ways of local citizenship.

All this is now changed. A new generation, with new ideas, new aspirations, and new conceptions, has come into being. Any attempted interference by Congress with matters which once at least were regarded as essentially local now meets with but a listless or at best half-hearted resistance. With the people apparently resigned to the notion that their standards and ideals are incapable of realization unless imposed upon every other section, there is an increasing tendency to disregard all geographical barriers by resorting to powers that acknowledge no limit other than the Nation itself. This evolution of thought, remark-

able for its tendency to ignore all legal restraints, has no doubt been measurably accelerated by the slow but steady process of unfolding the tremendous possibilities that lie in the power committed to Congress of regulating commerce among the several States. However simple these words appear upon their face, their true scope and meaning have given rise to judicial controversies almost without number. Many of the ablest opinions of the Supreme Court, noteworthy for their fine display of reasoning but exhibiting in many instances a wide diversity of views, have been devoted to their consideration. The outstanding feature, however, in this process of constitutional interpretation, necessarily slow because the ever-changing conditions of civilization can not be anticipated and therefore must be dealt with only as they arise, is the conviction which has been irresistibly forced upon the people, not however without an occasional murmur of dissatisfaction, of the complete supremacy of the Nation over the State.

Whenever a conflict between the two has been presented, no matter what form the conflict may have taken, the State has invariably been forced to yield. At first blush it would seem that any possibility of conflict between two such sovereignties, each exercising legislative power in its own field, is extremely remote. But it must not be overlooked that there are numerous matters concerning which a State may legislate, even though the ultimate right of control lies with the Nation. This is upon the theory that so long as Congress permits certain of its powers to lie dormant, the State during this period of suspension may with perfect propriety impose its will and regulate its citizens. But the moment Congress sees fit to call into play its hitherto unexercised authority, the moment it determines to invade the field itself and establish a rule of conduct applicable to the Nation as a whole, then all conflicting State legislation must give way. There can of course be no divided authority. To say that two sovereignties may have equal jurisdiction over the same matter, each alike being enabled to impose its own will, is a contradiction in terms. The authority of the Nation when once exerted is paramount and all-embracing.

A striking illustration is to be found in the regulation of rail-

road rates. State governments may fix local freight charges and establish passenger fares, which, if not confiscatory, must be observed by the carriers and the public alike. But the moment Congress determines that these rates impose an undue burden on interstate commerce, it has the undoubted right to remove all obstacles and obstructions, whatever the degree of their interference may be, the States being thereafter impotent to interfere. This is not because Congress has jurisdiction over State rates as such; but possessing, as it does, plenary power over interstate commerce, it has the undoubted right to control State rates whenever their regulation is necessary to its full and effective control over commerce among the States. This doctrine is of course essentially sound. A few States, however, responding to the misguided efforts of their railroad regulatory boards, are now importuning Congress to withdraw its indirect power of control over intrastate rates. It is believed that this movement has its origin, not because of any general alarm over the prospect of an unwarrantable invasion of States' rights, but because these local boards, chagrined at the thought of their own powers being curtailed, are sedulously fostering the notion that any outside interference will work incalculable harm.

The Eighteenth Amendment, prohibiting the manufacture, sale or transportation of intoxicating liquors for beverage purposes, is the only part of the Federal Constitution upon which any doubt has arisen as to the supremacy of National over State legislation. There is to be found at no other place a provision similar to the one it contains, which gives both the Nation and the State *concurrent* jurisdiction to enforce its commands. This amendment affords the first and only instance where the people by express constitutional sanction have seen fit to have the State share with the Nation in the enactment of legislation concerning a matter over which the cloak of federal power has been extended. In a determined effort to banish liquor in all its forms, some States, moved to extremes by a blind but relentless fury, denounced its use for even proper medicinal purposes. Pressed forward by the new and restless spirit of the present age, which is eager enough to turn its back on the priceless store of learning accumulated only after centuries of slow and toilsome

effort, the lay legislator arrogantly substituted his judgment for that of the physician by denying the latter any voice in the matter at all. But Congress, with becoming moderation and self-restraint, has taken a different view, the use of liquor for medicinal purposes being expressly sanctioned, although of course under appropriate safeguards.

Here, then, is an express conflict in legislation between two sovereignties, each being empowered to enforce the commands of this Amendment. Sooner or later the controversy must find its way to the highest court in the land. If that tribunal is to be consistent with its past decisions, no one can doubt that it will again stoutly assert the absolute and undivided supremacy of the Nation over any matter committed to its charge, before whose will, as expressed in statutory form, conflicting State legislation must at once crumble.

The fact that year by year the States have seen their own laws and even their own Constitutions fall before antagonistic national legislation, has induced a wide-spread notion that the Nation's sphere of action is without any limit whatever. The old spirit of local pride, which more than once threatened the Constitutional Convention with disruption and which came perilously near preventing the ratification of the precious instrument which it prepared, has almost disappeared. The sturdy self-reliance of the people of that age; their resentment at any suggestion that they were incapable of conducting their domestic affairs; their sublime faith in their ability to minister to their own local needs; and their instinctive repulsion to the notion that the people of one section should contribute to the tax burdens of another, are now thought to be unworthy traits which should be spurned instead of followed. The States, it is true, are still thought capable of constructing sewers or running state fairs; but with the Nation already staggering under the weight of a tremendous war debt, a determined effort is being made to use federal funds for almost every conceivable purpose. There was indeed a time when the people looked with anxious concern upon any attempted entrance by the Nation into unaccustomed fields; when the prevailing sentiment seemed to turn with bitter scorn against any proposed federal measures unless plainly au-

thorized; when great debates, both in and out of Congress, took place over the line of demarcation between State and Federal power; when any suggested encroachment of one upon the other called forth the spirited opposition of statesmen who, born under the shadow of the Constitution and inspired by its principles, were able to explain its meaning.

Those days, unhappily for us, are of the past. On every hand we discern a growing inclination to disregard the true sphere of federal activity. The mighty stream of local self-reliance, whose current was once swift enough to overcome every suggestion of outside help or interference, is now but a stagnant pool. Following the policy of paying for things as they went along, and choosing to forego luxuries rather than submit to the crushing weight of enormous bond issues, the States were at one time under no compulsion to devise schemes for federal aid that they might escape the curse of their own folly. Their simple but unfaltering faith in their own wisdom to promote their own local welfare and happiness has been supplanted by the vapid notion that Congress alone possesses both the foresight and the means to reach this goal.

There is an insistent demand that the Nation invade all possible fields of legislative activity, without any serious thought being given to the boundaries beyond which it is powerless to go. Federal appropriations for maternity purposes are being made, federal laws to suppress lynching are being proposed, and federal measures to control education are being advocated, with only a handful of statesmen prepared to call attention to the radical departure from constitutional views which they all involve.[1] And even when the Supreme Court, upon the sole ground that Congress was attempting to legislate respecting a subject over which the States alone possess jurisdiction, put its stamp of disapproval upon an enactment designed, under the guise of a taxing statute, to regulate child labor, that tribunal met with malignant denunciation. All persons professing deep attachment to the

[1] During the debates in the House of Representatives on one of these measures, one of the members, with singular obtuseness, argued that the bill was constitutional under Art. 1, §8, cl. 1, of the Constitution, which empowers Congress to levy taxes, etc., to provide for the general welfare. Although this demonstrated a lamentable misconception of constitutional law, no other member attempted to expose its fallacy.

principles of the Constitution should have applauded its course.[1]

When, therefore, we stop to compare the constitutional conceptions of the present generation with those of a century and a quarter ago, we come to an affrighted realization of the fact that the Constitution, whose few paragraphs can be memorized with but trifling effort, is in greater need than ever of being expounded. Its precepts must be learned anew. Of all persons who should steadfastly resist any encroachments upon its integrity are the legislators assembled under its authority, all of whom by its own express terms are required to take a solemn oath to preserve and defend it. It is small wonder that the lawless mob, when called before the bar of justice, cynically invokes its provisions as a shield of protection, when visionary reformers are bent upon interpreting the instrument as giving unbridled license to go to any extreme, however laudable some of the ends may be.

[1] It must not be understood that I express any disapproval of this law from the standpoint of desirability. I am dealing with its constitutional aspect, and that only.

WILLIAM D. RITER.

A PAPER ON FREE VERSE

BY ROBERT BRIDGES, POET LAUREATE

WHEN I was invited last term to discuss some poetical subject before a literary society in my old college in Oxford, it seemed to me that the question of Free Verse would suit the occasion; and having well considered the matter for that select audience, I am now summarizing my discourse as lucidly as I can for a wider public.

First of all it is expedient to get rid of the word Poetry. I shall not discuss the difference between poetry and prose,[1] but merely the distinctive forms of verse and prose. The term Free Verse implies that it is with form that we have to deal, and not with content; and my procedure will be to try to discover the meaning of the term Free Verse, and then to show some of the results that must follow from writing in the new or free manner so described or imagined.

Though I wish to confine myself to English Free Verse, one cannot treat the subject at all without reference to French *vers libre;* because in France the revolt against the traditional form is in its threats and promises very similar to our own, and the theory of it has been more intelligently handled and analyzed there than by English critics, the best of whom borrow their reasonings, so far as I can find, from the French. I do not see that we have in England any definite or logical notion of Free Verse distinct from the French, nor that, as far as theory goes, there can really be any difference.

The impulse of the movement is admitted to be a widespread conviction that the old metrical forms and prosodies are exhausted. Thus Mr. Flint, who is well acquainted with the

[1] Argument with those terms sometimes takes the following form:

"Verse is poetical rhythm;
All imaginative prose is poetical;
It is also rhythmical;
Therefore, all imaginative prose is verse=free verse. Q. E. D."

French movement and has long been keeping us in touch with contemporary French verse, writes in his *Other World Cadences* one sentence of his creed,—

> That Rhyme and Metre are artificial and external additions to Poetry, and that as the various changes that can be rung upon them were worked out, they grew more and more insipid until they have become contemptible and encumbering.

One could not subscribe to this formula without recasting it, but its exaggerations represent, as I take it, merely an emotional quality in the writer's true conviction.

The word free in free verse means escape from something, and that something is the old metrical forms and prosodies. And now having cautiously taken this first step on to solid ground, we shall naturally ask whether, having discarded the old forms, we are to have any new forms, or whether "freedom" is merely absence of all form. And since formlessness can have no place in Art, and since any discussion on the nature of free verse implies some form in it, however critics may have failed to define it, we may assume that, besides the negative quality of lacking all the distinctions of metrical verse, there must be some positive quality imagined for it by which it will be distinguishable from prose.

And besides the determination to escape from metre, there is also another point on which all free versifiers agree, namely that free verse must be rhythmical (conveniently used for eurhythmic), nor does anyone doubt what is meant by rhythm. Rhythm is in fact difficult to define, but it is easily felt, though the faculty for feeling it varies immensely. Here it is enough to say that it is more than mere movement; it is rather a coördination of movements that appeals to the feelings or emotions; and if prose were not rhythmical we should here have the differentiation of verse from prose. But good prose is also rhythmical, so that our question about rhythm must take this form, namely, whether there is any difference between the rhythms of verse and prose, and if so, what that difference is.

Now it would seem clear that the main formal difference between the rhythms of prose and metrical verse was due to the prosody; and since that, being discarded, can no longer serve for

a distinction, it will follow that, if there is to be any distinction between the rhythms of prose and free verse, it must be a more subtle affair.

The main effectual difference between the rhythms of the old metrical verse and of fine prose is, that in the verse you have a greater expectancy of the rhythm; and that comes of the rhythms being more marked and predetermined and confined; and the poet's art was to vary the expected rhythm as much as he could without disagreeably balking the expectation. This expectancy appears in the critical attitude of the hearer towards the more irregular verses of a poem. In prose this sort or grade of expectancy was absent and even forbidden, and however much the orator's art led you to welcome the sequence of his phrases, and however satisfied you might be when they disclosed themselves, yet they did not seem predetermined.[1] Thus if a sentence in an old text were deleted you could not supply the lost rhythms in a prose passage so confidently as you might in a poem, where the metre prescribed certain necessities.

It follows from this that what is verse to some hearers is prose to others; and since there is no short speech-rhythm in prose which might not be used as a metrical rhythm or a part of some metrical system, the only difference would seem to be that in prose the rhythms were not evident or repeated; if repeated you would come to expect them.

Now if we should take on the one hand some fine passage of English prose, and on the other some fine passage of our old metrical verse, and regard them as typical extremes, it is plain that between their markedly different rhythmical effects—one of which we recognize as prose and the other as verse—a wide field lies in which it is possible to construct something that would be neither the one nor the other. And free verse will be an expatiation of some kind in this field; and it may be claimed, as I think it is imagined, that such an intermediate form may combine some of the advantages of both systems: it might possess in some measure the freedom of prose and the expectancy of the old verse: but we should be prepared to find

[1] Dr. Blass on the Greek orators, with Aristotle and Dionysius, supplies illustration of the Greek practice of hybrid forms.

that in discarding the distinctions which perfected the old types, it lost their most forcible characteristics.

A French writer, to whom I shall return, argues thus: The old poetic verse, he says, marches along by virtue of its common-speech units, the rhythm of which is chosen to enforce or vary the metrical lines. And he contends with Mr. Flint that the beauty of the rhythms lies wholly in the speech-rhythms: they are the essence of the thing, and we do not need the metrical units, which may be regarded, almost historically, as a scaffolding for the building that has been erected, and having now served their purpose, they may be removed and permit the rhythmic building to stand clear.

This is intelligible enough: I wrote myself (in *Milton's Prosody*),—

> It might be possible, as it is certainly conceivable, to base the whole art of versification on speech-rhythm, and differentiate the prosodies secondarily by their various qualities of effect upon the speech. But no one has ever attempted that.

And now, quoting myself, I see that I had no right to say that the attempt had never been made, for of course I cannot know, though I am convinced that the task lies beyond our power. But it is plain that the establishment of speech-rhythm as the rule of free verse would, if it should arrive at any rules, be a first step towards such a fundamental analysis, and we shall now have to examine that step as the theorists have made it.

The French critic, M. Dujardin, whom I have quoted above, (*Les Premiers Poètes du Vers Libre*, in the *Mercure de France*,) has a full knowledge of the subject: he writes with authority and it seems to me with common sense, great ability and sound logic: I shall take his analysis as a basis. (*a*) He assumes that one can recognize good prose when one sees it,[1] and that it is possible to write a prose poem, i.e., to write "poetry" in prose. But that is not free verse. (*b*) He is also in my opinion quite right when he further asserts that the "verses" of the Bible have

[1] The fact that it would be equally true to say that it is impossible to draw the line between prose and verse (as appears throughout this discussion) does not invalidate M. Dujardin's assumption. No line can be drawn between the animal and vegetable kingdoms, but we do not for that reason deny the typical distinction between a lion and an oak tree.

given rise to a unique impression which, having been consciously and unconsciously copied, has created a distinct recognizable form. And this is a hybrid: it is not free verse. (*c*) He recognizes the habit of introducing irregularity into the old metrical forms, i.e., writing the old metres so that they do not scan. This, which is common in France, is the commonest kind of incompetent technique in English poets of whatever style at the present time. This again is not free verse. (Under this head would fall the *vers libéré* of modern French, the *prose cadencée ou vers libres* of Molière [*Malade Imaginaire*], and, I suppose, the blank verse passages of Dickens's prose.) (*d*) And to these three I must add a fourth, a form of verse which perhaps is not yet recognized in French though it is common with us, viz., Irregular accentual verse. This is not free verse in the proper sense of that term, because it really conforms, or should conform, to definite metrical laws, which allow indeed any irregularity of length in the line but somewhat confine the rhythms to very various but still definite forms.

M. Dujardin then describes what the elements of the new verse, i.e., rhythm without metre, must logically be. Since the elements of the new verse can no longer be the syllabic feet of the metrical system, they must (he says) be the rhythmic sense-units which are in revolt against them: and so (*a*) A line of free verse is a grammatical unit or unity, made of accentual verbal units combining to a rhythmical import, complete in itself and sufficient in itself; (*b*) the line may be various in length, and of any length, only not too long; (*c*) the line is absolutely indifferent to syllabic numeration or construction apart from its own propriety of sense and pleasant movement; (*d*) and being free from all metrical obligations, such as cæsura, hiatus, etc., these and all other artifices proper to metrical prosodies are forbidden to it.

The above statement does not seem to me to be open to objection: it is a competent description of the trend of experiments, justifying their successes and discriminating their inconsistencies and errors. We may provisionally accept it with confidence: but M. Dujardin leaves us after all with no other distinction made between prose and free verse but this, namely

that free verse is made up of short sections or lines which are in themselves accentual and grammatical unities: and it is in this description, which does not fit prose, that we must look to find the distinctive positive quality of free verse.

The independent formal existence of prose is not denied on any hand. Mr. Flint, with whose opinions I hold much in common, and who appears here to be at one with M. Dujardin, distinguishes "prose" from "cadenced prose", and seems to imply that all "cadenced prose" is free verse. Thus he says "Cadence should not be printed as prose", and, as I read him, he notes this undefined term "cadenced" to be the distinction between prose and verse. That, or any other term, would be useful and serve for a name if it were so defined as to distinguish the prose rhythms which without damage can be represented in short sections, from those which cannot: and I should no doubt agree with Mr. Flint. He has not, however, made this distinction clear, and it is the very point at issue, the positive definition which we are seeking. And if distinction exists it should be easy to demonstrate it by quoting a specimen of good prose and exposing the characteristics; any passage of fine prose should serve. I take one from Bacon:

> As if there were sought in knowledge a couch whereupon to rest a searching and restless spirit; or a terrace for a wandering and variable mind to walk up and down with a fair prospect; or a tower of state for a proud mind to raise itself upon; or a fort or commanding ground for strife and contention; or a shop for profit or sale; and not a rich storehouse for the glory of the Creator and the relief of man's Estate.

Or again this:

> We see in Needleworks and Embroideries, it is more pleasant to have a lively work upon a sad and solemn ground, than to have a dark and melancholy work upon a lightsome ground. Judge therefore of the pleasure of the Heart, by the pleasure of the Eye.

I assert of these passages that they cannot be printed in short sections as free verse without damage and absurdity. Let the reader try his hand on them.

And certainly much well-written free verse, in which the lines are of varying length and rhythm, is not good prose. However irregular the lines be, they are conscious of their

length: they pose with a sort of independence and self-sufficiency: and where the verse is most successful its cadences provoke too much of the expectancy of verse to appear so wholly free from restraint as the best prose can: and it is right enough to call it verse rather than prose. And if it is quite satisfactory—as in short poems it very well may be—it is so by virtue of the poet's sensibility to rhythmical form, and by his mastery of it; and he will so combine his rhythms that they do create expectancy as they proceed: indeed I do not doubt that a free verse poet would regard the pleasure which accompanies this satisfied expectancy, as a note of his success.

Now in so far as this free verse (or cadenced prose) actually creates this expectancy, its rhythms can no doubt be analyzed and reduced to rule. What generally satisfies the ear does so by some principle or law; and the simplest, the commonest and most pervading conditions will soon be recognized; and they would be the simplest elements of any possible reduction of all verse rhythms to one system. The writer of free verse cannot escape from this: indeed his rejection of metre is based on the recognition of rhythms: he claims for them that they are the fundamental, overruling things. He has cast off his visible chains but has not escaped into liberty. If he is a law unto himself, he is so only by unconscious obligation to a wider law to which he has appealed. But then comes the unavoidable consideration, of what nature are these effects which he is aiming at, and on which he relies? That he can rely on them implies that they are what other ears are prepared to accept, and such effects can only be the primary movements of rhythm upon which all verse has always depended, and which, on his own assumption, poets have elaborated into the perfected metrical forms which he repudiates.

If ever he become conscious of this, then the purity of his art must appear to him as a sort of protestantism, hampered by negative prescriptions and tabulated prejudices: he will be constantly engaged in deliberately avoiding reminiscences and in disguising essential similarities. And a great deal of "free verse" has been easily analyzed into the disguise of old forms.

It is open to the advocate of free verse to object to all this.

He may repudiate expectancy and say that it is one of the things that he wishes to be rid of, and that it will not be present in free verse. On my own showing it would be a subtle and hidden quality, but none the less I doubt not of its cause or effect, and I believe that it is the force which will hold his free verse together and distinguish it from prose, and I think that free verse is good and theoretically defensible only in so far as it can create expectancy without the old metrical devices. If it fails to effect this, it seems to me but a broken jerky sort of bad prose: and the old fluent prose needs not me nor anyone else to defend it from those who would cut it to pieces and call its fragments verse.

But whether or no a free versifier repudiate expectancy, he must renounce certain other advantages of the metrical system, the value of which is so great that it is difficult to believe that they can have been duly appreciated by the men who would cast them contemptuously away.

I will describe as briefly as I can a few of the adverse conditions which must result from rejecting the metrical systems, and for sake of clearness will name four of them thus:

(1) Loss of carrying power.
(2) Self-consciousness.
(3) Sameness of line structure.
(4) Indetermination of subsidiary "accent".

First, loss of carrying power. Almost all the power that great poets like Homer and Dante have of poetizing whatever they may handle is due to their fixed prosodies. If this should be doubted, suppose the experiment of rewriting their poems so that they did not scan. It would of course be mere destruction, and observe, destruction not only of the great immortal lines where the magical concurrence of high diction with metrical form stands out in a clear configuration of beauty that makes them unforgettable and has enshrined them among the treasures of every cultured mind, but the mortar also between the stones, which is now hardly distinguishable from them, would perish and rot away, and would no longer serve to hold the fabric together. A single example will be sufficient: Dante, who was careful to open his cantos effectively, does not scruple to begin the third canto of the *Purgatory* with a piece of narrative busi-

ness that Cary, who had no metric skill, represents in his translation by this flat and awkward line:

Them sudden flight had scatter'd o'er the plain,

but the Italian is

Avvegnaché la subitana fuga
Dispergesse color per la campagna:

and one might almost say that the *Commedia* does not contain lines of greater dignity. The diction, rhythm and sonority are carried by the versification without a trace of pomposity or affectation; and deprived of that resource, free verse must be full of disconsolate patches, for it has no corresponding machinery to carry the subordinate matter.

Second, self-consciousness. It seems very clear to me that free verse as defined cannot be written without the appearance of self-consciousness. The conditions are these: Each line or phrase has (*ex hypothesi*) to show convincing propriety of diction and rhythm, together with other proprieties of relative length, sonority and poetic value. Now this is frankly impossible; what may conceivably be done in Gaelic, Hindustani or the languages of the Pacific Islanders, I do not know; but English was not made for it and cannot do it. The writer of free verse confronted by a thousand obstacles will, in a poem of any length, whenever his matter lacks poetic content, be at his wit's end to devise something passable; and his readers or hearers, if they be intelligent, will observe him with amusement, and he himself, being presumably intelligent, will be uncomfortably aware of the situation; for while pretending honest æsthetic rightness he will know that he is only providing ingenious makeshifts which he would have been glad to avoid.

The happy and not too rare gift of believing that whatever you choose to say must be worth saying, can indeed save a man from self-consciousness, and set his work beneath criticism.

Now this situation is created by free verse; the old metrical system was designed to obviate it, for therein the poet did not choose his form to suit every special turn and item of his matter, but adapted his matter to the exigencies of a prescribed form; and in doing this he found a further reward, because the changes

of his matter provoked and justified all the varieties of rhythm that his metre allowed, so that their desirable irregularities came spontaneously, and his metrical form, harmonizing whatever he had to deal with, offered him endless opportunities for unexpected beauties. The metre was like a rich state uniform, robed in which any man will feel equally at ease whether walking in the gaze of a vulgar crowd, or sustaining the delicate dignity of a court ceremony.

Third, sameness of grammatical line. The identification of the line unit with the grammatical unit must limit the varieties of line-structure. This feature of the free verse is not unlike the common sense attempt of many modern song writers to identify their musical phrase with the speech rhythm of the words. I have made no examination of the practice of writers in this respect, and shall only be theorizing in the following remarks.

The grammatical forms of sentences in English are few, and must repeat themselves again and again; and each form has its proper and natural inflection of voice which, however overlaid, will impose its typical intonation on the sentence. Now if the grammatical forms are made coincident with the lines of the verse, they must impose the recurrence of their similar intonations upon the lines.

It would be easy to quote some passage of free verse which exhibited this kind of monotony, but it would be unfair because it could be matched by similar examples from metrical poems. Indeed the best metrical poetry respects the grammar so strictly that much of it complies fully with M. Dujardin's rule, and might be quoted as typical free verse, were it not for the negative rule that forbids its metre. Moreover monotony of this kind is often agreeable in itself, and sought for its special effect. None the less, one of the difficulties in writing good verse of any kind is to escape from the tyranny of these recurrent speech-forms, and the restriction imposed by the rules of free verse must make that difficulty immeasurably greater.

Since the aim and boast of free verse is that it will attain spontaneity and variety, I wonder at myself finding it in danger of self-consciousness and monotony of form.

Fourth, indetermination of subsidiary accent. Metrical verse

has the power of determining and relating the subordinate or ambiguous accentuations in a rhythmical phrase; and the essential value of this resource seems to have been disregarded by the advocates of free verse.

A poem in metre has a predetermined organic normal scheme for its lines, and whatever their varieties of rhythm no line can be constructed without reference to its form: hence the same syllabic rhythms acquire different values according to their place in the line. The indefinable delicacy of this power over the hidden possibilities of speech is what most invites and rewards the artist in his technique, as the ignorance, neglect or abuse of it makes the chief badness of bad work. Its subtleties mock illustration, but demonstration can be simple and even commonplace. The second book of *Paradise Lost* opens thus:

> High on a Throne of royal state, which far
> Outshone the wealth of Ormus and of Ind.

These are two lines of blank verse, but they can be written as two lines of free verse thus:

> High on a Throne of royal state,
> Which far outshone the wealth of Ormus and of Ind.

Now in writing and reading them thus, the value of the word *far* is lost: it is seen that the word cannot in itself determine for itself any special value; in the free verse it is flat and dull, and one does not know what to do with it, for if it be unaccented it is useless, and if accented it is foolish. Indeed, no accentuation can restore to it what it has lost.

This one example is enough to show what is intended in this section, but another will lead further, and the passage which I quoted from my *Milton's Prosody*, to exhibit how he broke up his lines, will serve well: in *Paradise Lost*, III, 37 *seq.*:

> Then feed on thoughts, that voluntarie move
> Harmonious numbers; as the wakeful Bird
> Sings darkling, and in shadiest Covert hid
> Tunes her nocturnal Note. Thus with the Year
> Seasons return, but not to me returns
> Day, or the sweet approach of Ev'n or Morn.

These lines are greatly admired; a critic would hardly accuse them of prosaic or dull diction. But now set them out as free verse:

> Then feed on Thoughts,
> That voluntarie move harmonious numbers;
> As the wakeful Bird sings darkling,
> And in shadiest Covert hid
> tunes her nocturnal note.
> Thus with the Year seasons return,
> But not to me returns Day,
> Or the sweet approach of Ev'n or Morn.

The very diction of the verses has suffered terribly. I doubt if I should have seen any merit in them had I read them thus in the free verse of a contemporary poet. If this be so it follows that diction in free verse will needs be far more exacting than the diction of metrical verse. It must be more beautiful in itself, because it has relinquished the technique of one of the main sources of its beauty.

A free versifier may welcome this situation, and say that his poetry will be the better for excluding phrases that are in themselves so little beautiful that they must borrow adventitious beauty from mechanical devices. Well and good—if he can justify himself: but language is refractory, and all technique in Art consists in devices for the mastering of obstinate material. If free verse must of its nature be more beautiful than metrical verse, let us rejoice and wait patiently. It is a case of *solvitur ambulando*, perhaps one should say *volando* or *volitando*.

I have myself made so many experiments that I cannot be suspected of wishing to discourage others. No art can flourish that is not alive and growing, and it can only grow by invention of new methods or by discovery of new material. In the art of English verse my own work has led me to think that there is a wide field for exploration in the metrical prosody, and that in carrying on Milton's inventions in the syllabic verse there is better hope of successful progress than in the technique of free verse as I understand it.

ROBERT BRIDGES.

EVERYCHILD

BY FREDERICK PETERSON

Out of the peace and sleep of Nowhere
Everychild comes,
Pushed by the Unknowable Will
Into this perplexing world,
Forever changing
With the procession of things in Time.
Not of his own will he comes,
But decreed to be the blithe carrier
Of human dreams and aspirations.
Latent in him lies promise
Of good for his generation,
Of gifts to posterity.

He and his million brothers
Create our country,
Weave the destiny of the nation.
They are our flag.
Shall we neglect this august possession,
This Supreme Property,
Remembering only mines, forests, railways,
Crops, livestock and ships?

What do we do for Everychild?
What should we do for Everychild?

The exact food, the careful shelter,
The fresh air sunshine and wide spaces
Of sky and meadow
For frolic play and happiness,
Given without stint to the young lambs
And the young colts and the young cattle —
    Let us give Everychild these!

Into his perfected body pour
The wine and ambrosia
Of goodness and truth
And love and wisdom,

To fit him for the new world
That is to be,
For the new brotherhood of man
And the new work among new nations.
For Everychild
Let bloom the flower of opportunity!

It is not alone war,
That blood-stained Devourer,
That ravishes the garden of youth
Of joy and genius and glory;
But the unseen, insidious,
Slow despoilers of every day,
At work in the tenements,
In the mines and factories,
In the foundling hospitals,
Above all among the underfed millions
That we in our complacency
Think safe from danger in the schools.

Everychild looks at us inquiringly
From the streets,
From the many windows,
From orphan and foundling asylums,
From the factories,
From the squalid homes
And from the homeless places.
From the windows of the schools
He looks at us inquiringly,
He, the Future of the Race.

He looks at us and through us,
And far away
Into the distant future,
And sometimes in his eyes
There is hope and cheer,
And sometimes suffering and sorrow,
And sometimes reproach,
And sometimes despair.

We had best stop and look at Everychild.
He is not alone for his mother,
Not alone for his father,
But belongs to every one of us;
He is the deepest concern of us all.

What shall be done for Everychild?

SONG OF THE BIRTH

BY CONSTANCE LINDSAY SKINNER

K'antsamiq 'ala[1] Soē gives life.
He is the life, so comes birth.
He is the spirit, so comes being,
He is His Name— the "All-Encompassing,
Supreme Highest Praised One."
With His finger makes He the little picture on the earth;
With His breath He blesses it, smiles, and is content —
So comes a man!
Yea, a great man, mighty, kind and swift,
Is but a little picture of the Highest One
That grows from a babe: (it grows because it is of life).
So He grows also, in the making and blessing of men —
Because He is the life, never ending, never quiet,
Because He is the Strong One, the Pure Maker, never ceasing from good.
How great a thing therefore is this little birth!
Men and women of the Tribe, I am His priest and charge you:
Now comes this picture from His Hand, sacred and mystical,
See ye mar not His little picture, blest with His breath.
This is your service of thanks to Him for making you
With the life that grows.
Ask ye, wherefore the growing?
It is to reach to His height in tallness, to widen to His forehead in wisdom,
To beat with the untired strength of His great heart in loving.
So encompass ye your Tribe with smiling goodness and service;
As this mother is about her babe,
As this man about this mother,
As the waters round this land, and the stars about these waters,
As K'antsamiq 'ala Soē is about His world.

[1] *K'antsamiq 'ala Soē*=Supreme Highest Praised One; Kwakiutl Tribe, British Columbia Coast.

FOG SHIP

BY JEANNETTE MARKS

I

Out of fog I made a ship,
A white ship, a fog ship!
I felled a dark tree on the steep,
I sent it crashing to the deep,
And now:—
A tall mast lies across her prow!

II

And for a sheet I took a fin
A giant flying fish could spin,
Silver, shining, tough and thin.
And for a lantern hung a star,
That did not light so very far
In the pale mist about my spar.

III

And for a bell I took a cry.
Above my head it swung awry,
Gave now a creak, not tolled a sigh,
As if it did not want to die.
Somehow:—
I saw her rise, I saw her dip,
A gray, green wave rolled back its lip,
Sucked down that pallid white smoke ship;
And heard a windy whine, a moan, a cry,
And saw a wraith of fog go by!

WALTER DE LA MARE

BY ALICE LOTHIAN

THE first decade of this century was a dry season in English poetry. The full flood of Victorian verse had subsided, and the feeble trickle that survived was deflected into artificial fountains that tossed again and again in a fixed and limited arc the same few bucketfuls of water. But here and there fresh waters were springing, as inaccessible to the general reader, and as hard to trace, as the secret springs of great rivers. By 1910 Walter de la Mare had published five volumes, in prose and verse, yet few came to the well. Then followed the age of the anthologist, in which we now are. By the labors of poetry-lovers the work of contemporary poets in England and America is sought out and made known to an ever-widening circle of readers. Now recognition and maturity have come to Mr. de la Mare hand-in-hand, and readers refreshed in the first instance by the rationed sips of the anthologists, have found their way to the fountainhead.

Of one thing we may be certain: The reader who dips and sips like a water wagtail skimming over a stream will never learn the poet's secret. His will be the partial view, the ready phrase. But a living literature, like a living religion, exists that we may have life and have it more abundantly; and we cannot possess ourselves of anything worth having unless we are prepared to "launch out into the deep and let down our nets for a draught". Such work as Mr. de la Mare's was not brought to birth that it might provide a peg for a witty saying at our next literary party, nor even for articles whereby the critic may in the sweat of his brow eat bread. "Certainly that was not my mother's way" with books, comments Miss M. in *The Memoirs of a Midget*. And Henry Brocken, too, knew what authors were about when "they labored from dawn to midnight, from laborious midnight to dawn". His story, it is true, was told before Mr. Hugh Walpole had set the fashion of four hours' work a day—preferably before lunch, but on no account before breakfast.

The people of the books are not dead. So Henry Brocken believed when he set out on his journey that blue March morning, a journey without map or sign-post save the conviction that "somewhere, in immortality serene, dwelt they whom so many had spent life in dreaming of, and writing about". As for band and banner to cheer on his solitary enterprise, what more did he need than the same poem of *Tom o'Bedlam* as was to inspire the Midget years later, to answer *her* summons to life's tourney:

> With a heart of furious fancies,
> Whereof I am commander:
> With a burning spear,
> And a horse of air,
> To the wilderness I wander.
>
> With a knight of ghosts and shadows,
> I summoned am to tourney:
> Ten leagues beyond
> The wide world's end;
> Methinks it is no journey.

Henry Brocken's journey begins placidly enough—almost, indeed, unawares. He sets off as usual for his morning ride on the old mare Rosinante. But soon we see how reading, as well as writing, may be a creative, life-giving activity. For first he meets Lucy Grey wandering in the wild; then he spends a night with Jane Eyre and Mr. Rochester, in their lonely house whose air is afloat with listeners. Thence he finds his way to the Garden of the Hesperides, where he lingers for a while with Herrick's lovely ladies. Journeying on, he turns a deaf ear to the song of the Lorelei, and flees from Prince Ennui and the Sleeping Beauty's enchanted courts. Then danger comes. Gulliver's Houyhnhnms charge down upon him, and only the Yahoo's loyalty saves him from destruction. He travels on to the Inn at the World's End, where Christian's neighbors still gossip and quarrel. Leaving them behind, he comes to the shore where Annabel Lee builds sandcastles that can never be finished, unless the sea will stand still for only one day. Leaving her, and Rosinante, he rows into the night, and looks into the face of Criseyde in the Isle of Shades; and thence he journeys, on and on.

Some whom he meets would tempt him "with shelter and quiet

to give you rest, young man, and apples for thirst withal"; and some would daunt him with doubt and despair. Jane Eyre, at the very outset, would have deterred him, not from the dangers, but from the restlessness of such a journey. "I have never wandered beyond the woods," she owns, "lest I should penetrate too far." But Henry Brocken will not be held back, for "so long as Chance does not guide me back, I care not how far forward I go". And whither? There is no fixed goal, only an endless seeking inspired by the faith that "somewhere yet, Imogen's mountains lift their chill summits into heaven; over haunted sea-sands Ariel flits; at his webbed casement next the stars Faust covets youth, till the last trump ring him out of dream."

It is no restless human itch to be elsewhere that leads the trio of *The Three Mulla Mulgars* on "through forest and river, forest, swamp and river". Little Nod and lean Thimble and fat old Thumb are comfort-loving animals, urged on by simple loyalty to their father's behest. They journey through strange scenes, described with a poet's sure grasp of the salient features of a landscape. They encounter strange and awesome creatures, the lure of magic and the menace of the unknown. They meet hardship and danger and success, with pluck and loyalty and silly vanity, just like men. But although Nod becomes deeply attached to kindly, lonesome Andy Battle, the only human being in this strange and lovely tale, flesh-eating humanity is alien and evil in Mulgar eyes. Nod, like the younger son of folk-lore, is beloved of the gods, and has the power in extremity of need to summon magic by rubbing the Wonder-stone, a pebble that tingles in his hand "like courage that steals into the mind when all else is vain". And when at last, weary and travel-worn, the Mulgars drift in their rough and narrow rafts out of the dark cavern into the sunlit valley, "the long-sought, lovely Valleys of Tishnar", Nod is overcome by a sudden weariness and loneliness and sadness, and fear of the journey that has no end; for even the Promised Land, it would seem, is but a lodging for a night.

So it ever is in Mr. de la Mare's prose, and in his verse an undertone murmurs "whither?" Although no man knows to what end, nor in what unseen company we journey, the poet sees life as a voyage of discovery, calling at every turn of the tide for the

pioneer virtues of courage and loyalty, keen eyes to perceive facts and an honest heart to face them. That reader courts disaster who cuts himself adrift from the sheet-anchor of the normal in his haste to pursue Mr. de la Mare into his faëry-land forlorn, far from "earth's leaden track of day-by-day". For this poet of the moon-lit, shadow-haunted spaces beyond the veil never exalts the world of vision at the expense of the world of actuality. He never says, as many mystics say of the earth, that "we and all things are her dreams". If he is abnormally sensitive to impressions from a world that is "closer than breathing, nearer than hands and feet", yet is unperceived in the bustle of everyday, he is at the same time keenly perceptive of the least of the things of time and space. He is haunted by the transience of all that men love and labor for, but, seeing life as a journey that even death does not end, he is delivered from the fret and hustle that bedevil our best-laid schemes. For life is not a commerical traveler's fevered round from telephone to taxi, from taxi to train, but a journey through eternity in which our reckoning of time is "but as yesterday, and as a watch in the night".

The poetry of *The Veil* and *The Listeners* is often sad, but never restless nor irritable; and the fantasies of *Peacock Pie* did not spring from a sombre mind, nor is the whimsical historian of *The Three Mulla Mulgars* either pessimistic or cynical.

Although Mr. de la Mare passes freely from poetry to prose, the content of his work is singularly homogeneous. His prose fills in the background of his verse; and, except for the habit of inversion which throws the emphasis of a sentence forward or retards it, in the Latin manner, his verse at its most magical is singularly free from poeticisms. No prose tale, for example, could open more straightforwardly than the poem that gives its title to *The Listeners*. "'Is there anybody there?' said the traveler, knocking on the moon-lit door. . . ." Such, written continuously as in prose, is the simple and direct approach to a theme that is enveloped in that sense of nearness to the unseen that is Mr. de la Mare's peculiar contribution to contemporary verse. He has written few narrative poems, and the longest of these, *The Three Queer Tales* in *Peacock Pie*, together barely fill a dozen pages. His poetry is almost exclusively lyrical, suggesting its own music, and

reflecting the mood of a moment. In common with most of his contemporaries, he never subjects his verse to the strain of spinning out, developing and fixing the original inspiration which, as Shelley himself noted, is involved in the composition of a long poem. When Mr. de la Mare has occasion to develop a theme, he has recourse to "that other harmony of prose"; and from reading *The Return* or *The Memoirs of a Midget* or the exquisite tale called *The Creatures* we turn again with quickened understanding to his verse.

The theme of *The Return*, introduced in so quiet and natural a manner, is one that few writers could handle without affront to our normal instincts. Arthur Lawford, languid and moody after influenza, falls asleep on a bench in an old country churchyard, beside the grave of one Nicholas Sabatier, a French adventurer who, as the inscription tells, fell by his own hand nearly two centuries ago. In a few moments the incredible thing happens, and is conveyed to the reader, not crudely by way of statement, but by delicate, unemphatic touches that reflect Lawford's changing moods as in a mirror. We are not told in so many words that the Frenchman's spirit, seizing its opportunity, has entered into the sleeper. The immediate effect of this "possession" is to change Lawford's physical aspect. His mentality is not yet affected, except that depression has given way to a vague elation, which he attributes to convalescence. He suspects nothing until in his bedroom at home he is confronted by the strange changed face in the glass. Not until later has he to face and outface "the demands of that other feebly struggling personality which was beginning to insinuate itself into his consciousness, which had so miraculously broken in and taken possession of his body". He retains his personal identity, that indefinable something which compels his wife and friends to acknowledge him in spite of his changed appearance, but he finds that he has slipped through the palisade wrought of circumstance, ambition, duty, with which prudent men fence in their little lives. Cut off in an instant from the crowd from which he had always drawn his sanctions, he discovers—just as Nathaniel Hawthorne imagined his Mr. Wakefield to discover—that by stepping aside for a moment from his place in the world he has lost it for ever. And the story tells how

painfully, yet with what dogged courage, he won back the right to be himself. For *The Return* is a story of action, dramatic in its intensity; it is not a series of impressions of disordered mental states, such as the aftermath of war has forced on the attention of the least curious among us. It tells of swift upheaval and slow adjustment, of conflict between personalities—between Lawford and his wife and her "discreet shocked circle", between Lawford and the intruder, Sabatier, whose "fearless, packed, daring, fascinating face, with even a spice of genius in it" encountered Lawford's gaze in the glass. As though to emphasize man's essential loneliness, Lawford's wife of twenty years cannot aid him in his strange conflict. The old vicar's belief in him is his "sheet-anchor right through"; but it is two strangers who help him most by making the issue clear.

"Truth is a wholesome medicine"—there is a hearty Victorian gusto about that sentence which suggests that Mr. de la Mare, pioneer of the Georgians, is not disposed to stop up the old well because he does not admire the design of the drinking-fountain. And if we care to look for them, we shall find that there are not a few points in common between Miss M., the heroine of *The Memoirs of a Midget*, and the heroine of Mr. Lytton Strachey's contemporary biography of Queen Victoria; for all that the Queen was the very epitome, in her small stately person, of solid English middle-class convention, while Miss M.'s "heart of furious fancies" drove her to seek the divine heritage of freedom in the ring of a traveling circus. Both were brought up in retirement, so closely guarded that they never went downstairs or wandered in the garden alone, except by favor of a servant's negligence. Both, introduced into society in the eager years of adolescence, threw themselves into the new life with consuming ardor, for a time. "There's not room enough in me for all that's there!" exclaimed Miss M. in an ecstasy, and the little Queen thrilled to every hour that unfolded itself in ever new and ravishing experiences. Each small body housed a gallant spirit, singularly sincere, pathetically loyal, game to the last ditch in defense of each one's "must". The biographers write with humorous detachment; but whereas Mr. Lytton Strachey sees men and women as essential pygmies, interesting to observe, but deliciously absurd, they are pygmies in Mr.

de la Mare's eyes only relatively to their own boundless hopes, and to the immensities of time and space in the midst of which their little lives are set. "The smallest of bubbles I may be," thought Miss M., "but I reflected the universe." Bright-clad, valiant Miss M. on her little wooden stage may symbolize the greatness of littleness as vividly as the widowed Queen on her throne, hemmed in by duty and caste and prudery and prejudice, may betray the littleness of mortal greatness. And in time Miss M. learned "not to fret so foolishly at being small and insignificant in body; to fear a great deal more remaining pygmy-minded and pygmy-spirited".

Alone in the woods at Wanderslore under the stars, or at dawn "bathed delicately in the eastern sunshine", Miss M. felt "not so ridiculously pygmy either, even in the ladder of the world's proportion—saw-edged blade of grass, gold-cupped moss, starry stonecrop, green musky moschatel, close-packed pebble, wax-winged fly. . . ." The little is not necessarily trivial.

That death prevails over beauty by the mere passage of time is one of the most obvious lessons of life. In that lovely lyric, *The Quiet Enemy*, he writes:

> Walk in beauty. Vaunt thy rose.
> Flaunt thy transient loveliness.
> Pace by pace with thee there goes
> A shape that hath not come to bless.

There is no trace of Edgar Allan Poe's horror of "the conqueror worm", nor of his morbid preoccupation with Annabel Lee's sepulchre, or Ulalume's vault. The fact of mortality is accepted as calmly as in Miss Lizette Woodworth Reese's unaccented lines, "The dust blows up and down. . . . Tomorrow so shall I." The bitterness of death consists neither in the corruption of the body nor in dread of the unknown, but in being forgotten. But to die and even to be forgotten is not the end, for the dead, too, have their memories, the theme of so many of Mr. Thomas Hardy's poems. Mr. de la Mare speaks ever and again of unseen presences. I imagine that he would agree with Blake, who believed that ghosts "did not appear much to imaginative men, but only to common minds who did not see the finer spirits". Mr. de la Mare does not

summon hobgoblins nor foul fiends; nor is he greatly concerned with fairies, whom Miss M., indeed, disliked and feared; nor does he aim at forming that atmosphere of apprehension which was essential to the great masters of romance, whose ghosts, as Professor Raleigh has noted, did not come uncalled for. As Poe says of "the nameless elf, . . . no power hath he of evil in himself". In Christina Rossetti's *Goblin Market* the imps had no power over Laura until she had surrendered to them her desires; in *The Ancient Mariner* the supernatural is the embodiment of an unbodied fear, and in *Macbeth* the evil without is allied with the evil within. In each case the romantic poet is concerned with the effect, the thrill of fear; but Mr. de la Mare treating of the unseen is still a realist, absorbed in scrutiny of the fact.

The presences that he perceives are more often friendless than unfriendly. Sometimes, as so often in Mr. Thomas Hardy's poems, they come seeking us, intent on we know not what mystery, going away grieved if our mood estranges them. Sometimes they dwell on, "in a little green orchard" or "garden all shady". Sometimes a friendless face peers out of the casement of an empty house, or a host of phantom listeners throngs the dark stair. All about us is an unnumbered cloud of witnesses, and who are we that we should deny reality to what the bodily eye cannot see? A little poem in *Peacock Pie* puts arrogant man in his place: All but blind are mole, bat and owl,

> And blind as are
> These three to me,
> So, blind to Some-one
> I must be.

Moments of vision come when the questioning heart of man is quieted, "like a sea, silent after a storm that has died". Under the starry darkness of night, or in the still light of the moon, or in the peace of a fire-lit room at dusk, we may "cross the viewless border that divides time from eternity". The mystic seeks silence that he may hear the voice of God, but he knows that quietness of spirit comes not from without, but from within, in freedom from the clamor of desire. Even amid the clatter of the monastery kitchen Brother Lawrence could possess himself of the presence of God. There are secrets that "only the dwellers in the

lonely know", but the poet knows too that mere empty solitude will not bring peace to a divided heart.

For we are all haunted, not only surrounded, by ghosts. "What are we?" Herbert questions in *The Return*. "So many selves, every man a horde of ghosts." To discuss the problem of personality is not the poet's affair, but always, looking on a man, he sees in him a Self, the child of time, and a Self, the child of eternity. When we are occupied with the interests of every day, one voice speaks; but in solitude or dream another voice is heard. However closely we may hem ourselves round with pomp and friends and all that St. Augustine dismisses as "the trifling occupations that grown-up people call 'business'", a day will come when we shall each one be left alone with the inward presence that slumbers not.

Modern psychology has taught us that we cannot draw a curve round the personal self. "Eternity has in some sort been set in our nature;" and while we exaggerate the importance of our temporal affairs, we at the same time minimize our vital powers. Professor William James declared that we avail ourselves of a very small share of the powers that we actually possess and could use under appropriate conditions; and these we shall learn to master, not by suppressing individuality, but by freeing it from every hindering influence or prejudice or fear. Mere orthodoxy, a flat uniformity, will carry us nowhere; *that* Lawford learnt from Sabatier; and the dreary sheepishness of average humanity, no less than its greed and cruelty, inspired Mr. Anon's bitter indictment when he and Miss M. in the forsaken woods of Wanderslore discussed people of normal size. It is only when something goes askew, so Herbert argued, that we discover to what an extent we are the slaves of mere repetition.

In a recent magazine article on *The Literature of Ecstasy* Mr. Algernon Blackwood suggests that the artist avail himself of two store houses. One of these is stocked with personal memories, which are unpacked only when required, unless deep emotion or fever or dream scatter them in disorder. The other store-house is underground, and in its depths racial, even planetary, memories lie packed away, but are accessible in rare cases to evocation.

There is a wide inward world of life and light and power into

which poet or saint may enter in moments of vision, a world of which music or deep emotion or loveliness may bestow a glimpse. Of Music Mr. de la Mare sings:

> When music sounds, all that I was I am
> Ere to this haunt of brooding dust I came.

But if these hidden impulses and memories be stirred up aimlessly, in an idle hunt for sensation, or in the spirit of morbid curiosity which betrays the hidden face of fear, we may learn the dreadfulness of those who said, "My name is Legion, for we are many." To Lawford, whose reveries were "gigantically brooded over by shapes only imagination dimly conceived of: the remote alleys of his mind astir with a ceaseless traffic which it wasn't at least *this* life's business to hearken after, or regard," Sheila and her friends discussing his "case" seemed "like little children with their twigs and pins, fishing for wonders on the brink of the unknown". He had cause to acknowledge the truth of the old vicar's saying: "Once a man strays out of the common herd, he's more likely to meet wolves than angels in the thickets." Infinitely precious to us is the veil!

ALICE LOTHIAN.

CONSCIENCES

BY STARK YOUNG

HALF an hour out from the Piræus I went down to the steerage deck to watch the land from there and to see the people. There were all sorts of them, Arabs in white, Turks with fezzes, Albanians with their embroidered jackets and short full skirts, Greeks, Syrians, Jews and Italians; there were soldiers, tradesmen with great bales of goods on which they sat cautiously, women, peasants and priests. Near the prow an old man with a long tunic, a twisted turban on his head and a wide beard, was blowing a pipe; the stream of its shrill music seemed to lie on the sound of the water and of the light wind in the sails. At the other end of the boat they were playing the concertina, a wild, half riotous, half tragic music, and a group of men were waltzing. All these people stirred and talked and walked constantly about, smoking, drinking out of bottles that they had with them, sitting on ropes, leaning over the rails, squatting on their heels about the decks. And best of all was one old peasant woman, long past seventy, from somewhere in Asia Minor, who sat lolling against a bale of luggage made from a Turkish rug and laced about with cords. There was something very bonny and blithe about her, the little brown face wrinkled like a walnut shell, the bright black eyes, the white teeth, the finger tips stained red with henna; her chatter never leaving off, and the young soldiers gathering about her, talking, listening, laughing, and lighting for her the cigarettes which they presented and which she smoked one after another as she reclined there, holding them airily in her hand and making gestures with them as she talked. I stood watching her and the young soldiers. And as I watched, I could hear the sound of the pipe, the far-off concertina, the rich voices, the laughter, the shuffling feet, the songs here and there, against the low flap of the sails, and the wind in the rigging and the long murmuring swish of the blue water alongside.

Meanwhile Athens faded in the soft light, sunset came on and passed; the gleaming Acropolis, with Pentelicon beyond and Lykabettos and the other mountains there, grew more and more like a dream. The pipe left off; and the old man who played it, seeing me watching him perhaps, came over to me smiling and said in broken Italian that he could write his name, if the Signore would allow him; and spelt out for me on an envelope *Sophocles Anastasiou.* There it was, he said. And then in the golden light we saw the temples of Corinth, high up to the south of the canal, bright on the barren, tawny hilltop, the wretched modern town below almost forgotten in the lengthening shadows. The temples arose, in that strange poetry that columns take with their lines against the air; they seemed far away, ageless, beautiful, solitary. There was no longer any wind and the sails had grown quieter; the water and the sails made only one low sound.

I heard a voice behind me.

"Well," it was saying, "I don't wonder St. Paul wrote to the Corinthians."

I recognized the nasal twang of him and turned to listen. A man in tweeds stood there beside a lady in tweeds, just behind me. He was pointing up toward that high summit of old Corinth, which seemed higher than ever in the fading light, and he repeated his joke with more stress.

"No, sir; I don't wonder St. Paul *wrote* to the Corinthians."

I nodded and tried to smile agreeably; after all there must have been worse jokes from travelers in Greece. He shook hands.

"So you are from the States?" he said. "Meet my wife." And then as I was about to introduce myself, he started and caught at his wife's arm, and snapped his fingers.

"*By George!*" he said, "By George!"

"What?" I asked, "what is it?"

"Nothing. *By George!* Say!" He turned on his wife. "Have you got it? Did you see what I did with it? Say—!"

"Oh, dear!" she cried; and they began tracing themselves about the harbor, to the fruit shop, the postal cards, the restaurant near the quay. I offered to help them. Could I help them? I asked. Was there anything I could do?

There was not, they answered; nothing could be done. I must

pardon them. They had forgotten something, that was all, the lady said; they had left something.

"A piece of an antique statue," the man said; "piece of an antique statue."

An antique statue! I was very sorry. I asked about it; where they had found it; how they were getting it out of Greece, through the customs? Was it large? It was only a small thing, they replied. And from their details I concluded that they knew nothing of marbles. Forget it, they said. We passed to other subjects. He was from Brown University, he told me, and had been three years in a missionary college somewhere near Constantinople. A stocky man, under thirty, with stiff thick hair, a short nose, strong teeth and hands, and honest grey eyes, he seemed very boyish and innocent and hearty and simple as he stood there talking with that honest staccato of his and in that careless voice. His wife was a big, athletic young woman,—she was from Mount Holyoke College, he said,—with a broad, honest face also, thick braids, bright color, handsome in her way like a great oatmeal loaf, full of serious health and moral intention, piously romantic too, though a trifle heavy and dull. We talked, and I inquired about their lives there in the East, if they had felt its power, if they had known many Turks, if they meant to return. No, they had seemed rather to be back at home in America in many ways, staying there at the college with the work, the teaching and the personal contacts; so much could be done in the work by personal contact. They had had a delightful circle at the college and often very pleasant evenings together, everybody; or writing letters home. But they were of course very glad to get back again to God's country after so long. Now they were going to tour Italy on their way north; they had been saving up money for that. That's why they were coming steerage, to save for Italy. Did I know some good hotels not too dear? I named hotels and said that the steerage was more interesting, no doubt; on the upper deck there were largely tourists and business agents. They said that after all it was only one night and they liked to sleep out. After a while I wandered off to another part of the ship. "Perhaps your marble will turn up somewhere in your things," I said consolingly as I left.

"No hope of that," the young man said; "fat chance we got!" I admired his stoical endurance.

Off Patras there was some sort of delay, two days of quarantine for a fever on board; and I had a chance to see more of the passengers. The most interesting figure among them, among the sixty or more tourists and agents in the first cabin, was a young American, a fellow of twenty, not very tall, with a pallid, yellowish, ivory-like skin, large, vague grey eyes, and loose, thick, wide lips. He belonged evidently to a party made up otherwise, except for himself and two old ladies, of college girls, under the guidance of a minister; but I never saw him with them. He used to roam about the deck with a notebook in his hand, but seemed shy and spoke to no one. But there was an air about him of some intense center of living within himself; he had a kind of misty distinction that set him apart from every one on board. I used to wonder what he could be thinking about, and if he was a genius or only a little dreamer lost in himself. There was that loose, red, full mouth; there were those brooding grey eyes with their shadows, upon that pale quiet face and its cloud of brown hair. I wondered about him. I saw him around the decks, and wondered what things they were that plunged him into such caverns of lonely thought. But he never cared to speak. And then the last night out, as we neared Brindisi, I came upon him in the smoking-room, in a corner, with a glass of Marsala in front of him and his notebook open. I sat down at one side of the table. There was no easy escape for him.

We were getting in before long, I said to him. Too bad; I had hoped he and I might have a talk.

It was two hours yet and more, he said, looking down at his glass. He had wanted to talk with me, too, but he had been afraid of me.

We laughed over that, and began. In five minutes he had become voluble. He was from Salem; he was going to Harvard next year, where he would be a freshman; he was going to do well, he knew that because he knew what he was going there for; so many men went there with nothing really planned and wasted their time. They were not serious in their thoughts.

But the notebook, I asked; was he studying here in this part of the world?

No, no, he said; but of course being in Jerusalem had been very interesting to him because it concerned a subject very interesting to him. Something he had been studying on and thinking about a long time, for five years. And what was that? I asked.

"The Resurrection of Christ."

"What about that?"

"Well," he said, "I can prove conclusively that the account given in the Bible of the Resurrection is not true; it cannot possibly be true."

"Really?" I said, wondering.

"Absolutely." He pushed the glass and the notebook away from him and brought his palm down on the table. "Absolutely, and I can prove it to you. It's this way." He squared himself against the wall behind him. "The Bible says explicitly that Jesus was put to death on the day of the preparation, the day before their Sabbath, which was Saturday, so that makes it Friday. Doesn't it?"

I agreed to that.

"Friday. Granted. But mark this! Now, we know for a fact that the Jewish Sabbath began on Friday. Friday evening at six o'clock, to be exact. Granted. There was no time, then, for preparations for the burial of the body, since the Jews would do no more than they could help on the Sabbath. So they had to get some friend to lend his tomb to be used temporarily. That must have been the case. And who was that friend? Joseph of Arimathea. Now another thing! The Bible says the Marys stood watching from afar. The cemetery must have been a very large place; you know how they were cut into the rock, how one finds them now in these countries. Well, in this place there must have been a great number of these sepulchres or grave openings. How then could the Marys have seen in just which tomb the burial took place? And there you are!"

I remembered the beautiful account in St. Mark, of how the Marys stood watching from afar that dying figure lifted on the Cross; and how they were near when Joseph of Arimathea laid Jesus away in that new sepulchre in a garden. But it seemed useless to stop this strange argument or to break the thread that the young man was weaving so eagerly. I said only, "Go on."

"Watching from afar," he went on. "Granted. Well, then, when they came again bringing frankincense and offerings, how could they in all that number of tombs know which was the one they sought? There must have been, as we have seen, a great many of them, say twelve hundred at least. To be conservative, say twelve hundred or a thousand tombs. The Marys had stood, say, a quarter of a mile away. Well, what must we conclude? They could not possibly have been able to find the right tomb. They had to ask someone, a caretaker perhaps, or someone's relative there looking around, who told them that He Whom they sought was not there. They evidently thought the person was an angel, which was natural enough in their excitement. It frequently happens."

"What frequently happens?"

"That people think things when they are excited. Don't you grant that? I can prove it to you."

"Certainly," I said.

"And so this proves that the account of the Resurrection cannot be true. And I've read every commentary on the subject. I've thought about it for years. I've always been interested in religion, had ancestors that were. I know all the arguments. But they won't stand. Every Sunday when I'm in church I think of this and have all I can do not to get up and debate with the minister. But if I did that my old man would die. He's a family friend, that's why I'm on this tour with him. But I could prove it to him."

His eyes were blazing. The pale brow was flushed, a vein stood out; I could see its throbbing. I tried to shift the subject a little, by teasing him on his consistency.

"But then in this case," I said, "if you believe as you do about the Resurrection and discard all that part of the Bible as you do, how can you consider yourself a Christian and go to church?"

"I don't know. Like the form of it, I suppose. It's a good place to sit and think. And I like music."

"But if you feel that your argument is so important, I should think you would have to stand by your convictions."

"Habit, I guess," he said.

"Well," I said, "it's very hard to understand how you can combine all this."

He shrugged his shoulders, and I added teasingly, and trying to make the point fantastically, which after all seemed the kindest way out,

"Suppose you firmly believed that we should all have our teeth pulled out. Had proved this completely to yourself. And yet you went on keeping your teeth in because the people around you believed in having teeth—"

But his eyes lit up again. He brought his fist down with a bang on the table.

"Take the modern teeth," he burst out; "what are they? Are they any good? Are they not degenerating steadily? How many people, tell me, do you see with good sound teeth? Not these days. And yet we all know how much the health depends on having good teeth, don't we?"

It seemed too much to believe. I was overwhelmed. The young man went on, sitting straight up, making points against hot breads, hot drinks, modern nerves, tooth brushes, modern haste. Ten minutes at least had passed before he was interrupted by the professor from the missionary college, who came rushing into the room and up to me. He was unshorn and battered, for the three days instead of the one expected in the steerage had been hard on him.

"I've been looking for you all over the place," he said. "Look, we're about to land. See the light out there? The houses? Brindisi. Wanted to say good-bye. My wife asked me to say good-bye for her too. We're off for Rome."

The Salem youth had hurried away to find his party, and the two of us left now went outside on the deck.

But it was so late, Signori, they were explaining to the passengers, that after all we could not land, and must lie at anchor till the port officials came down in the morning and admitted us.

And so I stood there resting my elbows on the rail and thinking how this was the ancient harbor of the stag's head, the Brentesion of the Greeks, the Brundisium of the Romans, whose Appian Way led down to it, where the embarcations for the East were made, where Pompey withstood Cæsar for so long a

siege, where St. Paul landed, and Virgil died, and a thousand years later the Crusaders gathered. The quays were deserted now, save for a group of workmen and, in the shadow of a pile of shipping, an old man and a boy, squatting on their heels. It was a breathless summer night; the white houses and piazzas of the town lay scattered in gleaming squares and spaces of black shadows, the squares of white dropping away and growing smaller and whiter as they went into the low hills of the country round. There were lights in the taverns along down the water front, from the Hotel Internationale, from a house now and then over the town and now and then a street lamp, but very few. In a garden here and there black cypresses stood up; I could see the faint motion of them in the low wind, on which the smell of wine lees drifted to me. And then the old man, when he learned that there were passengers stirring on the deck, rose and came forward to the edge of the water, leaning on a staff and the boy leading him, and began to sing.

O bella Rosalia, la mia fanciulla!

he sang, standing on the stones that at this hour were silent and so white in the summer moonlight, sweeping his guitar and calling some mad passion that he knew into his faded voice. A sailor down near the prow began to sing also, the same song, and the crowd there to curse at him and laugh and applaud, and the two voices rose with a strange, solitary brightness together. The sea had grown stiller than the white town. Time and the world seemed about me everywhere; and through them the water, the light, the silence and the wind seemed to pass.

My companion leaned over toward me and shook my hand. "Look," he said, "good-bye. And what I really want to say is that there wasn't any antique statue about it. What we left behind was a cold chicken. A cold roast chicken we had bought for lunch on board. Don't want to be telling you a lie."

STARK YOUNG.

PROSPECTING FOR INTELLIGENCE

BY CAROLINE E. MACGILL

It is one of the oddly humorous twists of our times that few articles on the subject of education are written by those engaged in the process. They are for the most part mutely inglorious, and permit the field to be occupied by those who are entirely on the outside, or those engaged in the administrative end, which, as every teacher knows, is an utterly different thing from the factual life of the schoolroom. Of a dozen recent pronunciamentos, but one was by a teacher, and she had to put her material in the form of an allegory, or thought she did. Yet it is well to hear from all sides, and perhaps not last from those upon whom the burden and heat of the day is cast. Perhaps they may have something to say for the enlightenment of the nations which at least has the merit of experience back of it.

Consider the Teacher. She—the pronoun feminine is so well-nigh universally applicable that by custom it has become a fixed epithet—lives in a world wherein she is expected to mould minds and manners, morals and memories, teaching everything from an appreciation of art to the practice of the art of the daily bath. For material she has the sons and daughters of those who may or may not be in the habit of saying, "My mind to me a kingdom is," but in either case she knows it is a kingdom whose royalty is largely in exile. Yet she is the target of every business man, every journalist, every college professor, who wants to know why she cannot turn out a product possessing at least average intelligence.

Now average, ordinary intelligence is about the rarest thing in the world. The really intelligent are the most misunderstood of men. To make a child intelligent is to doom him or her to life-long solitude, to render him the object of hatred of ninety-nine per cent of his fellows, perhaps in the end to meet the fate now handed out to the Russians of that order by the Bolshevist

mob. Is therefore, the cultivation of intelligence really desirable? Go to any meeting of a Chamber of Commerce, or associated manufacturers in any given industry, and listen to the unbelievably funny remarks made. The intelligent men present are like "two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff", and as a rule are shelved as hopelessly impracticable, by their fellows. I listened to an eminent financier, once, at a meeting of supposedly leading men, and watched the weariness grow on his face, as he patiently answered their questions, questions so absurd that one marvelled at the temerity of the proponents. Yet I happened to know that among the number were two or three who were on the school-boards of their respective towns, and without doubt considered themselves highly competent in educational affairs.

Of course that brings up the question of definition. What is intelligence? Mr. Edison has been setting himself up of late as the court of last resort, by means of a series of questions, whose correct answers will enable one to qualify. The active men and women who sell books guaranteed to reach the same goal by an expenditure of fifteen paltry minutes a day, base their arguments on the same principle. An enterprising magazine advertises to produce results by keeping you abreast of the latest revues, post-futurist art, symphonic jazz, and advance tips on styles to be worn in the next century.

Exponents of "old-fashioned" ways place intelligence in due acquaintance with the classics; their more modernistic confrères demand an acquaintance with English literature, a reading knowledge of another modern tongue, and a bowing familiarity at least, with the King James Bible. The scientific and vocational education advocates on the other hand, think anyone can do very well who can figure, read a set of blue-prints, and understand a little chemistry.

As you read, I am sure you recall many who measure up to all these requirements, yet whom you would never think of entrusting with a "message to Garcia". To how many of your acquaintance would you confide an important task, existing in your own ideas only, and expect them to have the imagination to grasp and carry out what you had planned? In the words of Poor Richard, if you want a thing done, do it yourself.

Can we teach intelligence? Not if we do not possess it. We are in a welter of new and pseudo-new educational theories. Clichés like "education for authority", and "mastery of the arts of life", undefined and indefinable, hardly understood by their *defensores fidei*, abound and abut on the regions of our minds, like Paddy's goat. On analysis, most of them resolve into ways of making money and yet more money, and are clearly schemes for the super-child. We are beset by counsels of perfection, to be applied to our school system, state control, junior high schools, departmental work in the grades, pre-vocational classes, special classes for the mentally deficient and super-bright, intelligence tests instead of examinations, etc. The latter seems a bit hard, to examine for a thing which is not on the curriculum!

At the same time, communities are beset to spend money for new and finer buildings, and the nation is hounded for the same end. To what purpose, after all, unless we can be surer of results than we have attained in the past, from the immense sums which have been spent? Another element would abolish the private school, and force democracy, which evidently cannot be trusted to the mass of the citizenry, in their opinion. Yet the number and variety of private schools has increased by leaps and bounds. There must be something behind such a movement besides swollen spending ability.

And there is. What is needed is more special schools, not fewer. If one venture to say it, more class education, not less. Mass education, such as we have suffered under for three generations, can in its nature not educate anyone. It is designed for someone who does not exist, the Average Child. Therefore it meets no actual need, hits nothing squarely, hence is the quintessence of inefficiency. We have scholastic indigestion, in this country, for we have been trying to feed each mind with a stock ration, built on theory. And it is poor business trying out unproved theories on plastic human intelligences.

I use the word *intelligences* advisedly. Any teacher, herself worthy of the name, has had perforce to see intelligence warped and well-nigh destroyed, by processes before which she was helpless, caught in the cogs of a system which was as stupid and unintelligent as systems usually are. The Infinite Intelligence

which created us made no two on the same model—a very small smattering of biology confirms that—and it is appallingly crass to think such a matter as training the individual mind can be done by mass processes.

It is the fashion of the day to confound education with much knowledge from the world of books. But many highly bookish persons are most unintelligent, outside of the special field they cultivate intensively. Of course that is by no means a condemnation of knowledge gained from books, but merely a suggestion that it touches but one side of the problem. A book—the same book—may serve to deaden the intelligence of everyone in the class, or it may awaken the imagination, the informing agent of intelligence. Two teachers, side by side, wrestling with the rudiments of Latin, will, the one send half the class out of school by the end of the year, the other have a phalanx ready to march on conquerors of every difficulty which may beset them in life. There was once a girl, a bright child, led on to high school with much effort, by her Sunday-school teacher, for the child came of illiterate parents. She had gone inspired with a desire to prepare herself for college, but struck on the rock of Latin paradigms. Ready to leave school and hunt a job, she went to see her old Sunday-school teacher, to tell with actual regret that she could not make the grade. But her friend was a wise woman. She did not waste time arguing the financial advantages of a college degree over a job to be obtained by a discouraged fifteen-year-old girl, but merely reached across her desk for a friendly blue Teubner Virgil, and began to read to the girl, here and there, in Latin or English as the mood struck her, adding bits of information about *Sortes Virgilianæ*, the place of Virgil in the Middle Ages, and finally the *Fourth Eclogue* and its story. Together they translated it, word for word. Other choice bits followed, from Horace and Martial to Lucretius; from the Vulgate Gospels to some of the stately Latin hymns, familiar to the girl in their English versions. She went away, her resolution to leave school gone. In a test a week later she made an A grade, nor did she ever fall below thereafter. Her teacher said she had decided to get down to business. When it was suggested that the Latin class might like to know something more than the dry bones of

what they were studying, the teacher was shocked, and feared to cast pearls before swine.

Of course, for the first time in her life, Latin became a living reality to the girl, a language in which men had written wise and lovely or gay and witty thoughts. The drudgery of the present was lost in the vision of days to come, when the possession of the Latin tongue was to be a gateway to a land of delight. There is no other reason for struggles with grammar and paradigms. The drill theory of education was invented to cover up the massive stupidity of poor teaching.

An intelligent system is a contradiction in terms. A system is a poor substitute for a dying reality. The more system, the worse teaching. No one can do good work under a perpetual espionage. It is the *raison d'être* of inspectors to find fault and to alter, in order to justify their salaries. That is only human nature, but it is death to constructive teaching. A really able teacher will do one of two things, get out of teaching permanently, or leave for some place where she can breathe. And worst of all is the oft-seen plan whereby inspection and superintendency are committed to raw youths just out of college, or ponderous "educators" who never taught a class in their lives, and could not to save their souls. No wonder the teaching profession does not hold long those who enter it. I remember an illuminating experience in my own early days of public school employment. There was a handsome young specimen of the masculine persuasion arriving at the same time as myself. I had little faith in men teachers, remembering the conditions in my school days, when we ran over the men teachers pretty much at will. I found this person was to have a room next to my own, which increased my dismay. As the year wore on, and I found it often necessary to keep order not only in my room, but in his, I liked his neighborhood still less. He had an aggravating trick of departing for the library when matters got too warm, knowing that in self-defense someone would come in and reduce his hoodlums to subjection. Needless to say, he was not re-engaged at the end of the year; but he promptly got a place as superintendent of schools in a town not very far away. Picture the humiliation of soul at being obliged to take directions from such a creature!

It is a singular fact, occasionally seen by shrewd observers, that the most autocratically ruled institution is the so-called democratic public school. The whole motivation is fear, inevitable in a system, indeed. The fear motif has many ramifications. Offered a well-equipped and a mediocre teacher, the superintendent will, in nine cases out of ten, hire the mediocre, lest the abler woman "have ideas", and be difficult to handle. I sat in an agency office, a while ago, and listened to the comments of superintendents consulting with the head about prospective teachers. Not once did I hear teaching ability mentioned.

In the same office, some years before, I was offered a place to teach Spanish, not because I know the language, for I do not, but because they needed a good disciplinarian, and Spanish happened to be the vacant subject. Although I protested I could not teach a language I had never studied, they offered additional salary as an inducement to take the post! On the whole, the public gets about as good schools as it demands.

Can a teacher teach intelligence? Formally, no; informally, most assuredly. But we must have a change of heart in the matter of what constitutes education. The bane of the schools today is ideas. The superior teacher is afraid to show her real ability, lest she rouse the jealousy of someone, very likely the superintendent or inspector, and be forced to make personal research into the problem of unemployment. The woman who would hold her job is the one who sticks most closely to the schedule and the inspired dicta of the superintendent, no matter what Juggernaut such a course may prove to the helpless and hapless children thus sacrificed to stupidity. If she cannot make such a compromise with her conscience, she must go into business or private school teaching. We need a revision of our school system which will place the emphasis upon the teacher, if a system we must have. The buildings may be but long sheds, and the seats but pine planks, but we shall have a better school.

The Mark Hopkins Little Red Schoolhouse idea, says a nervous superintendent. Very fine indeed, save that to-day we have to watch out for the Little Red School teacher. Even so, and one of the reasons that we have the Little Red School teacher with us today is because we have made the schoolroom next to

impossible for the teacher who is true blue; because at the same time we have made her blue over the chilling officialdom which insists upon adapting the child to the Procrustean bed of the System.

It isn't hard to teach children to think, if they are not mentally deficient. It is harder to keep them from thinking, which is the reason why discipline is such a terror to some. Even the average stupid child will instal a self-starter, if he finds he can use it. There must be a teacher behind the desk who thinks, however, and such a one always finds that discipline takes care of itself. She gets the reputation of being a "cracker-jack disciplinarian", to quote the oddly incongruous description I once heard, without realizing herself just why or how. But the children know. They probably call her by some disrespectful nickname, the infant equivalent of "dead game sport," and adore her.

What is teaching children to think? What is the thought-process anyway? Roughly, it is the ability to observe, to analyze and synthesize, and to draw conclusions, as a basis of judgment and action. The popular and long-tried method is trial and error. Children inherit an aptitude for thinking, due to the fairly many generations since the human animal first distinguished himself by the process. But like many other aptitudes, it may be nurtured or suppressed by the environment. The ceasless questioning of the child is proof that the thinking-process is alive and functioning. The person who has ceased to question is dying at the top.

I sometimes think of the child mind as a jungle, a luxuriant growth of tangled woods and vines. Beautiful things may come out of it, or noxious. It is pathless, disorderly, and the teacher's function is to find the way in, clear away the rank growths, and let the rare and lovely plants have an opportunity to thrive under the vivifying light of the sun. But the blooms to be found are often very delicate, and need gentle handling. Alas, that there are those who ruthlessly enter to destroy, on the specious plea that so is the child better fitted for life! The contrary is in fact true, for then the child faces life with his one precious gift, his touchstone of beauty, his shield of truth, gone.

How find the road thither? I cannot pretend to tell. It

must be sought, patiently, lovingly, eagerly. For a group of young hoodlums it was the *Lays of Ancient Rome*. For freckled, stubby George, son of a city laborer, it was architecture. For Fred, over-running with energy, getting into a fight a day, and hence in perpetual really undeserved hot water, it was a study of birds. For Ben, rapidly developing into a lounge lizard from unwise parental affection and indulgence, it was the tale of English chivalry and valor, from the days of the Round Table on. (I saw, the other day, the memorial erected to his memory, by the town that once prophesied his downfall, for he gave his young life defending those Anglo-Saxon liberties we studied that eventful year.) And all of these were in a class assigned to English History, but under a wise and far-sighted superintendent, really devoted to teaching children. It does not matter what the subject may be, it is the object which counts.

We Americans want to do things in the mass. But that is the way of the mob. It is the unthinking way, it stupefies intelligence, it places the premium upon sheer force and weight, not delicacy and finesse. We are big and rather unwieldy, and we push forward by the momentum of inertia too often. That is why we have not assimilated our later foreign-born as we should. Our immigration troubles are due to this very flair for bigness, to the tendency to submerge the individual in the type or race. So we breed hurts, and discontents, and injustices. *Divide et impera* is still the way to conquer our difficulties. The undigested masses in the body politic must be broken up, that they may pass on their way into the blood and fibre of the nation. The teaching of each new generation is of course the business of the schools. But we must realize that men's souls are not cut from the same patterns.

We must simplify our total scheme, keep it as free as local conditions demand. We must realize that the true democracy is not contained in mass education, which provides opportunity only for the few whom it happens to fit, but in class education, which is adaptable, flexible, and able to give opportunity to each phase of human intelligence. John was up in police court, one day. I telephoned to the judge to see what could be done about it, for John was a bright enough lad, and not inclined to make mis-

chief. To tell the truth, the school work was too easy for him. He had too much time out of doors, and no one to guide it. His parents were well-meaning, hard-working people, nothing versed in the kind of life surrounding John. He was paroled in my custody, and I began to look into the matter of what the town had to offer a boy like him. Absolutely nothing. He would have liked to study chemistry and mechanical drawing, but those subjects were the property of boys who were going to college. The only course offering a livelihood at the end was the commercial course; and John's fingers were already several sizes too big for the keys of a typewriter! I didn't wonder that he felt the whole thing was piffling folly. I committed the educational heresy of deciding that more schooling was not to John's advantage, and found him an apprenticeship. Not that John could not have used more schooling, but the town had decided that all its children who must earn their own living should do so as stenographers and clerks. What utter folly, and what a wild disorganization of the labor market if something had not intervened! But did the public school give John the fair, equal chance that was his right as a citizen of a democracy? Did it give him a chance to develop what intelligence he had? No; it said, Take this or nothing. If it doesn't suit the kind of a brain the Lord gave you, that is not our fault.

We boast of being an educated people, but it is a foolish and an idle word, for which we need much mercy. The real need is a wholesale pruning and weeding of our school systems, beginning at the top, and a complete recasting in a truly democratic fashion, to meet real and not theoretic needs. And coördinate with such a reform is letting teachers teach. If they can not teach, they should go elsewhere, but they should be given every chance, and be the real backbone of the schools, instead of as at present the hirelings of the Board of Education. And as such a programme is too stupendous for even such a wealthy country as ours, let us have the good sense to welcome all private aid, for whatever class or craft it comes. There is no need to fear snobbishness or undue exclusiveness. If there seems to be a trace, life takes it out of most adults, with neatness and dispatch. The women who once cherished and practiced it are forgetting it in the new

fascination of cöoperating with their sisters in municipal housekeeping, and its doom will soon be sealed. It can only subsist by ignorance.

Prospecting for intelligence is great fun, and there are many more claims than we sometimes pessimistically guess. But a lot of them are passed over, because the searcher does not know how to uncover them, and a lot more never come to anything because there is no capital or skill for their proper development. That is why so many private schools exist, to meet the need we see but hardly understand. That is why too they have so much the superior teachers and hence teaching, for in them a capable teacher can actually teach, without fear of let or favor. The text-book teacher, bound by rule and rote, is a product of an iron-clad régime, and can rise no higher than her source. The true pedagogue is a child leader, not a child driver. To such a one the classroom is an adventure, a thrilling quest for gold, in company with those yet clear eyed and unspoiled of earth.

The pity of it is that every child cannot be one of a like goodly company. If evolution be indeed the passage from homogeneity to heterogeneity, the public school as we have it is a retrogression, for it aims at taking minds biologically and spiritually variant as the stars in heaven, and turning them out as near a uniform product as is humanly possible. Free education is not to be interpreted in a financial sense only, it must be free to create, to vivify, to guide, and last of all, to inform, that precious entity, the mind of the child. Only thus indeed can we make our civilization safe for democracy, for an unthinking democracy forms an easy prey to the unscrupulous demagague, and the cruelty of the mob. Variety, dietetic experts tell us, is not only the spice of life; it is absolutely necessary to physical health. It is quite as necessary to mental health, and hence to national well-being. We must uncoil this monster of mediocrity and unintelligence which is fastening itself with ever more ponderous ineptitude upon the most vital spring of the life and promise of our civilization.

CAROLINE E. MACGILL.

"THE ODD WOMEN" AND "THE GIRLS"

BY MARGARET PINCKNEY ALLEN

TWENTY-FIVE years ago, George Gissing found material for one of his sombre, reflective novels in the spectacle of the unmarried women of his time. "Odd women" he called them; and faced with stern reality the problem they constituted in the social order. Other novelists of that late Victorian day of course denied the existence of the tribe. Their stories were still concerned with the female who caught a man and therefore ceased to be odd. An occasional spinster aunt might fill in a corner of the picture, to be taken when needed, as a corrective to the studied sweetness of the love-making of the time. She sat there, wistful and unfulfilled, an effective foil to the triumphant, man-protected heroine. And always dependent on the bounty of others.

We accept, even now in this rebellious day, strangling conditions under which we live, as if they were inflexible, unchangeable. Such was the attitude toward women's industrial and political relations. Up to a later date than one cares to mention these vital matters were not subjects for polite conversation or entertaining literature. Woman's chief importance was as an emotional stimulus, or quietus, as the case might be. But George Gissing, being troubled about many things, found time to be troubled about this also, and *The Odd Women* was the result.

At the time of its issue I was not reading such novels. Something like Louisa Alcott and Tennyson was gradually driving out the doll-complex, and so I have no means of judging whether his courageous handling of the problem aroused any interest. Probably not. The only "problem" which even now really carries a play or a novel is an erotic problem. Yet this old copy is well-worn and much-repaired.

It reads with an air of unreality today. Is there anywhere a Dr. Madden who could bring six daughters into the world with no provision for their future, yet feel all the while that "the thought

of his girls having to work for money was so utterly repulsive to him that he could never seriously dwell upon it. A vague piety supported his courage. Providence would not deal harshly with him and his dear ones"? Of course Providence in those days, just as in these, had no time to deal gently with everyone, and equally of course, when the sturdy oak, Dr. Madden, is felled by an accident, the clinging Madden daughters in their various ways become practically a charge upon society. There are other ways of becoming a charge upon society than by merely occupying space in an eleemosynary institution. Monica Madden escapes into marriage. It was considered an escape in those simpler days.

Well, *nous avons changé tout cela.* One can sigh with relief and amusement at such old-fashioned attitudes toward life. Does Gissing, who pleaded with such half-hearted boldness for woman's right to some sort of adequate preparation for her industrial, social, psychic relationships in the world, know now what steps have been taken along the way? Women have gained the suffrage. There is no longer any question, in any stratum of society, of their right to enter industry in practically any form they choose. Even "ladies", not driven by economic necessity, take a "job" and continue their work through all the vicissitudes of marriage and motherhood. Marriage is assuming a more or less tentative character, and even in its most rigorous form is mitigated by great concessions to individuality. And when a novel is written on the subject of single women it is called *The Girls* instead of *The Odd Women.* In that title is a quarter of a century's social history.

If he could have looked forward twenty-five or more years, Gissing would naturally have expected that the social order of 1921 would have arrived at some understanding of such an ever-recurrent problem. How it would surprise him to read Edna Ferber's *The Girls!* Fortunately it would entertain him, too, and that is pleasant to think of, for Gissing took no phase of life lightly, and to worry about women in the abstract was almost more disintegrating than to worry about them in the concrete.

The tragedy of *The Odd Women* haunted me vaguely for many years. It seemed so numbing, so futile, so inescapable. In *The Girls* their tragedy is no longer futile, it is no longer dull, for the modern spirit takes most of its experiences, its minor joys and its

major woes, with a sort of mocking insouciance which is charming as well as psychically healthful. But are the problems escapable?

Well, the conditions that made the tragedy of Aunt Charlotte's fruitless life have probably disappeared forever. Girls are not considered unfit for sober marriage because of a sudden display of emotion over a lover socially impossible, nor do parents clap on metaphorical strait-jackets for life as a punishment for such conduct. Society to some extent still expects the unmarried daughter to render herself "a ready and acceptable sacrifice" to the home. Lottie, Aunt Charlotte's niece, thirty-five at the outbreak of the war, who had helped her mother keep house for so many fruitless years, doing errands which efficient organization of the mechanics of living would have rendered unnecessary, is still a familiar figure. Lottie's way of escape, via the war, from her aunt's desiccated futility, is as yet "simply not done", as the English say. In her case, the vast storm of war obliterated the traces of what is still considered unsocial conduct, and saved her from the great price the world still exacts for such individual freedom. The war, however, makes this a case of "special pleading", and so Lottie's answer is no solution. We can not have world wars just to cover up lapses from the social code.

And then there is Charley, the third generation of the modern odd woman. It is Charley who really reveals the full force of this problem. It is actually inescapable, not one of those comparatively happy difficulties which time and the slow accretions of social commonsense will finally obliterate. For Charley has as a matter of course advantages which would have seemed millennial to the Madden girls. She has business training and takes a "job" despite her comfortable circumstances, with the full coöperation of both parents. She has their cheerful consent to her love for a youthful poet thoroughly unfit from the Madden point of view, since he is the son of a delicatessen storekeeper. And all the love-making of these two children of their time is marked by a sane, frank, wholesome freedom which is like the wind over heather on a sunny day. What a contrast here to the fetid formality, the ancient male jealousies and egotisms, of poor Monica Madden's courtship. The inconceivable propriety of demeanor of her and her sisters! It was the fruit, no doubt, of that charming inclina-

tion to believe the worst, that deep suspicion of human nature which characterized the Early, Mid, and even Late Victorian. Other epochs, to be sure, have not been free from it, as witness the delightful rule of evidence, which assumes that if two people are left alone together, they just naturally sin.

But Charley loses her lover, even as Lottie. That of course changes the direction of her life for a while at least, though it does not blight it utterly as it would once, and the book stops before any further development of her destiny. There is no fear for her, however, as for the female adrift in other days. Courage, truth, and training are sufficient weapons in any battle.

The inescapable, irreducible minimum of the question, then, might be summed up in this. No advantages of training or progress can alter the fact that an odd woman of any era is first of all and after all only a human being. Poor gloomy Gissing evidently felt that she could be neatly ticketed, her special problems carefully catalogued, and then economic training with its independence of matrimony would solve all her troubles. But woman is an economic unit, not merely a marriageable female specimen. Lack of training for the odd women made them a burden on society and intensified their unhappiness. Yet sufficient preparation for life for the girls does not of itself assure them economic stability and happiness. All over the world there is a lack of jobs for self-dependent women. Jobs and husbands are both uncertain, and the longed-for political enfranchisement has shrunken from a panacea to a mere political right. It is easy to blame the war, but it is time to cease regarding wars as if they were great natural destructive forces like tornadoes and lightning. They are as preventable as any other plague. There is a larger problem here. What is the use of training anyone, man or woman, unless there is some intelligent, scientific grappling with the causes of unemployment?

Meanwhile it is to be hoped that the woman who might have written *The Odd Men* and didn't will be followed by some man who will write *The Boys*.

MARGARET PINCKNEY ALLEN.

A MAN OF MYSTERY

BY SELDEN PEABODY DELANY

THE youth of America has for many decades been nurtured under the spell of certain widely acknowledged ideals. At least that has been true of those of our young people who are indigenous to the soil and proceed from American stock. They have been taught to regard with the utmost esteem those heroic individuals who in the early part of the seventeenth century fled from the tyrannical authorities of Europe to found communities of free men in the American wilderness. Especially have they been encouraged to venerate the founders of the New England colonies, who planted in this new world the Puritan traditions of self-government, strictness of life, and the right to practice their religion in their own way, untrammelled by the pronouncements of an Established Church. To them we largely owe our prevalent ideals: self-reliance, democracy, religious freedom, popular education, simplicity of life, utilitarian morality, and so forth.

Whose heart does not expand as he recalls the conspicuous leaders of revolutionary days, men like Putnam, John Adams, Patrick Henry, Hamilton and Washington? We fondly imagine that they were compacted of different clay from the rest of the human race. As we pick our way along the narrow, tortuous streets of old Boston, do we not feel that our feet are treading on holy ground; or, as we visit Faneuil Hall or the Old South Church for the first time, that we have penetrated to the innermost sanctuaries of American liberties? The old families of Boston embody for us the most enviable social standards, as representing the supreme type of American culture. To be born with such a name, we would suppose, is to be presented with a key which will unlock every door worth entering. If on such an inheritance be superimposed the refinement and breadth and detachment that are alleged to be acquired through a Harvard education, there is little left to be desired in this world, unless it

be a Unitarian religious consciousness with its restrained enthusiasms and liberal attitude toward modern thought.

Perhaps no one man has summed up in himself the dominant ideals of this generation of Americans more completely than Henry Adams. He was in the direct line of succession of one of the most able and distinguished families of American history. Samuel Adams, John Adams, John Quincy Adams, Charles Francis Adams—what better ancestral stuff could any American boy desire? He was educated at the Boston Latin School and Harvard. He was on terms of intimate acquaintance or kinship with most of the social, political and intellectual leaders of New England, as he later became through his residence in Washington with the political leaders of the nation. During the troublous years of the Civil War he served as private secretary to his father, Charles Francis Adams, when that statesman was our Minister to England. In this way he had the enviable opportunity of knowing intimately many of the most influential figures in contemporary European history. Thus Henry Adams became not only the most favored and finished product of the American tradition; he was also one of the most characteristic representatives of our modern English-speaking civilization. In his personality, and in the successive episodes of his varied career, he exhibited to a superlative degree its distinctive brand of social cultivation, its inherited tastes and prejudices, its intellectual sympathies, its political tendencies, and its philosophical and religious attitude.

Do we wish to ascertain whether this civilization of which we are a living part is tending upward or downward; whether the attainment of the ends for which most of our fellow men are striving will satisfy the human spirit; whether we should accept the popular dictum that the present century is the apex of human progress; whether there is adequate reason for believing in the idea of human progress at all; whether the Protestant revolt in the sixteenth century against the authority of the Catholic Church has yielded beneficial results for humanity; whether our moral standards, educational methods, and artistic achievements have surpassed those of the Middle Ages; or whether democratic government has on the whole led to an increase in

human happiness and effectiveness? The best way to answer such questions as these is to ask Henry Adams. He knows, for he sounded to its depths our modern British-American culture. He enjoyed an intimate acquaintance with the best that we have been able to produce in art, literature, politics and social life. Moreover, by virtue of his wide and leisurely reading and his unusual opportunities of travel, he was thoroughly qualified to compare our attainments with those of earlier centuries. What, then, was his mature judgment upon the ideals and traditions which he inherited? What was the ultimate result of his "education", as he was wont to describe his life?

It can hardly be said that he has proclaimed his conclusions in no uncertain terms. However exhaustive may be our study of the writings of Henry Adams, there remains about him a considerable element of mystery. Perhaps much of our uncertainty as to his teaching arises from the fact that he arrived at his final synthesis very late in life. Long as was his allotted span of life,—he had just passed his eightieth birthday when he vanished from the earthly scene,—he nevertheless did not live long enough to state his inductions in a coherent and final system of thought. It is not difficult, however, for the most cursory reader of his writings to ascertain the direction in which his thought was inevitably leading him. In spite of the long years of mysterious silence from what he called his "failure" in 1871, when his education was ended, until 1891 when his life was complete; in spite of many perplexing passages; in spite of frequent lapses from the "height of knowledge" to the "abyss of ignorance"—it does not require unusual discernment to perceive the goal toward which he was straining in his declining years.

For these purposes we need not concern ourselves with his earlier essays and articles on economic and scientific subjects, nor with his editorship of The North American Review, nor even with his voluminous *History of the United States*, which deals exhaustively with the period from 1801 to 1817. We need not linger over his too brief career as Professor of History at Harvard in the early 'seventies. His mature judgment was that he had not accomplished conspicuous results in any of these positions. He tells us characteristically in his *Education:* "Thus it turned

out that of all his many educations, Adams thought that of schoolteacher the thinnest. Yet he was forced to admit that the education of an editor, in some ways, was thinner still."

The writings which will throw most light on the ultimate trend of Henry Adams's thinking were the fruitage of his later years: *Mont Saint-Michel and Chartres*, privately printed in 1904; and *The Education of Henry Adams*, privately printed in 1906. He brought these out privately with a view to revising them thoroughly after they had been evaluated and criticized by his more discriminating friends. Henry Adams was nothing if not humble-minded. Unfortunately, however, his literary labors came to an end before these revisions could be completed. To a lesser extent we should consult *A Letter to American Teachers* (1910), which was recently published along with several other papers by his brother, Brooks Adams, in a volume entitled *The Degradation of the Democratic Dogma*. We shall also find interesting and valuable information in *Letters to a Niece*, published with a memoir by Mabel La Farge in 1920. This volume also contains those striking and significant verses entitled *The Prayer to the Virgin of Chartres*, which were discovered after his death in a little wallet of private papers.

Although *Mont Saint-Michel and Chartres* was published before *The Education of Henry Adams*, it is desirable to read the *Education* first, as it gives us a more complete portrait of Henry Adams as a man and enables us the better to appraise his attitude towards contemporary civilization. The *Education* gives one at first a distinctly chaotic impression, as of a man who has labored in vain at variegated tasks, and through some perverse wrong-headedness has found it impossible to adapt himself to his environment. Here was a man with an enviable inheritance and unequalled opportunities, a man in whose mind and character were interwoven many of the finest American strains; yet he turned away from it all with a decisive gesture of rejection, and preferred to sojourn in France, pottering about among the artistic and literary remains of the thirteenth century. It is not surprising that *The Education of Henry Adams* has puzzled even its most discriminating readers. The book has enjoyed an unusually large sale for a serious literary effort, and for two years

after its publication it was the most widely read among non-fiction works in every section of the United States. The drawing-room criticism of the book has been that Adams was a crabbed, eccentric old man, who grew more crotchety and queer and sardonic with the passing years, although it is universally admitted that he expressed his revolutionary opinions in a forceful and gripping literary style. He could not, it was commonly assumed, be taken seriously, because he displayed a heartless contempt for many of our most cherished American institutions and ideals. That in itself to most Americans would argue a regrettable perversity if not a positively psychopathic state of mind.

Henry Adams has told us that he mentally called this work a *Study of Twentieth Century Multiplicity*. It was apparently intended to be chaotic, like our twentieth century civilization. It sets forth the amazing and intricate by-paths through which modern man must tread his way in his search for the truth. There is no unity in his own mind nor in the universe. He has lost the way home as well as the key to his front door. Henry Adams, as a representative twentieth century man, tried to fit in to this complicated and incoherent environment, but could not. The *Education* tells the story of his frustrated efforts to adapt himself to the social and intellectual *milieu* of his time. He might have been more successful had he been willing to compromise his principles, become satisfied with mediocrity, exchange his soul for money, sheepishly follow the crowd, call evil good and good evil, or abandon the search for truth as a hopeless enigma. He steadfastly refused to take any of these short-cuts to success, and it is consistent loyalty to principle which makes the story of his life one of the most encouraging and inspiring books ever written by an American.

In his *Mont Saint-Michel and Chartres*, which he called a *Study of Thirteenth Century Unity*, Henry Adams has left us perhaps the most sympathetic and convincing interpretation of the Middle Ages that has ever been written in English. He writes enthusiastically of the literature, theology, mysticism, saints, stained glass, sculpture, and architecture of an epoch in the history of Europe when well-nigh everyone believed in God, when civilization was definitely Christian, and when Christendom

was one. It was predominantly the age of faith, and every human interest—whether art, learning, sex, beauty, war or sin—was viewed primarily as related to God. Every phenomenon in the field of consciousness was apprehended under the aspect of eternity. The most superficial reader of this book cannot escape the atmosphere of light, the glow of other-worldiness, the spirit of order and harmony and beauty, the triumphant note of spiritual joy, which pervade its pages and sharply differentiate it from the *Education*.

Henry Adams has expressed the purpose of this contrast in his *Education* (p. 434). His purpose was to compare the two periods of civilization, to determine whether the world has progressed or retrograded in the last seven hundred years. This is his statement of his method:

> Any schoolboy could see that man as a force must be measured by motion, from a fixed point. Psychology helped here by suggesting a unit—the point of history when man held the highest idea of himself as a unit in a unified universe. Eight or ten years of study had led Adams to think he might use the century 1150–1250, expressed in Amiens Cathedral and the Works of Thomas Aquinas, as the unit from which he might measure down to his own time, without assuming anything as true or untrue, except relation. The movement might be studied at once in philosophy and mechanics. Setting himself to the task, he began a volume which he mentally knew as *Mont Saint-Michel and Chartres: a Study of Thirteenth-Century Unity*. From that point he proposed to fix a position for himself, which he could label: *The Education of Henry Adams: a Study of Twentieth-Century Multiplicity*. With the help of these two points of relation, he hoped to project his lines forward and backward indefinitely, subject to correction from anyone who should know better.

His reverent admiration for the Virgin of Chartres, and his keen appreciation of the striking phenomena in art and in morals which have resulted from the Catholic devotion to Mary, would be inexplicable in a man of his traditions and antecedents had he not advanced to an unusual discernment and comprehension of the intrinsic excellence of Catholic truth and life. Nowhere can one read so glowing a tribute to the influence of the Virgin on the thought and morals of Christendom as in Chapter XIII of *Mont Saint-Michel and Chartres*. He tells us how in the Middle Ages there arose throughout Catholic Europe a fervent popular

devotion to the Blessed Virgin, because of the universal sense of the Divine holiness and justice, along with an intense conviction of the sinfulness of humanity. All people knew that they were sinners, and they dreaded falling into the hands of God. They came to look upon Mary as the friend of sinners, almost as their advocate and intercessor as against the Church and the Holy Trinity. She was human, and because she was also a woman, she could sympathize with their weaknesses and extricate them from their difficulties. Particularly was she regarded as the helper of the poor and friendless. The lowest of the low took refuge under her protection. The Protestants, and especially those inclined toward Puritan strictness and severity, were horrified at her toleration of such wretched sinners. Consequently they despised all the popular devotion to Mary, and expunged her name from their hymns and liturgies. Nevertheless it was this widespread popular devotion to the Mother of God that compelled the building of churches and cathedrals in her honor, such as the world has never been able to equal. It was the common people—the whole population—who built Chartres, Amiens, Rheims, the architectural wonders of Christendom.

Though Henry Adams remained to the end outside of the visible Church, he certainly belonged to the invisible soul of the Church. It is a significant picture of his closing years in Paris that Miss La Farge draws for us in her *Memoirs* (p. 24):

> Songs of the Crusades, love-songs or spinning songs composed their evening concerts for an audience of one, but every evening before saying good-night, the Uncle would ask for a song to the Virgin. With eyes half-closed, and head thrown back, he would listen intently, as if joining in the song or *prayer* himself.

The *Prayer to the Virgin of Chartres* is too long to be quoted here in full. It sums up in poetic form Henry Adams's ultimate explanation of the sorrows and catastrophes of the modern materialistic world. He speaks as though he were the cosmic representative of his race, who seven hundred years ago came to the Virgin of Chartres and prayed for grace. In the course of the years he strayed away from her and lost his childlike faith. He wandered everywhere, seeking the lost clue to the mind of God. He did not find his Father and he lost his Mother. Thereupon he crossed the sea and sought to set up the Father's Kingdom in

the Promised Land. Ultimately he and his fellows dethroned the Father and fell to worshipping themselves. That sort of worship, however, could not satisfy them. Finally they set up a new God, the Dynamo. He recites for the amusement of his Lady of Chartres the strange *Prayer to the Dynamo*, which is the fantastic expression of the only worship in which he and his race can now believe. Then he turns to his Lady with this final pathetic confession of deep spiritual need:

A curious prayer, dear lady! is it not?
Strangely unlike the prayers I prayed to you!
Stranger because you find me at this spot,
Here, at your feet, asking your help anew.

Strangest of all, that I have ceased to strive,
Ceased even care what new coin fate shall strike.
In truth it does not matter. Fate will give
Some answer; and all answers are alike.

So, while we slowly rack and torture death
And wait for what the final void will show,
Waiting I feel the energy of faith
Not in the future science, but in you!

The man who solves the Infinite, and needs
The force of solar systems for his play,
Will not need me, nor greatly care what deeds
Made me illustrious in the dawn of day.

. . . . .

But when, like me, he too has trod the track
Which leads him up to power above control,
He too will have no choice but wander back
And sink in helpless hopelessness of soul,

Before your majesty of grace and love,
The purity, the beauty and the faith;
The depth of tenderness beneath; above,
The glory of the life and of the death.

When your Byzantine portal still was young,
I came here with my master Abelard;
When *Ave Maris Stella* was first sung,
I joined to sing it here with St. Bernard.

When Blanche set up your glorious Rose of France,
In scholar's robes I waited on the Queen;
When good Saint Louis did his penitence,
My prayer was deep like his; my faith as keen.

. . . . .

Help me to see! not with my mimic sight—
With yours! which carried radiance, like the sun,
Giving the rays you saw with—light in light—
Tying all suns and stars and worlds in one.

Help me to know! not with my mocking art—
With you, who knew yourself unbound by laws;
Gave God your strength, your life, your sight, your heart,
And took from Him the Thought that Is—the Cause.

Help me to feel! not with my insect sense,—
With yours that felt all life alive in you;
Infinite heart beating at your expense;
Infinite passion breathing the breath you drew!

Help me to bear! not my own baby load,
But yours; who bore the failure of the light,
The strength, the knowledge and the thought of God,—
The futile folly of the Infinite!

Can we doubt that the gracious Lady to whom he turned in his final hour of desperate need heard his prayer and interceded with her Son to receive his departing soul and lead him finally into the regions of the blessed? Miss La Farge at the close of her *Memoir* (p. 27) makes this significant comment upon the *Prayer to the Virgin of Chartres*:

In this *Prayer* Henry Adams makes an act of faith in the Son's divinity. He ends by saying in his own words what Saint John said twenty centuries before: "In him was life; and the life was the light of men. And the light shineth in darkness, and the darkness comprehended it not." Henry Adams felt the failure of the world to receive the light, but he leaves no shadow of a doubt that he himself perceived "That was the true light".

It is a cheap and easy criticism to say that Henry Adams's life was a failure. It is true that he did not achieve success in a worldly sense: he never held public office; his writings were not widely read during his lifetime; he could scarcely have supported himself had he not been a man of independent means; he was

known only to a select circle of acquaintances and friends; he was never acclaimed as one whom the American public delighted to honor (as he never wished to be). But what, after all, is the purpose of a man's life? Is it to amass millions, or gain newspaper notoriety, or bask in sybaritic ease? Or is it rather to discover the truth that is unchanging and eternal, to guide and enlighten and inspire his fellow men, and enable them the better to attain to their true destiny? If it is a praiseworthy ideal to serve our fellows and reveal to them the path that leads to God, then Henry Adams was not a failure. He is the outstanding example in recent years of a brilliant American who has exhausted the possibilities of the various prizes for which his fellow countrymen have been striving for generations. He has taught the generations to come the worthlessness and emptiness of those prizes. He has sounded many of our current popular ideals and found them wanting. He has amply demonstrated the futility of Boston, the vulgarity of Washington, the bleakness and aridity of Puritanism, the coldness and desolation of Protestantism, the necessary limitations of democracy, the illusion of progress and the flimsiness of our scholarship.

And yet it must be confessed that Henry Adams remains a man of mystery. What that mystery is depends ultimately upon the mental and spiritual equipment of those who approach him. The conservative college graduate of bourgeois temper and outlook could never understand how Adams could trample under foot so many of our American values and ideals. The radical could never comprehend how he could be content with the dogmatic spiritual freedom and ordered artistic beauty of mediæval civilization. Revolutionary as he really was, why did he not become really red? The Catholic cannot quite see why he did not become a professing Catholic before he died. Why had he ceased to care "what new coin fate shall strike"? Why did he believe in fate at all, when he came so near to faith in God and His incarnate Son, Jesus Christ? However we take him, there remains an element of mystery—for us. For him, the mystery is solved!

Selden Peabody Delany.

AFFAIRS OF THE WORLD

BY WILLIS FLETCHER JOHNSON

THE Turk returns to Europe. That is the outstanding fact in the Near East embroilment. That is the outcome of the World War, the Paris Peace Conference, the Treaty of Sèvres, the League of Nations, and the appalling anti-climactery of King "Tino's" attempt to reëstablish the Byzantine Empire. The Turk, who has never been anything but a trespasser and a trouble-maker, returns to Europe in triumph over Christendom. Kemal is as truly a conqueror as was the first Amurath or the second Mohammed. With the blood of two million butchered Christians still red and wet upon his hands, the Turk returns to reëstablish Turkey in Europe with boundaries actually more extensive than they were before the World War, and with prestige greater than ever since the Berlin Congress; and also to take his place as a member of the League of Nations, from which the Armenia which he has destroyed was excluded. All this is granted in advance of any negotiations for a definitive treaty of peace; offered and its acceptance humbly requested as an inducement to the Turk "to be good enough" to cease his conquering march and to look to diplomacy instead of war for his further gains. There must have been chuckling in hell when the news reached Abdul the Damned.

There need be no hesitation in fixing responsibility for this disaster to civilization. It is twofold; for I pass by as too insignificant for a third place the Kinglet of the Hellenes with his mad obsession now ended in his abdication. Of the two actual causes, let us consider the second and the less first. It is to be found in the selfish ambitions, the cross purposes and the mistaken policies of "the three Allied Governments", as they style themselves; the "Big Three" now — after the supreme Turk — dominating the European stage. While the Greeks and Turks

were fighting, the Powers were wrangling and intriguing. Each of the three had its selfish interests in Asia Minor, and each kept a weather eye fixed upon the Mohammedan population of its outlying empire. Almost certainly in the case of one and probably in the cases of all three this latter consideration was dominant. It would of course be a terrible thing to have *Jehad* prevail from the Ganges to the slopes of Atlas. But the world has heard threats of a Holy War a hundred times in the last hundred years; and there has grown up a numerous generation of men who cannot be persuaded that a calamity is to be averted by yielding to the menace of it, or that to cringe is to control and to conquer. There can be no question that if those three Powers had agreed upon a definite and consistent policy, and had resolutely adhered to and enforced it, the tragedy of Smyrna and the deep disgrace of the Turk's return would have been avoided. Neither, I think, will any of the three Allied Governments dispute the reckoning that it would have been more profitable for each and all of them thus to agree, even to the extent of sacrificing some of their individual ambitions and desires, than for the present irremediable disaster to have occurred. But — *Vous l'avez voulu, George Dandin, vous l'avez voulu!*

The first and major responsibility for what has happened must indisputably be laid at the door of the League of Nations. That body in the Preamble to its Covenant proclaims its purpose to be "to promote international coöperation and to achieve international peace", and in pursuance of that purpose it declares (Article XI) that —

> Any war or threat of war, whether immediately affecting any of the members of the League or not, is hereby declared a matter of concern to the whole League, and the League shall take any action that may be deemed wise and effectual to safeguard the peace of nations. In case any such emergency should arise, the Secretary-General shall, on the request of any member of the League, forthwith summon a meeting of the Council.

Yet here was a threat of war, quickly followed by actual war, made and waged by an actual and original member of the League and "immediately affecting" half a dozen members, which was treated as a matter of complete unconcern to the whole League and concerning which the League took no action whatever to

safeguard the peace of nations; not one of all the dozens of members considering it worth while to request the calling of a meeting of the Council. And when, after the cataclysm at Smyrna, one member of the League did suggest that something ought to be done about it, the suggestion was overwhelmingly squelched with the admonition that this was a political matter, with which the League had nothing to do but which must be left to individual Governments! Had the League of Nations not egregiously repudiated both the letter and the spirit of its Covenant, there would have been no tragedy of Smyrna and no restoration of Turkdom in Europe.

It would scarcely be necessary to point out that this grim débâcle is one of the strongest possible vindications of the course of the United States in holding aloof from the League of Nations, but for the fact that an eminent British publicist, echoed by a number of voices in this country, promptly declared that it was all the fault of the United States and that if only we had entered the League of Nations it would not have happened. Are we to understand that the United States alone would or should have had the gumption to call for a meeting of the Council, which no other of the forty-odd thought it desirable to do? Would the presence of the United States in the League have caused Greece to stay her belligerent hand, and France and Italy and Great Britain to sink their differences of interest and of policy, and the seventy million Moslems of India to quit their menace of a Holy War? Should we have served as mediator or dictator among the "Big Three", agreeing with one and offending two, or telling all three they were wrong and thus incurring the animosity of all three? I notice that one League propagandist tries to draw a parallel between Smyrna and Havana, and says that if the latter city were sacked and the people massacred by some foreign Power, all America would be aroused for instant intervention; but "Cuba is only 100 miles away, but Smyrna being some 5,000 miles away makes all the difference in the world"; wherefore, he concludes, "America is playing the part of a great hulking coward". He could not have devised an analogy more unfortunate for his own contention. When humanity required

intervention in Cuba, the United States intervened, promptly and effectively, and gave the rest of the world to understand that this was our job and that neither aid nor meddling was desired or would be permitted from any other nation. To say that united Europe, or indeed the united League of Nations, was not proportionately as capable of dealing with the troubles in Asia Minor as the United States was to deal with those in Cuba, would be a preposterous perversion. If we had been in the League, one of two things must have happened Either what has now occurred would have occurred just the same; or else we should have been made a sort of common bailiff of the world, to do unpleasant jobs that the others ought to do and could do but did not want to do. The eve of the centenary of the Monroe Doctrine is not a good time for arguing that America should play that rôle. Whatever has happened and whatever may happen in the Near East, America has done her duty and is free from blame.

The recurrence of another anniversary of the Armistice will be honored more in ignoring than in observing it; and so far as it is commemorated it will be in humiliation and bitterness of spirit. No Hamlet is needed to-day to bid us "look here, upon this picture, and on this". Four years ago the picture was of peace in all the war-sick world, of justice executed upon the great criminals of the war, of reparation in full, to the last cent, by Germany, of the expulsion and exclusion of the Turk from Europe, of the restoration of the Armenian nation, and of enduring harmony among the Allied Powers. It was an engaging and inspiring picture, four years ago; painted not by popular fancy, nor by speculative writers in the newspaper press, but deliberately, with reduplicated strokes, by the most serious and responsible statesmen of the Powers. Four years ago. And now, what do we see? Instead of peace, war; instead of justice, immunity for the great criminals; the reparation required of Germany pared down to a ridiculous fraction; the Turk returning to Europe more strongly than before, the remnant of Armenia delivered to its destroyer, and the Allies bickering among themselves and drifting straight toward outright estrangement. All in four years.

Why such a change, such contrast? Did we really mean what we said in 1918? Were governing statesmen sincere in their deliberate declarations? Or was all that talk intended merely for Buncombe? If it was sincere, if it was really meant, what are we now to infer? Were we then so short-sighted, so mistaken, as thus to commit ourselves to a programme that was from the beginning intrinsically impossible of fulfilment? Or have we for some sordid and pusillanimous reason proved recreant to the faith and abandoned a policy which might have been fulfilled? What is clear is that to-day we are as much in need of an armistice as we were in 1918. At the risk of a contradiction of terms, we need an armistice of peace. For if what we have to-day be peace, it would be far better to have war. The war of Belleau Wood was better than the peace of Smyrna.

Amid so much that is depressing and discreditable in the international outlook, it is gratifying to be able to record one fine and significant achievement for the cultivation of peace and friendship. The Sulgrave Institution had already made both the great Anglo-Saxon nations its debtors for various beneficent acts, but scarcely any was more finely conceived than the errand of its latest commission from England to America; to present not to some corporation but explicitly "to the People of America" appropriate and enduring memorials of three illustrious men who mightily served both nations. Americans will not forget that foremost among their many friends in that supreme crisis of affairs the Earl of Chatham gave to the advocacy of their demands and to the vindication of their acts the latest energies of his Titanic career, with an outspoken vigor that no Adams nor Otis nor Henry could have surpassed. Nor will they forget that Burke gave himself unreservedly to their support when he was approximating the zenith of a career which for intellectual distinction and moral elevation conjoined has never been surpassed in the annals of British statesmanship. Following these at the distance of a century, Bryce was as true a friend to America, and served her almost as profitably, in her maturity, as they in her infancy. Indeed, he did more, for he was one of those who saw clearly the evils of the Treaty of Versailles, and warned the

Powers and the world against them. No American who opposed our entry into the League of Nations ever criticised that compact more severely than did he; and as international honors were paid to his memory in the American metropolis, there must have been many wishes on both sides of the sea that his counsel might have prevailed for the aversion of the present unspeakable embroilments. For both historical interest and gratitude and present and future admonition and counsel, there are few names in British history more worthy of remembrance by Americans than those of Pitt and Burke and Bryce. In their power to inspire in both countries the cultivation of just understanding and intelligent and therefore enduring and useful friendship, they stand unsurpassed.

The President of Dartmouth College has provoked much controversy by saying in the course of an extended address that "Too many men are going to college"; much more controversy than there would have been if all his critics had interpreted his words in connection with their essential context. In one sense, or in a certain state of affairs, it would doubtless be impossible for too many men to go to college. It would be well to have every young man and woman in the land pursue a full college course. So it would be well to have them all in perfect bodily health, so that they might all live, as did Moses, to be a hundred and twenty years old with eyes not dim and with natural force not abated. But it is not so, and it will never be so, in our time. Bodily ailments exist, impairing health and shortening life. So mental or intellectual capacities differ, making a considerable proportion incapable of profitably pursuing a college course and as unfit to attempt it as one with deformed hands would be to become a pianist, or one color blind to become a painter. "Too many men are going to college" because there are thousands going thither who are mentally unfit and who are thus wasting time and money and are crowding out others who are mentally fit and who ought to be there. As college men they are and will be failures, while as carpenters or metal workers or farmers they would be successful. It is a lamentable thing for them to sacrifice useful careers for that which they never can achieve.

One of the chief problems of the educator, and one which the President of Dartmouth is evidently trying to solve, is to suit the education to the pupil. Each according to his capacity; the round peg in a round hole and the square peg in a square hole; remembering always that round and square are all in the same board and are of equal service to humanity. As for the haggling over the question whether a college education is a right or a privilege, the answer obviously is, both. "They have rights who dare maintain them." So they have rights who are capable of exercising them, enjoying them, profiting by them. Those who cannot thus use them may theoretically possess the rights, but they are a dead letter. Only they have a right to a college education who are capable of receiving it. The right is an advantage enjoyed in virtue of a subjective condition; which is not, on the whole, a bad definition of a privilege.

The return of the Secretary of State from a most auspicious and successful visit to the Brazilian centenary celebration is an agreeable reminder that there is a large, populous and enlightened continent free from wars or rumors of war, and even exempt from any serious effects of the World War. Not reckoning the seven smaller yet still considerable States, the three "A B C Powers" have a population equal to that of France, their capitals compare in splendor with almost any in the world, and their achievements in literature, science and the arts of high civilization entitle them to rank among the foremost nations. And they alone of all the world passed through the ordeal of 1914–1918 with scarcely so much as the smell of fire upon their garments. It was exactly a hundred years ago that the Holy Allies at Verona were conspiring for a last attempt at their resubjugation, an attempt that was halted by Great Britain's refusal to countenance it and was a little later permanently defeated by the intervention of the United States. We shall not err if we reckon their fine progress and their present enviable status to be largely due to that century-old policy which has kept them free from external aggressions and meddlings while leaving them open to beneficent intercourse with all the world.

NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

THE LAST HARVEST. By John Burroughs. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company.

Less purely speculative or descriptive and more definitive than some of his previous writings are these last essays of John Burroughs. Only if Burroughs in his prime be somewhat over-rated—rated as a powerful, original thinker, which he scarcely was—may one find in this last harvest of observations and thoughts any falling-off in power. Never did Burroughs better succeed in saying just what he meant, and the minimum worth saying, than here. All through these pages there is an admirable lucidity, a satisfying certainty of judgment, a brilliant clearness of recollection. The impression is one of maturity, not of extreme old age. There is no quavering in the tone, no rambling in the thought—only a greater wisdom, a sounder emphasis.

Better criticism is not often found than that contained in Burroughs's chapter upon *Emerson and his Journals*. It is familiar, and by turns simple and subtle. A good deal of it is of the unpretentious sort that gives delight because it skillfully expresses what everyone thinks and understands and which everyone feels to be important enough for emphatic expression. Thus the passage which declares that Emerson's character was "Yankee wit and shrewdness on one side, and Oriental devoutness, pantheism, and symbolism on the other . . . Saadi or Hafiz or Omar might have fathered him, but only a New England mother could have borne him." But the following is subtle enough for the most modern of our critics: "Emerson was under no illusion as to the effect of distance. He knew the past was once the present, and that if it seemed to be transformed and to rise into a cloud land behind us, it was only the enchantment of distance—an enchantment which men have been under in all ages. . . . Emerson knew that 'a score of airy miles will smooth rough Monadnoc to a gem,' but he also knew that it would not change the character of Monadnoc." All of which is both just and important in an estimate of Emerson's "transcendentalism".

Burroughs, moreover, for all his geniality, is as unsparing, where truth is really concerned, as any critic of the modern scientific school. And with all his appreciation of the past, he is no mere *laudator temporis acti*. Sympathetically he follows the wanderings of Thoreau's mind and Thoreau's feet, and merrily he checks up the intellectual fribblings and the occasional mal-observations of the Walden philosopher and naturalist. Neither bad logic, nor temperamental freakishness, nor a want of common sense about woodchucks escapes him. And the total effect of his criticism is, as it should be, to enhance.

Few wiser words have been written upon a difficult subject than in Burroughs's essay on *What Makes a Poem?*—a discourse which, while it insists upon an indwelling philosophy as the determining factor in great poetry, shows a catholic and even a modern taste. No slave of classicism was John Burroughs—he had his personal tastes and distastes and even a pardonable human weakness in them.

In the chapter called *A Critical Glance at Darwin*, there is a clearness and a kind of finality that is not always found in Burroughs. The vexed question of how far science can support a religious conception of the universe—of just what panpsychism means—comes up once more, and receives a wonderfully definite answer: "In following Lamarck I am not disturbed by the bogey of teleology, or the ghost of mysticism. I am persuaded that there is something immanent in the universe, pervading every atom and molecule in it, that knows what it wants—a Cosmic Mind or Intelligence that we must take account of if we would make any headway in trying to understand the world in which we find ourselves." A passage lucid, assured, and elevated.

TWENTY YEARS IN ROUMANIA. By Maude Parkinson. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

A pleasant, gossipy book, a book "about foreign lands and peoples" of the old, pre-war type, and not at all a political book, Miss Parkinson's *Twenty Years in Roumania* may afford somewhat of a relief to readers jaded with post-bellum pleas for the greater recognition of smaller nationalities, complaints about the injustices of the treaty of Versailles, and appeals to high Heaven to vindicate the right in the Balkans. The author, an Ulster woman with a long experience as a school-teacher in Bucharest, is witty and observing; she had access to the court and to polite circles, and she writes of Roumania—a little-known country—with the persuasiveness of entire familiarity and without the exaggerations of the casual visitor. On the whole, the impression she gives is very human and agreeable—and an agreeable impression is rather likely to be a true one. What seems quite human and natural is, at any rate, convincing.

On the whole, however, in all these notes about customs and society, one misses a little too much the note of distinction. The author is, one suspects, a little too adaptable, a little too ready to forget that Roumania is not Ulster. Her descriptions somewhat lack the novelty conferred either by journalistic accumulation of facts or by a fine literary sense. There is a want of broad inference, of really critical comment. Surely one can exchange small talk with a Greek, a Bulgarian, or even with a Turk in the full realization that when it comes to the weather, dress patterns, or the latest divorce, the whole world is akin; and yet one ought to sense differences of civilization.

Speaking of politics: "Trickery," says the author, "is very often practised. By some means or other, names of people long dead are inserted in the register, and, as a man remarked in my hearing at one election, 'In my father's lifetime

he never had a vote, but now that he is dead, they are giving him one.' " If this be true, why all the talk about the difficulty of Americanizing the South-European? Then, there is the matter of divorces in high circles. Queen Carmen Sylva, that social reformer, made a rule that no lady who had been divorced *more than twice* should be invited to Court. It is true that we have no court. . . .

LITERATURE AND LIFE. By E. B. Osborn. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

As compared with writers of essays and occasional papers on this side of the Atlantic, Mr. Osborn (who is the literary editor of *The London Morning Post*) has more of a knack of raising questions without answering them and of talking about matters merely for the sake of saying occasional good things about them. What he writes is very good talk—amusing if you do not expect too much; and it is not exactly good taste to expect too much or to try to give it.

Thus *King Lear's Chaplet* in Mr. Osborn's book is essentially just some samples of poems written by insane persons *plus* something of the author's agreeable personality. The American reader looks for the point—and doesn't find it. The naïve exaggeration of American humor, the naïve dead earnestness of American interrogation, are not here. Even the whims are not so very whimsical. More in our line is something broadly Scotch, arrantly eccentric or sentimental, emphatically funny, like Mr. Stephen Leacock's inimitable satires, or, in default of this, something manifestly cultured and uplifting, or best of all optimistic after the manner of Dr. Frank Crane.

Mr. Osborn seems sometimes subtle with the subtlety of English wit, and sometimes heavy with what we are pleased to consider the heaviness of English humor. Now and then there is a delicious thing; as, the saying of the English rustic to a she collector of popular ballads: "Some of them be too clumsy-like for girls to hear." But one is not sorry that the chapter on *The Anatomy of Wit* is rather short: humorous stories given as samples have a way of losing their flavor. "Clotted speech" is an excellent phrase in which to describe colloquial incoherence. But even the American "colyumist" hard pressed to fill his space might hesitate to put down such specimens as "Owlizwatyerdoinere" and "Owbijnessyualhemly".

The author ranges over a large assortment of subjects—from beer to mermaids; from *The Greatest Poetry* to Vachel Lindsay's *Poems*. He has a rather edifying discourse upon the sin known in mediæval times as *accidie* and in modern England, it appears, as "the hump". This last is not quite serious or philosophical enough to please us—not mysterious enough, does not interest us sufficiently in our own symptoms. He has his fling at some of the stock subjects, such as *Christmas Presents* and *Wills*, and with a sportsman's zest he writes a detailed description of the game of Knur and Spell which will not lure anyone away from the golf course or the baseball diamond.

On the whole Mr. Osborn's essays are excellent in their own way—the way

of good talk, that is neither "highbrow" nor dull; but they were written for British readers.

DEFINITIONS. By Henry Seidel Canby, Ph.D. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company.

Professor Canby is a writer from whom one expects much, his essays being generally of such a character as to provoke the paradoxical criticism that they are so good that they ought to be better. His humor is so incisive that one would have him always humorous: his originality is so suggestive that one sometimes wishes he were not quite so sensible: his judgment is so sound that one wishes he would enlarge the scope and the thoroughness of his considerations.

The essays in this book, like much of this writer's output, are, however, roughly classifiable into two tolerably distinct groups—the academic and the vital. By academic one does not of course mean stiff, labored or wholly futile. Just what one does mean is perhaps best indicated by a sample. In the last paragraph of his essay on *To-day in American Literature*, Professor Canby writes: "In literature we are still pioneers. I think it may be reserved for us to discover a literature for the new democracy of English-speaking peoples that is coming—a literature for the common people who do not wish to stay common. Like Lincoln's, it will not be vulgar; like Whitman's, never tawdry; like Mark Twain's, not empty of penetrating thought; like Shakespeare's it will be popular. If this should happen, as I believe it may, it would be a just return upon our share of a great inheritance."

Now this is extremely well said. It is quite remarkable, indeed, that anything so nearly inspiring should emerge as the conclusion of an essay upon such a subject as *To-day in American Literature*. Yet the whole theme is almost purely academic, its real interest confined within the narrow circle of literary "questions"—the stock topics of the student. In spite of Professor Canby's art, there is a kind of traditional smugness in the first and last sentences, and one cannot find much profit in a point of view which shifts the emphasis from art to American art, from what is good in American literature to what sort of thing literature must be in order to be both good and American.

By way of contrast one may take nearly the whole of what Professor Canby has written about the younger generation—a considerable and significant section of his book. Nearly all of this is vital. The young realists of the day, he sees, for example are really young romanticists; their literature is an unmeasured expression of protest. "As one considers the excessive naturalism of the young realists and asks just why they find it necessary to be so excessively, so effusively, realistic, the conviction is inborn that they are not realists at all as Hardy, Howells, even James, were realists; they are romanticists of a deep, if not the deepest dye even the heartiest lover of sordid incident among them all." This is a precise description of what has been frequently referred to in these pages as the New Romance. This new naturalism, continues Professor

Canby, is essentially "a propaganda of the experience of youth, where the fact that mother's face was ugly, not angelic, is supremely important, more important than the story, just because it was the truth."

This, and much more, of similar tenor is as shrewdly and warmly penetrating as Professor Canby's remarks, in other volumes, upon college students, their minds and ways. On the whole, more of Professor Canby's essays have something of this vital quality than altogether lack it.

BABBITT. By Sinclair Lewis. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company.

A cheap, vulgar life is cheap and vulgar! This appears to be the real message of the new novel by the author of *Main Street*. There is, to be sure, a suggestion of another note formerly not strange to Mr. Sinclair,—the joy of working out one's own salvation, or trying to,—but this spirit is only a weak infusion. In his later novels, indeed, this author seems to have shifted his emphasis from the more or less unreal (but entirely possible) individual who rebels against a real environment, to the more or less unreal environment which slays the individual. There is a gain in technique, perhaps, but scarcely in significance.

The significance of this central idea can in no way be proved. *Babbitt* is not a picture of American life; American life is too big to be pictured in a single novel. Besides everyone knows that while Babbitt, a real-estate man, has no philosophy but that of "hustle", no wit but that of coarse chaff, and is ignorant about many things, such as drainage, that pertain to his specialty, you cannot have half-an-hour's chat with the average American—garage man, architect—without discovering more sense and knowledge than Babbitt is ever allowed to possess. Your garage man will tell you something of the idiosyncrasies of women who drive cars, or are driven in them; your architect will tell you how it is that school-buildings may be made not only fire-proof but panic-proof, and both will have really good ideas about bringing up children. Babbitt and his group are not typical of America.

But are they not typical of some small section or stratum of American life? If so—and America is so various that one cannot deny it—then they are not pictured with the careful Balzacian realism necessary to make them true.

No, the truth is, *Babbitt* is simply a satire—a monstrous, bawling, unconscionable satire, on phases of American life that Mr. Lewis happens to have chosen and which he has concentrated arbitrarily and quite unnaturally into a single-life story. Mr. Lewis is the most phenomenally skillful exaggerator in literature to-day. In his sour way he excels the cheerful mendacities of Mark Twain, whose whimsy about the man who was caught in the carpet-weaving machine and woven into ten yards of Brussels carpet cannot compare in egregiousness with some of Mr. Lewis's realism. Mr. Lewis cannot really parody the advertisements of those who profess to teach will power, public speaking, and how to succeed—though he tries even this. But he is fairly successful with Billy Sunday. In the story, the Reverend Mike Monday

concludes a harangue full of the most amazingly truculent vulgarity with these impressive words: "Now I guess the folks in this man's town will quit listening to all this kyoodling from behind the fence; I guess you'll quit listening to the guys that pan and roast and kick and beef, and vomit out filthy atheism; and all of you'll come in with every grain of pep and reverence you got, and boost altogether for Jesus Christ and His everlasting mercy and tenderness." It would be vain to hope that this passage will ever be excelled.

One can read *Babbitt* as a satire—though it is not great satire;—but a comparison of it with *Tono Bungay* or *Mr. Britling* is fatal to the American novel. Wells too is satirical, unconventional, neither to hold nor to bind. But he is also immensely human. Mr. Sinclair's humanity, as manifested by the people in his story, is in the way of throwing a brick at one's wife and afterwards being sorry.

Professor Canby is right: this "literature of protest" has to be written, and it would be a mistake to suppose that it has no significance. But even the younger generation, who revel in rebellion, is rather shrewder in its appreciation of life than Mr. Lewis is in his story—it is not hard to be shrewder than a man who has a thesis. And they will remorselessly check him up with their own experience which even, when it is not large, usually begets a certain clear and non-theoretical wisdom. It will be Mr. Lewis's fate to be smiled with, and also a good deal smiled at, by youth.

Yes, satire is good even in large doses, sometimes; but one cannot help feeling that when the Main Street fashion has passed, a new Dickens, sentiment and all, may be hailed as the wisest of all writing men.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE AND COUÉISM

SIR:

In an article by Joseph Collins, appearing in your August issue, the writer implies that the method of mental healing employed by M. Coué is similar in many respects to that of Christian Science. Without attempting a detailed explanation I will here briefly state that the teachings and practice of this Science, as set forth in the writings of Mary Baker Eddy, its Discoverer and Founder, are the very antipodes of Couéism. Christian Science, for instance, does not heal by means of psychotherapy or autosuggestion; and no more does it require, as is the case with the French physician and hypnotist, the constant repetition of specially formulated phrases by those who turn to it for help. In fact, it specifically prohibits the use of formulas and classifies all forms of suggestion as activities of the carnal mind of which sin and its resultant states, sickness and death, are effects. Christian Science logically holds, therefore, that since the seeming cause of disease obtains in the carnal mind which, as Paul tells us, is the source of death and enmity against God, its cure must come not, as our critic implies, through a supernatural enforcement of the corporeal will, itself a product of this mind, but from the natural operation of the corrective and curative power of divine Mind in human consciousness before which all phases of sin and disease yield as readily and inevitably as darkness gives way to light.

The Christian Scientist, striving to emulate the example of Christ Jesus, earnestly prays, Not my will, but Thine, be done; realizing that blessings are obtainable only by full and complete submission to the will of God. Furthermore, the primal object of treatment in Christian Science is to improve the individual morally and spiritually; while suggestive and hypnotic methods of mental healing have no religious element but look merely to the physical betterment.

In drawing a distinction between the operation of Christian metaphysics, as taught and practised by her and the various systems of mental therapy based on a belief in the power of human will, Mrs. Eddy has stated the case most clearly on p. 144 of *Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures*, "Human will-power is not Science. Human will belongs to the so-called material senses, and its use is to be condemned. Willing the sick to recover is not the metaphysical practice of Christian Science."

CHARLES E. HEITMAN,
Christian Science Committee on Publication.
New York.

MR. FLINT AND "A SERIOUS GENTLEMAN"

SIR:

I appeal to you in behalf of Mr. Flint.

In *The Founding of Main Street* (first paper) appearing in a recent number of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, poor Mr. Flint is carelessly charged with the literary absurdities pronounced by a certain "serious gentleman" who discussed literary subjects with that ardent critic Mrs. Trollope. To quote your contributor: "Mrs. Trollope describes an evening with an American scholar, a Mr. Flint. He was, also, the lady observes, what is called in America a serious gentleman," etc. Then follow the literary observations of the serious one, which Mrs. Trollope criticises to her heart's content.

But the "serious gentleman" and Mr. Flint were totally different persons; and that is made specially plain in the original narrative.

The "serious gentleman" is introduced in these words: "On one occasion, *but not at the house of Mr. Flint*, I passed an evening in company with a gentleman said to be a scholar and a man of reading. He was also *what is called a serious gentleman*, and he appeared to have pleasure in feeling that his claim to distinction was acknowledged in both capacities."

During her three years' sojourn in this country, almost everybody and everything American called forth the petulant criticisms of the acidulous Mrs. Trollope. But Mr. Flint—Oh, rare Mr. Flint! he was the one glowing exception. He was the white haired boy. She actually found something in him to commend, in spite of the unpleasant circumstance that he was really an American. Nay, she was at considerable pains to set him apart from the common herd, and point out and proclaim his superior accomplishments. It seems like the irony of fate that, after taking such unusual care to immortalize Mr. Flint as the bright and particular object of her approval, his identity should now be confused with that of the solemn numskull whose literary vagaries she so heartily condemned.

Mr. Flint deserves a monument and fame, rather than misrepresentation and obscurity.

BELLE DIETRICH BYRNE.

Bismarck, N. D.

BATHTUB AND GARBAGE CAN

SIR:

I cannot quite follow Mr. Allen West Shaw's objections to my objection to the Garbage Can, so used, or misused, in our long-suffering country. Surely, in one short article he could not expect me to give statistics of every city, every town, every village that forms a part of this "heterogeneous mass". But had he done me the honor to read to the end of my article he would have discovered that I do not uphold all "the national habits" of the people in the countries of Europe. On the contrary, I deplore our "undesirable aliens who add their foreign methods of untidiness to our own," and refer to unfortunate customs in

Italian villages and horrors of filth in South European Ghettos. But I point out that when these aliens become American citizens, they think they have the right to inflict their home methods upon us and are not disillusioned by our authorities.

I have traveled far and wide in Europe, living on that side of the Atlantic for over thirty years, and never anywhere have I seen such slovenliness as we allow in our parks, in our principal streets, at our own particular doorsteps. We take our bathtub as the symbol of cleanliness, and so little understand cleanliness itself that the garbage everywhere in evidence is no offense. We are like our doughboys who in France shrank from the manure heap at the peasant's door and at home are sublimely unconscious of the garbage can at their own. It is high time for us to learn that "cleanliness and sanitation" begin and end not in the private bathtub, but really in the town or countryside we all share in common.

ELIZABETH ROBINS PENNELL.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

THE RIGHT OF CONSTITUTIONAL AMENDMENT

SIR:

I am interested in the controversy over the *Principles of Prohibition*, in which the Rev. Mr. McKim challenges the XVIII Amendment. There is a rather interesting political principle involved in that challenge that uncovers the foundation principles on which our government rests, to-wit: The right of the people to place that kind of an amendment in the Constitution.

It is a well settled principle in our political science that sovereignty resides with the people. That is: they possess the power to make or to abrogate constitutions, but the power to amend may be limited by prior engagements. THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW cannot perform a more valuable and patriotic service than opening its pages to an authentic discussion of that very important question.

H. L. TRISLER.

Oklahoma City, Oklahoma

[The interesting and important point raised by our correspondent was discussed with much detail and authority in the October number of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, pp. 573–576.—THE EDITORS.]

Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

DECEMBER, 1922

"THE FREEDOM OF THE STRAITS"

BY ALFRED L. P. DENNIS

THE conference on the Near East has a full docket; in close connection with its decisions is the question as to the use of the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles. Is the United States Navy to be barred from the Straits and the Black Sea? Will precedents which may be created at Lausanne affect American interest in the fortification of the Panama Canal? Such possibilities are involved in the deliberations at which our Government is an interested observer.

"The freedom of the Straits" has a simple attractive sound as though it were a victorious slogan of long pent liberty. In fact it is a term encrusted with historical importance and mouldy with international intrigue. Today, in spite of wars and of treaties, the problem of the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles remains pregnant with trouble. Its solution is endangered by the variety of the issues at stake and by the venom of traditional rivalries. The blood shed by the thousands on thousands who died at Gallipoli did not wash the way clear to a just and peaceable settlement in the Near East. The result is that four years after the Armistice a definitive arrangement is only just emerging. Unless that settlement is based on sound international principles and with proper regard to the true interests of separate nations, both weak and strong, the peace of the world will remain in danger. Our American interest in the settlement is therefore clear and

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natural. Indeed the authorities at Washington have already spoken. Secretary Hughes has stated that —

> the American Government is gratified to observe that the proposal of the three Allied Governments seeks to insure effectively "the liberty of the Dardanelles, the Sea of Marmora, and the Bosphorus". . . . This Government also trusts that suitable arrangements may be agreed upon in the interest of peace to preserve the freedom of the Straits pending the conference to conclude a final treaty of peace between Turkey, Greece, and the Allies.

This recent official expression is in line with a statement made by the Secretary of State in 1868 to the Russian Minister in Washington. Mr. Seward then said that the United States was "in principle and by habit favorable to the largest freedom of navigation and commerce compatible with the rights of individual nations" and that we would "favor the removal of the restrictions upon the navigation of the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles within the limits of international law". Thus the American Government in observing the restrictive arrangements which have been adopted from time to time by foreign Powers with regard to the navigation of the Straits has recognized these regulations merely as of "usage" and not as a "right under the law of nations". In this respect therefore, the policy of the United States has been in contrast to that followed by Turkey and by the great European Powers in time past. If, in connection with the peace conference summoned to settle the affairs of the Near East, the "freedom of the Straits" should be secured by general international agreement, the result would be clearly in accord with our historical national policy with regard to natural waterways which are of international importance.

Such a result, however, will not be achieved without severe scrutiny of lines of national interest as well as of principles of international law. The geographical location and the historical importance of the Straits give to any arrangements regarding the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles world wide political and economic significance. The interests which are involved in the solution of the problem of the Straits are entangled with the rootages of peace and war for all the world.

The Bosphorus and the Dardanelles, linking the Black Sea, the Sea of Marmora, and the Mediterranean have sometimes been

loosely called the "Canal of Constantinople". That term, though geographically incorrect, gives clue to the historical issues which cluster about this international and imperial waterway. This narrow passage has not been an ancient boundary between Europe and Asia. Instead it has been one of the chief routes of communication, a maritime highway not only between nations but between entire continents and civilizations. Where Jason and his Argonauts once sailed in search of the Golden Fleece (perhaps as pioneers of the Angora wool trade), now, with the return of order, modern argosies of grain and oil and metalled wealth may renew the healthy life of commerce. The terms for such traffic and the national and naval interests which surround them are vital in themselves. They are made much more difficult by the historical as well as the actual importance of Constantinople, which is both an imperial capital and a port of call.

Time and again both diplomats and admirals have had to face the practical question as to whether the rulers of Constantinople by virtue of their situation were to control an international maritime route of immense commercial and strategic importance. The decay of Turkish power has only added to the difficulty of the successive decisions. At Constantinople thronged the interests of the great European Powers, jostling each other and also the claims of the tenacious Turk. As the Sultan became less powerful the threat of opposing Western policies became greater, till in the World War the control of the Straits became one of the supreme issues of victory or defeat. If the Allies had forced the passage of the Dardanelles in 1915 it is probable that the war would have ended in 1916. With what result to Russia and to the Near East, only the gods know.

The Turks took up a persistent and calculated position in the days of their military power. Early in the eighteenth century they continued to deny to the commercial vessels of all other nations access to the Black Sea which they officially described as a "chaste and pure virgin inaccessible to everybody". Two hundred years ago Constantinople was a citadel, the implacable guardian of the Straits; today that ancient city is a junction of great lines of communication. The traffic rules have become international agreements and for that reason much more difficult

to determine. Such a development explains the character and scope of the present problem. It is the significant story of the gradual victory of the claims for a *mare liberum* as against a *mare clausum*, the successful progress of international coöperation for freedom of navigation on the high seas as against the arbitrary monopoly of commerce in waters where territorial claims were dominant.

In the sixteenth century the Mediterranean had been practically a Mohammedan lake. Indeed the Barbary pirates still took their toll till early in the last century. The decrease of Ottoman naval power during the seventeenth century did not, however, affect Turkish control of the Straits or of the Black Sea. British and Dutch merchants wishing to trade with Black Sea ports were grudgingly admitted to Constantinople, there to transfer their goods from Christian ships to vessels flying the Turkish flag. These alone could complete the traffic on waters which were then exclusively Turkish.

This naval and commerical monopoly remained secure even after Peter the Great had led his armies southward to the capture of Azov in 1696. The Czar tried in vain to use his new harbor for the development of Russian commerce. The Turks were obstinate and vigorously maintained their legal claims with the comment that "when foreign ships gain the right to navigate freely in the Black Sea the end of the Ottoman Empire will have rung". Russian merchant ships could not sail to Constantinople; they must tranship their cargoes to Turkish bottoms at the entrance of the Sea of Azov. Likewise Austrian goods coming down the Danube must be transferred to Turkish vessels. By treaty in 1739 this superiority of Turkish claims extended to the destruction of the Russian forts at Azov and to the prohibition of the construction or maintenance of a Russian fleet in these waters.

This situation became intolerable as the economic development of southern Russia rapidly advanced. Under Catherine II a more aggressive policy sent a Russian squadron for the first time past Gibraltar in 1770 to attempt the blockade of the Dardanelles. Here the protests of neutrals helped to weaken this bold attempt to coerce the Turks; but four years later by the famous

treaty of Kutchuk-Kainardji the Russians invaded the Turkish monopoly. In the course of four short hours of diplomatic conference the Turks gave up the claims of three centuries. The Black Sea was opened to Russian merchant vessels of a stipulated size. The Bosphorus and the Dardanelles, as well, were to be opened by application of the most favored nation clause. The Straits and the Black Sea remained closed to warships in peace as well as in war and commercial vessels could of course operate only in accordance with Turkish regulations. But the commercial monopoly was broken and a new stage had been reached.

With the period of the Napoleonic wars came the more dangerous problem of the navigation of the Straits by warships. As long as the Turks remained an active fighting force it was unlikely that the Straits could be successfully forced and held. Since the date of its foundation in 326 Constantinople had been captured only twice. But with the gradual decay of the military strength of the Sultans the safety of Constantinople came to depend less and less on its natural position and on the efficiency of its Mohammedan defenders. Instead, the jealousies and rivalries of Christian Europe became its chief guarantee. Constantinople could be captured only in the course of a general war. In such a struggle the Turks could count on the support of one of the European national groups. Thus the Ottoman Empire survived because it became a necessary pawn in the great European political combinations of the nineteenth century. A similar condition is primarily responsible today for the opportunity which has been given to Kemal Pasha to lead a renascent Turkey back to strategic power.

The immediate effect of this general state of affairs became plain at the time of Napoleon's expedition to Egypt. England and Russia united with the Sultan to oppose the French. Thus the passage of Russian men-of-war through the Straits to the Mediterranean with the assent of Turkey invaded the policy which had long forbidden all foreign naval vessels to use the channel even in time of peace. This practice, which continued for several years, was later to be cited as a precedent. Nevertheless the Russian Government was careful to preserve this privilege only for its own advantage. Turkish sovereignty over the

Straits remained and they were closed to the warships of other countries against whom Russia and Turkey were to unite to oppose the invasion of the Straits and of the Black Sea.

In spite of intrigue by the French this Russian-Turkish agreement lasted till 1806. Meanwhile both English and French commercial vessels won the right of navigation in the Black Sea. The Porte had, however, become thoroughly alarmed at the danger of intervention by foreign navies and in 1809 by the Treaty of the Dardanelles secured acceptance by Great Britain of the "ancient rule of the Ottoman Empire" that all foreign warships were barred from "the Canal of Constantinople".

For twenty years and more the principle of free navigation by merchant vessels was repeatedly confirmed in many treaties but only as a privilege granted by Turkey to friendly countries. Thus it was agreed by Article VII of the treaty of 1830 between the United States and Turkey that "merchant vessels of the United States in like manner as the vessels of the most favored nation" should "have liberty to pass the canal of the imperial residence and go and come in the Black Sea either laden or in ballast." From the fact that no mention was made of warships in this treaty it has been argued that America had also accepted the "ancient rule of the Ottoman Empire". This, however, is not the fact. We have thought it expedient to acquiesce in the exclusion of our warships but we have never abandoned the right to their passage. Thus Mr. Hamilton Fish when Secretary of State wrote in 1871:

> The Black Sea, like the Baltic, is a vast expanse of waters which wash the shores not alone of Turkish territory, but of those of another great Power who may, in times of peace at least, expect visits from men-of-war of friendly states. It seems unfair that any such claim as that of Turkey should be set up as a bar to such an intercourse, or that the privilege should in any way be subject to her suffrance.

Again in 1873 he wrote to Mr. Boker, our Minister at Constantinople:

> The abstract right of the Turkish Government to obstruct the navigation of the Dardanelles even to vessels of war in time of peace is a serious question. . . . A proper occasion may arise for us to dispute the applicability of the claim to the United States men-of-war.

We have not pressed this claim and have submitted to Turkish practice in the matter; but in contrast to other nations the United States has never agreed by treaty to the limitation of our right to send our warships through the "Canal of Constantinople" or into the Black Sea.

The story of European experience in this matter now falls into four distinct stages. The history of the Eastern Question during the decade prior to 1841 had been stormy. The Porte had at times almost submitted to a Russian protectorate and had agreed to Russian naval protection for Constantinople. Such predominance by Russia had roused the jealousy of other European Powers. Great Britain in particular now urged a general international agreement with regard to the Straits to nullify the special position which had been asserted by Russia. The Convention of the Dardanelles was, therefore, signed at London in 1841 by Great Britain, Austria, France, Prussia, Russia and Turkey. The "ancient rule of the Ottoman Empire" was confirmed and the Porte promised to exclude warships of all foreign navies from both the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles so long as Turkey was at peace. Thus the principle of Turkish sovereignty in such matters was transferred to an international basis.

A second stage was reached with the approach of the Crimean War in 1853. The whole system of the convention of 1841 broke down, for the French and British Governments decided to send fleets to Constantinople. To the protests of Russia England merely replied that her fleet was for the protection of British subjects. The outbreak of war between Turkey and Russia automatically suspended the closing of the Dardanelles by international agreement; and the alliance of the Porte with England and France, and later with Sardinia opened the Straits to war vessels of these states until the Treaty of Paris in 1856. Then the principle of the convention of 1841 was once more affirmed by international agreement.

Furthermore, as a punishment of Russia, the Black Sea was neutralized. Its waters and ports were declared to be formally and perpetually closed to the warships of all the Powers. Exception was made for Russia and Turkey, each of which could maintain six small steam vessels; and in addition two guardships

were allowed to each of the Powers guaranteeing the free navigation of the River Danube. The crushing restriction, however, was the prohibition of the maintenance or construction of "military maritime arsenals" on the shores of the Black Sea. Turkey had practically no navy in the Black Sea and Russia was forbidden to develop an effective one. This restriction which was naturally galling to Russia lasted only till 1871. Taking advantage of the general European situation created by the Franco-Prussian war the Czar's Government denounced this limitation.

This action later received international recognition in the Treaty of London of 1871. The Straits, however, remained closed by the continuance of the principle of 1841 and of 1856. Its application was somewhat altered for it was agreed that Turkey might open the Straits in time of peace to warships of friendly and allied Powers in case the Porte judged it necessary to safeguard the execution of other provisions of the peace of Paris of 1856. Nominally these provisions continued in effect till Turkey entered the World War. Practically, however, there were several instances of their violation. This third stage under the terms of the treaty of 1871 is, therefore, marked by the failure to maintain the closing of the Straits by a system of international agreement between the great Powers and Turkey. This was first shown during the crisis of 1877–78 which so nearly involved England and Russia in war. The British became greatly alarmed as to Russia's intentions and actions regarding Constantinople and Gallipoli. They, therefore, ordered British naval forces on three occasions to enter the Dardanelles. For many months in 1878 a part of the British fleet remained near Constantinople during the negotiation of peace. The presence of this squadron undoubtedly had a restraining influence on the aggressive party in Russia who might otherwise have attempted the occupation of Constantinople. The general result was to continue, in the peace signed at Berlin in 1878, the provisions of the treaty of 1871.

Between the Congress of Berlin and the treaty of Sèvres in 1920 there are no treaty changes to note; but existing regulations were somewhat modified and on several occasions the right of passage both of merchant and of war vessels was called in question. The independence of Roumania was followed by that of Bulgaria

making a fourth Black Sea riverain state; and the outbreak of seven wars involved at times new political elements. These can only attract brief attention though they all combine to show the unsatisfactory and uncertain character of the situation during these years.

Disputes regarding foreign ships engaged in local coasting trade or passenger service were frequent. In general the Porte stressed its sovereignty and enforced more rigidly the regulations and formalities of passage for any foreign merchant ships. Nevertheless in the case of the Russian volunteer fleet of potential auxilliary cruisers the Turkish authorities agreed to their passage from the Black Sea as "merchant" ships even though they carried troops bound for the Far East. Three such ships passed through the Straits southbound. One was to become a hospital ship. Two, the *Smolensk* and the *Petersburg*, soon appeared in the Red Sea as warships. This was during the Russo-Japanese war; and these Russian cruisers, claiming the right to search for contraband and for mails bound for Japan, stopped neutral vessels. The controversy which followed was argued officially chiefly on grounds of international law. Actually a political issue of the first importance was involved. Among the vessels stopped or captured were British ships; and England, in addition to her treaty interests as to the Straits, was bound by the terms of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance of 1902. The net result of the controversy, which was decided on legal grounds, was the defeat of Russian claims. Thus the rule of the Straits was of great assistance to Japan for the best Russian squadron was compelled to remain in the Black Sea.

During the Turko-Italian war the Turks laid mines in the Dardanelles; and the threat of a raid by Italian warships so alarmed them that they finally closed the Dardanelles to all shipping. These steps led to remonstrance by neutral states who claimed the right of navigation for their merchant vessels under international law and under treaties. As a result the Straits were once more opened for the rest of the war nor were they closed during the two Balkan wars of 1912–13.

With the outbreak of the World War the question of the Straits became of immense importance on political, naval, and economic

grounds. It is scarcely necessary to cite the arrival of the *Goeben* and the *Breslau* off Constantinople on August 11, 1914, as the most important event which led to the entry of Turkey into the war. Indeed before that grave event the dominance of Germany at Constantinople had led to serious interference by Turkey with merchant shipping of the Allies in the Straits. German officers were in command of the defenses of the Straits; and by the middle of September the Turkish fleet was entirely in German hands. In the meantime an English naval force had gathered off the Dardanelles prepared to attack the German ships if they should sally out. The alleged sale of these two boats by Germany to Turkey still left them with German officers and crews and practically at the disposal of the German Ambassador. German transports had brought munitions and on one a wireless establishment was freely used. The violations of neutrality under international law were therefore clear. The breach of treaties regarding the Straits was equally evident and important. On September 26 the exit of a Turkish torpedo boat from the Dardanelles was stopped by the British and the channel was in turn closed by the Turkish authorities.

In the meantime preparations for war went forward in other parts of the Ottoman Empire; but, as the British Ambassador wrote, the "key of the situation" lay in Constantinople. Finally, on October 29, Turkish warships raided Russian ports in the Black Sea and the Allies withdrew their Ambassadors from Constantinople. The Straits soon became the scene of bitter fighting and the course of the war only revealed more clearly the inadequacy of all previous arrangements for their regulation.

The military defeat and the political collapse of the Teutonic-Turkish alliance naturally left the future of the Straits to be settled in a definitive peace. This was done in the treaty of Sèvres which was signed on August 10, 1920. But that treaty has been torn to pieces without ratification. The result is that the fourth stage of the problem of the Straits seems to be worse than any other. Analysis of the situation and of the various solutions which have been discussed may help to clear the air. Even the provisions of the discarded treaty of Sèvres have their merits.

Overshadowing the whole problem, however, remain two great uncertainties—the character and policies of the Governments of both Turkey and Russia. Furthermore, the terms now proposed as the result of the military success of the Angora Government involve a possible separation of the sovereignty at Constantinople from the practical control of the Straits. Hitherto such a division had been almost unthinkable. That it is now suggested is due to the course of recent events and to the endeavor to square a genuine international necessity with the fortunes of diplomacy and of war. The whole civilized world requires a settlement of the future of the Straits which will not be dependent mainly on the possible policies of a national Turkey nor on the course of European political rivalry and intrigue with regard to the Eastern Question. Yet Turkish rule is apparently to return to Constantinople and to stabilize the situation of the Straits without close reference to the régime at Constantinople would task the genius of an Aristotle or a Machiavelli.

The treaty of Sèvres provided:

> The navigation of the Straits, including the Dardanelles, the Sea of Marmora and the Bosphorus, shall in future be open, both in peace and war, to every vessel of commerce or of war and to military and commercial aircraft, without distinction of flag.
>
> These waters shall not be subject to blockade, nor shall any belligerent right be exercised nor any act of hostility be committed within them, unless in pursuance of a decision of the Council of the League of Nations.

This arrangement was to be entrusted to a "Commission of the Straits" composed of representatives of each of the following governments:

> The United States of America (if and when that Government is willing to participate), the British Empire, France, Italy, Japan, Russia (if and when Russia becomes a member of the League of Nations), Greece, Roumania, and Bulgaria and Turkey (if and when the two latter States become members of the League of Nations). Each Power shall appoint one representative. The Representatives of the United States of America, the British Empire, France, Italy, Japan and Russia shall each have two votes. The representatives of Greece, Roumania and Bulgaria and Turkey shall each have one vote. Each Commissioner shall be removable only by the Government which appointed him.

The result of two centuries of war and diplomacy was the victory of the "freedom of the Straits" under international guarantee. As such it was a significant, progressive step in the recognition of community of interests throughout the world. Today this settlement as a whole has been wrecked. It remains to be seen whether this particular section of the treaty is to be salvaged and if so whether any alterations are needed.

This proposal of the treaty of Sèvres was not agreed upon in 1920 until many other plans had been debated and rejected. It would be useless now to review all the various projects which were considered during 1918–20. Many of them are now rendered impossible by changes in the political situation. In any case it is essential to bear in mind that any settlement for the Straits is first of all a political rather than a purely legal matter. Practical aspects rather than moral or abstract considerations must determine the adoption of any particular solution.

This the United States has already indicated by statements made regarding ultimate Russian interest in any permanent settlement of both Far Eastern and Near Eastern questions. Thus Mr. Polk wrote to the Allies on March 24, 1920:

> This Government is convinced that no arrangement that is now made concerning the government and control of Constantinople and the Straits can have any element of permanency unless the vital interests of Russia in these problems are carefully provided for and protected, and unless it is understood that Russia, when it has a government recognized by the civilized world, may assert its right to be heard in regard to the decisions now made.
>
> It is noted with pleasure that the questions of passage of warships and the régime of the Straits in war-time are still under advisement, as this Government is convinced that no final decision should or can be made without the consent of Russia.

With regard to the Siberian question Secretary Hughes on September 19, 1921, maintained in advance of the meeting of the Washington Conference that—

> in the absence of a single recognized Russian Government the protection of legitimate Russian interests must devolve as a moral trusteeship upon the whole Conference.

Both of these statements are similar in nature and both range ahead of immediate and probably temporary conditions.

It is important in any case to consider particularly the relation of the present Russian Government to the problem in hand. The Soviet authorities by the publication in 1918 of the secret treaties of the Czar's Government showed that they did not adhere to the programme proposed by the secret agreement of 1915. That agreement had assigned Constantinople and the real control of the Straits to Russia. The Revolutionary Government however, has not failed to assert Russian interest with regard to the Straits and the Black Sea. In treaties with the Angora Turks in 1921 and 1922 the Soviet authorities declare that "international regulation concerning the Black Sea and the Dardanelles" must be entrusted to a future conference composed exclusively of delegates of the riverain states and that Turkey must retain complete sovereignty over Constantinople. In other words the future regulation of the Straits, though neither Russian nor Turkish exclusively, must become a local concern and in principle revert to the status of the early nineteenth century.

In similar fashion the Moscow Government by a note of September 14, 1922, asserted that Russia would not "consent to the Straits being opened to the battleships of any country" and that "Russia, Turkey, The Ukraine, and Georgia, to whom belongs practically the whole Black Sea coast, cannot admit the right of any other government to interfere in the settlement of the question of the Straits." This position is of course in line with principles of Russian policy which were asserted in the days of the Czars Paul I, Alexander I, and Nicholas I. Against these views stand the development of European diplomacy throughout the nineteenth century, the progressive tendencies of international law as indicated in the Treaty of Sèvres, and the views of American statesmen as quoted earlier in this article. The fact that Russian "Whites" are reported as rallying to the support of the views of the Soviet authorities on this question is not surprising. It marks the survival of Russian nationalist, imperial interests in Near Eastern affairs.

On the other hand the idea that Great Britain or any combination of the Allies can attempt, at this stage of the world's affairs, to make the Straits a special naval preserve is equally dangerous. Gallipoli should never be another Gibraltar for England or for any

other Power. The future peace of the world would be endangered if any programme for the fortification or control of the Straits by any single state were now permitted. To allow this would be to set back the hands of the international clock.

Furthermore, merely to label the Black Sea a "sea of peace" would not disguise the significance of an attempt to treat the Black Sea as a special marine area barred to all naval forces. This Russian idea is also opposed to international interest. It would tend to propagate essentially local and possibly selfish aims. For the Black Sea States now to arrogate to themselves the exclusive regulation of waters which in the course of centuries have finally become thoroughly international is equally dangerous. If this plan were adopted it would mean that these waters would be barred forever even to the righteous and peaceable errands of the American navy. With due appreciation of our love and respect for peace such a plan might limit the usefulness of our naval power as an instrument of justice and of national policy.

It would be futile to anticipate events which may take place before the publication of this article. Circumstances may alter the particulars of the situation. The general elements, however, stand out clearly as they have developed in historical fashion. The solution which may be adopted will fail of its proper purpose unless these elements are duly considered. What is needed is a broad international settlement based on adequate international responsibility. Any other arrangement will merely prepare the way for further trouble.

In this connection the process and methods of the solution to be arrived at are also important. Unless care is taken precedents may be developed which might be used to threaten our naval and military position in the Panama Canal Zone. Even the Erie Canal is in one sense a waterway connecting the ocean with inland seas which are in international use. The details or tactics of the negotiations at Lausanne will therefore affect our national strategy in the conclusions to be secured. This result requires careful coördination of all the elements involved to protect American policies.

ALFRED L. P. DENNIS.

THE LITERARY DISCIPLINE—II

BY JOHN ERSKINE

ORIGINALITY IN LITERATURE

I

If we accept the doctrine of criticism today, originality is a great virtue in a writer, and if we believe the book advertisements, all the new writers as they appear, and as they reappear, have this virtue to a striking, even to an explosive extent. But with all their originality, some of the new books turn out to be dull, and if we reconsider for a moment the books men have finally judged great, we observe that they were rather destitute of the kind of originality we talk of nowadays.

"In poetry, a new cadence means a new idea," wrote the imagist some time ago, defending the use of free verse. The doctrine was in the interest of the cadence, but it implied something larger and more significant, that in poetry newness of ideas is desirable. More recently, an American critic remarked, in effect, that what Lytton Strachey has accomplished in his literary portraits is nothing but what Gamaliel Bradford accomplished in his, and since Mr. Bradford's portraits came first, they should have the credit and the praise which an undiscriminating world bestows on Mr. Strachey's. If the question of priority is raised in this kind of writing, perhaps something should be said for Plutarch; but are we sure we should raise the question of priority? What arrests us in the remark of the American critic is the undebated assumption that literary excellence derives from doing something before somebody else does it. Is it the business of art to discover new ideas, or indeed to busy itself much with any ideas, as separated from emotion and the other elements of complete experience? Is it the originality of genius in art to say something no one has ever thought of before, or to say something we all recognize as important and true? As for the mere question of

priority, even stupid things have been said for a first time; do we wear the laurel for being the first to say them?

One suspects that the new cadence will persist in poetry only if we like it, and that Mr. Bradford's reputation will outstrip Mr. Strachey's only if we prefer what he wrote, and if by chance we care for neither, then both will be neglected, though one preceded the other by a hundred years. Excellence is the only originality that art considers. They understand these things better in France. There the young poet even of the most radical school will respect the bias of art towards continuity rather than toward novelty, toward the climax of a tradition rather than its beginning; his formula of self-confidence will be, "Victor Hugo was a great poet, Alfred de Musset was a great poet, and now at last I'm here." But in America the parallel gospel is, "Poor Tennyson couldn't write, nor Longfellow, of course; now for the first time let's have some poetry."

The writers finally judged great, so far from sharing our present concern for originality, would probably not even understand it. What is the object of literature? they would ask. Of course, if it is to portray the individual rather than human nature, or those aspects of life which stand apart from life in general, then each book may have something queer in it, something not in any other book and in that sense original; but then the reader, before long, will be looking for peculiarity in every book he buys—it must be, not better, but "different", to use an American term in æsthetics; and the writer then who would meet this demand for the peculiar must make a fresh start with every book. What bad luck, they would say, to be forever a primitive, to be condemned, after every success, to produce something in another vein, the first of its kind. Originality in this sense will be continually undermined by fame, for the more an author is read, and the more people become accustomed to his world, the less he will seem original. On the other hand, if the reader looks for originality, there will be no fame, for no matter how popular an author is, we shall read his book only once, and then be ready for his next novelty.

But if the object of literature is still, as it was for the great writers, to portray human nature, then the only new thing the

artist will look for is a greater success in his art. Human nature is old and unchangeable; he will hope to make a better portrait than has yet been made—better, at any rate, for his own people and his own age, and if possible better absolutely. There is nothing new about religion or love or friendship, war, sunsets, the sea, danger or death, yet something remains to be told of each eternal theme, and when a book comes which tells the whole, which satisfies some hitherto unexpressed yearnings or defines more sharply something hitherto half-seen, then that portrait of human nature serves our purposes until we have a still finer, and other versions meanwhile are neglected and forgotten. We remember how many accounts of Romeo and Juliet there were before Shakespeare told the story to suit us, and how many records of the journey to hell before Dante told us the whole truth of that pilgrimage; perhaps we know the many desperate attempts, long since mercifully swallowed up in oblivion, to portray the American Indian before Fenimore Cooper made the picture the world wanted. The achievements of literature are all, as in these instances, a gradual reworking of traditional or popular or folk material, and in the process it is precisely because the subject is not original that the audience can decide how well it has been portrayed. A sequence of writers interpreting life are therefore like a succession of virtuosos playing the classics, each trying to give us the true Bach, Beethoven, Chopin, Schumann. Their renderings will be different enough, but the music is the same, and we know it by heart. The player who calls our attention to most beauty in it, will be original or unique in the only way that art permits.

The example of the musician may not seem to all writers a fair parallel; they may protest that the writer creates, as the composer does, but the player only interprets what is already created. But they are wrong, and the parallel is correct. The writer does not create as the composer does. Music is an ultimate pleasure in itself, like the taste of sugar; so long as it delights us, we do not ask what it means. Moreover, since there is no question of its meaning, we may not need a previous experience to find some enjoyment in it; it may be satisfactory at first contact. Of course every art gives a more subtle pleasure as we become practised in appreciating it, yet the contrast between music and literature

remains a real one, since without any knowledge of life at all men and even children often penetrate deeply into the heart of music, but without some knowledge of life they are stopped at the very threshold of literature. The key to that door is some first hand aquaintance with life. Music has no other subject matter than itself, but literature has life for its content, and to find one's way about in it, we must recognize what it is dealing with. Life is a music already composed. It has been here a long time, and had become already an ancient history when the first poets began to play upon it. They merely said for us the things we had been vainly feeling after, they brought out the colors our eyes had almost missed, they define sharply the flavors and the half tastes that had haunted us. The amateurs in the audience listen spellbound when the master plays to perfection a piece they have struggled with; this is more to them than the loveliest of new sonatas, for it is their own world in a better light. So mankind will listen to the authentic poet who completes their half-realized selves; and will say of him, somewhat with the woman of Samaria, "He told me all the things that ever I did."

If the audience enjoy the music best when they have tried to play it themselves, they love it next best when they have heard it often, and they like it least, sometimes not at all, when they hear it for the first time. The reader likes poetry best when he has lived what it interprets; next best when he has heard often of the adventures it renders; least, even to the point of detestation, when he never entered that region of life at all, not even by hearsay. In such a predicament the real ground of his objection to the art is that it is original, at least so far as he is concerned, but the experience of his discomfort will hide the cause of it from him; not himself but the art will seem to him inadequate—is he not as much alive as anyone ever was? The book, he will say, portrays a world that is dead. Let us start fresh and be original; let us portray my world.

II

In the slow fermentation of human societies, as fresh elements work their way to the top and for a time give their flavor to history, the new arrival is likely to herald himself in some such terms

in a protest against the art which, because he has as yet no share in it, seems to him old and worn out, and in a cry for original expression which to those with a longer memory of the world will be quite familiar. There have been new arrivals before, and their wish to start fresh is the cause rather than the result of decadence. For it is only in a figure of speech that art declines or prospers —it is the artists who are less competent or more so than their predecessors, and the poet who tells us that the period before him is at an end, is really proclaiming that he cannot improve upon it, and if the other poets are like himself, the preceding period is indeed ended. There is no other reason why the great moments of literature were not prolonged. Shakespeare was better than his predecessors, but he was not perfection; why did not the drama continue to develop? Ben Jonson, being himself a new arrival, and being, for all his book learning, outside the spiritual regions which Elizabethan drama had mainly portrayed, thought of course that a new kind of art was needed. He is in danger now of sharing the ignominy of all writers who coming after greater men pay homage through jealousy. Tennyson was not the greatest of poets; why did not his successors treat him as though he were a Greene or a Marlowe, and make Shakespearean improvements in him? To hear the critics of today rail against his art, one might suppose he had hopelessly damaged the language by using it, or that rhyme and meter had come to a bad end at his hands. The poet who talks this way about his predecessors is never the one who is conscious of the power to swallow them up. If Shakespeare had been a little man, he would have taken one look at Marlowe's *Faustus*, and given up the Elizabethan drama as a creaking and antiquated machine for moral doctrine. Had he been really ignorant of the long-stored-up energies and impulses which were coming to action in his marvellous hour, had he lacked the instinct to recognize them even when badly expressed, and to express them better, he might have walked the streets of London as the oriental arrival walked in Athens, or as the invader from the north walked in Rome—with a conviction that the day of this sort of thing was over. Nothing would remain but to be original.

If the clamor for originality is strong in the United States, it is,

perhaps, because here are many arrivals, and the newcomer not infrequently desires us to change our ways in the interest of his comfort. We have so much good will toward him, and we are so conscious of the fine things the various races may bring to our commonwealth, that we usually hesitate to speak frankly of his qualifications as writer or critic. He often brings a rare aptitude for art, and frequently he desires to write, but writing is the one art where his ignorance of life will handicap him. In painting an eye for color, in music an ear for tone and harmony, may carry him through, but in literature he will write in an acquired language, and even if it were his native tongue, in literature his attitude toward the art will be conditioned by his knowledge of life. He will perhaps assert rather vigorously that his knowledge is superior; has he not borne hardships and risen above them? Those who have not suffered, he will say, know nothing of life. He will think you cold-blooded if you tell him the better way to say it—that those who have not suffered, know nothing of suffering. If he desires to write the literature of suffering, he is probably competent, but since he is usually a person of strong energy, with a constructive temperament, he does not wish to write merely the literature of suffering, nor does he usually wish his children to repeat his hardship, though he may have said that only by such discipline comes knowledge. He usually desires to write about the world in general, as everyone would write, and for this task he usually has had experience too meagre or too special. It is only in the United States, after his arrival, that he most often makes his first contact with the older literature—not of America but of his own land; if he has had the experience necessary for understanding it, he absorbs it eagerly, but if his hardships in his fatherland deprived him of the necessary equipment, he will announce that the old literature is played out and meaningless. He is like the native students in South African schools, who may read the skating episode in Wordsworth's *Prelude*, but cannot get the shiver of the ice or the scratch of the steel runners. Those who have been with us for several generations and who through economic or other causes have missed that rich acquaintance with life which would explain what the great writers talk about, are likely to join the most recent comer in a plea for

originality. Their fortunes are to be pitied, but their advice in art is hardly to be followed. No amount of sympathy or admiration for them as human beings will accredit them as critics, for art is long, as we have heard, and the approaches to it are long also; though we may teach democracy fast enough to win our vote after five years, we must know at first hand youth and maturity, and have a suspicion of what old age is like, in the world the poet writes of, before we can give a fair opinion whether he has written well. But if the newcomer recovers here the adventure of life which his hardships cheated him of in the old country, he will find that the great literature of the world represents that adventure faithfully and vitally; it is merely a question of patience with him, since he is energetic and the upturn of the new world is exciting, and it is hard for him to believe that the old shadows in art of a life he has not yet lived will ever again take living form or pulse again in his imagination.

A new world, a new life, a new art. This is the sequence his hopes dwell on, though every term in it is debatable. Is there a new world, or a new life, or a new art? Sometimes we are told that in a new world life must automatically be new, but the doctrine is not convincing, for at other times we are summoned to originality, as to another duty, by the argument that in a new world we ought to be ashamed to lead still an old life. Sometimes we hear that a new life inevitably means a new art, and we reflect that if life now differs from what it once was, we need take no thought for our originality, for we shall be different in spite of ourselves; even by the old methods art will achieve something new; if we would write of love, for example, we need only tell the truth about the passion as we know it, and since the love we know is like nothing that ever was on sea or land, our romance will be like nothing that ever was in song or story. Why all this fret about it? And if religion and war and sorrow and death are all by hypothesis quite other than they once were, how can we escape originality when we report them in the setting of the new world and the new life? But the fact is that those who call for originality in art are not quite sure, after all, that the age is a new one—they would feel safer if some further vestiges of the past could be obliterated; and though they justify a new art by speaking much

of their new life, it is far from clear that they really think life is new, or at heart desire it to be so. Social and political systems, yes—but life? Horrible indeed is the vision of an absolutely original career for one who loves his fellows and prefers to take his experience outside a madhouse. "Your prayer is answered," says the original Apollo, touching the original poet's ears, trembling with originality: "you will have always a new cadence and a new idea; neither the language nor the substance of your communications will ever have occurred before in human experience. Your art will be unique and solitary. Nothing that men have done before will you condescend to repeat—neither to sleep, nor to eat, nor to travel, nor to know passion, pain, suffering or peace." The poet, lured by the prophecy, might think at last that he had achieved fame, but Apollo would be there to remind him that his was like no fame achieved before—not like Shelley's or Shakespeare's. He might lose his heart, and in the throes of love might fancy he knew at last the meaning of Romeo's story or Tristram's, but the god would remind him that his was a special kind of love, not like the very ancient impulse that moved the sun and the other stars.

We need some divine reminder that our true desire is to realize in ourselves the best of old experience—not to find an original life, but to bring on the stage once more as far as possible the old procession of passions, sorrows and delights. The latest of us hopes he is not too late to taste for himself the high flavor of life which those before him talked so much about. If falling in love is a business incidental to adolescence, yet it is immensely hastened by our reading and by what we have heard; those whom the passion does not touch usually worry about their immunity instead of being thankful for it, and anything is better than never to have loved at all. It is not passion entirely that fills the hearts of the lovers brought at last to each other's arms; at least, the single thought with which the two hearts beat may be a triumphant "Now I know for myself". Similarly, however strange it may seem, we welcome sorrow and suffering, or we feel ourselves cheated rather than blest if none of it comes our way. Death, too, is less unwelcome than it might fairly be. At least those who faced it and have been reprieved, often remember that

a satisfaction in knowing the worst took some of the terror away. There it was at last, the old shadow that waylays us all.

Desiring to discover for ourselves the well known and traditional experience, we desire at the same time a more excellent version of it than our predecessors have enjoyed. We would love as Romeo did, but we like to think that Romeo never loved so well, and ours is a more wonderful Juliet. Even our sorrows will be greater, if we have our way, for in the intensity with which we explore the old experiences we feel rightly that we ought to equal or surpass other men. We dread the operation for appendicitis, before we undergo it; then we reach the point of satisfaction in finding out for ourselves what the operation is like; then finally we are persuaded that the operation was unusually severe, the worst of its kind. This is the artist in us, trying for distinction. And if with the old material of life we seek the distinction of excellence of statement, our motive is not simply a desire to surpass others, nor a desire to indicate progress, but often it is the hope to report the experience once for all. Art has always a dying part in it, as artists well know—some part which must constantly be restored by restatement. Try as he may to express only permanent things, the artist will include something that is aside from the main purpose, that goes out of date. Of course if an artist deliberately strives to be contemporary, and succeeds, his work to that extent will shortly become unintelligible; later poets will then try their hand at refurbishing or restoring the essential thing in the picture, and incidentally, without meaning to, they will include some contemporary and insignificant material of their own, which in time may precipitate another revision. What we call classics are the lucky masterpieces in which the permanent elements are so many and the transitory so few, that it seems useless and impertinent to revise them.

III

The desire for originality is not new, and explanations of it are old. Some of them are based on the supposed working of the artistic temperament. The artist, it is said, craves expression at all costs, and if the craving is not satisfied in one direction, it will reach in another. If we cannot pour all of our energy into our

painting or our music, we may express the surplus in long hair and flowing cravat. This explanation, even if it were true, would imply that the artist desires notoriety rather than expression, for you cannot express yourself unless you speak a language your audience already knows, but eccentricity, which is the extreme form of originality, will attract attention even if it is not understood. But artists are not likely to admit that this theory does justice to their temperament. They will remark that few of the greatest masters have been eccentric in their appearance, none of them in their subject-matter. Like other men they fitted the society in which their lot fell, except that they had a genius for feeling life more vitally than other men. So many of them, like Chaucer or Shakespeare or Scott, cultivated the art of living close to their fellows and sharing an average fate, that we half suspect the less gifted would do the same if they could; for the artist who is original in dress or manners is not likely to meet human nature in its normal state—rather, his neighbors will whisper when he appears, and nudge each other, and he will never see what manners they use toward those who are not queer. Poets with an original or eccentric subject-matter meet the same fate. Could Poe or Baudelaire learn anything about us if they came among us with a reputation for the abnormal? Would we not unconsciously close to them our usual impulses, in our curiosity to observe their strangeness? To the artist who loves life in the sane way of a Chaucer, a Montaigne, a Molière such a welcome would be calamitous; rather hide anything that distinguishes him from others, even the fact that he can write, if by this caution he may draw closer to his sensitive race, and observe the undisturbed mystery and beauty of natural life.

Indeed, the whole question of originality, this desire for novelty, is in the end a question of our love of life. In the moments when we love life passionately we are not likely to get too much of it, and we do not ask to exchange it for another kind. When art and politics were creative, in the heyday of writers, painters, architects and statesmen who later seem to us almost solitary in their excellence, there was still no taking thought to be original; they fell in love, rather, with the obvious. Columbus made no voyage in search of originality—simply there had been too

many hints and rumors for him to stay at home any longer. Some very original spirits, we may suppose, took no stock in his expedition. For Shakespeare or Molière play-writing was an obvious task, and an old one; they may have expected to do successfully what others had only tried, but except for the success they aimed at nothing new. Where great poets have spoken on the matter themselves, their point of view is quite clear. At the end of the *Vita Nuova* Dante announced his hope to write of Beatrice such things as had never been written of any woman. Not to write a new kind of book, for women had been praised before, as he implied, and there had been poems of vision and pilgrimages through hell; but his hope was to excel. He determined to speak no more of his blessed lady until he could praise her worthily, and to praise such a woman worthily would be to write such things as had been written of no other. In the same mood Milton promised his great epic—in passionate love of the best before him, and in the assurance of doing as well or better—"I began thus to assent both to them and divers of my friends here at home, and not less to an inward prompting, which now grew daily upon me, that by labour and intense study, which I take to be my portion in this life, joined with the strong propensity of nature, I might leave something so written to after-times as they should not willingly let it die." This is the great manner of the poets. But in the opening words of Rousseau's *Confessions*, to take an opposite example, we have the accent of the modern disease; he would undertake, he said, an enterprise of which there had never been a parallel, and of which there would be no imitation—he would tell the truth about one man, about himself. He promised no excellence except the uniqueness of the subject, for truth-telling, though always desirable, can hardly be important unless the subject is worth while.

Rousseau's book is great in spite of its introductory sentence; his subject after all was not unique, for each of us can follow his example and write at least one book about ourselves; and perhaps he told less of the unvarnished truth than he intended, for being an artist in every fiber of his body, he selected from his experience not his most singular adventures, but his adventures in those realms of experience—in sex, for example—which his readers

were surest to understand and find interesting. But with his famous announcement, whether or not he followed it, our malady began. Hence all the poems and novels of autobiography, all the diaries of young men and maidens, old men and children, all the bouquets of verse still showered upon us in which the poet confides his, more often her, intimate symptoms. In all this there is little to remind us of great art, or of the times in which great art has been made; the resemblance is rather to a hospital or an old folks' home, where the inmates find importance in the fact that they have been there longer than their fellows, or are younger, or a little less blind and deaf. Hence also our difficulty in understanding earlier literature, of a date when not originality but excellence was the aim. When we first read Shakespeare's sonnets or Sidney's, we conclude with satisfaction that the poet was writing out of his heart, in the Rousseau fashion. But when we learn that these stories are works of art, dramatic renderings of life, and that the "I" who speaks in the lines is first of all the hero of the story, whether or not he is the poet too; and when we learn further that much of the material is adapted from earlier poets, used over again as we use old words to make up new sentences—then perhaps our respect for the master vanishes, our ideal is cracked; they were not such original poets after all. It is the defect of our taste. We forget that the oldest phrases, if they have the poetic excellence of being true to all of us, are renewed and become personal in the adventure of each individual. Though Job ought to get the credit, by all modern standards, of uttering that very original profession of faith, "I know that my redeemer liveth," yet the words were too full of possible meanings to remain linked with Job's private misfortunes; being already immortal, they seem never to have been said for a first time. Lover after lover has found in his own passion the meaning of some old song, perhaps "My love is like the red, red rose", which until the passion fell on him seemed sentimental and silly. And Rousseau himself in the *Confessions*, at the very outset of his egotism, of his originality, of his indecorous opposing of the individual to the race, records his boyhood love of an old folk-song—precisely the kind of art from which his doctrine led us away.

But nowadays the desire for originality comes not only from the writer; a certain class of readers also demand it, the kind of person who reads with an eye out for imitations and plagiarisms. That plot has been used before, he says, when two men are in love with the same woman—or, that character is copied from so-and-so, when Pierrot's father forgives the returning prodigal. There are reviewers of this type also, who read their victims into categories, calling this poet Tennysonian, that novelist Meredithian, that essayist Emersonian. Such categories become less definite as we read back into the past, for over the range of a few centuries no plot is new, nor does any writer seem altogether unlike the others. There is such a thing as plagiarism, yet unless one is a fanatic for originality, the question of plagiarism is of no great importance; the world is not interested, and if the author is concerned from whom the play or the plot is stolen, his concern is more for his property than for his art. If his work is stolen unchanged, it is still as good art as it was before; if the thief has mangled it, his plagiarized version will not be so good as the authentic text; but if by luck he has improved on what he took, it becomes his, bag and baggage, so far as fame is concerned. Who were the authors of those songs Burns made over into his masterpieces? Who were those dramatists and chroniclers whom Shakespeare rewrote? The names in many cases can be looked up, but they are of no account. The world feels that the great writer conferred a benefit by improving on the earlier work. What is far more important, the world also feels that the great writer, in improving on another man's work, actually invaded no private rights, for the material of literature is life, and life is no one's private property. After the invention of printing, writers saw the possibility of financial dividends from their works, and plagiarism is an aspect of this financial question, but it has otherwise nothing to do with art. The world in general continues to think of art in the old way, as creation rather than as business, and it quite properly cares little who does the creating, or who afterwards receives a money reward. What were Homer's annual earnings? Or was it really Homer? Or who besides David wrote his psalms? We know instinctively that these questions are trivial.

But imitation in art is often more apparent than real. If a

poet is in touch with his age, he will write of the subjects that interest him, and other poets in touch with the age will also write about what interests them, and consequently they may all write of much the same thing; they are not imitating each other, but they are enjoying a common pleasure, to which one of them may have shown the way. We often say that the popular writer is trying to catch the favor of the public by giving it what it likes, and in some instances he may be calculating and his motives unworthy. But it is more probable that being typical of his age, he simply likes the same things as his fellows. The Elizabethan Londoner liked historical plays; did Shakespeare write them only to please his audience, or rather did he not share the general taste? The principle here implied will explain why any poets who have an enormous popularity will have also an enormous so-called influence. They are popular because they share the people's taste, and the people therefore find in their work what they like; but if their subject-matter is so popular, many others will be writing of it too. The resulting resemblance is not really an influence, or rarely is; it is a contemporary tendency. The poet who is best in the lot will be remembered. All ran, but one receives the prize. However, those who came in second and third are neither imitators nor plagiarists.

IV

To submit oneself to the impersonal discipline of art is hard for the young. Few young writers are lured into the profession by the impossibility of being original in their craft, or by the excellent chance their best works have of becoming anonymous with time. We can imagine them pleading for the rights of their personalities; what on earth did the old pagan mean by his proud *non omnis moriar*, if his personality was not to survive in his work? For their comfort let us add that personality in art is indestructible. If we have any of it, it will live. And if we mean personality when we say originality, thinking of the author rather than of his subject, then we may add also that genuine personality is original in spite of itself. How hard it is to tell a story twice the same way; how difficult to form anything permanent, even habits; how impossible to get once for all into a rut. A dull lecture, though we

hear it a second time word for word, is subtly changed, for we no longer hear it the first time, and "afflictions induce callosities", as Sir Thomas Browne said, and "sorrows destroy us or themselves". The record we buy for our phonograph, though we liked it at first, may empty itself with each repetition, till the charm is gone; even the photograph of our dear ones, framed on the wall, has a tendency at last to merge itself in the wall paper. Whatever is repeated in our consciousness becomes mechanical and unnoticed, or the edge of it is blunted. To restore the sharp edges of impression, to bring back the first flavor of things, is the ideal of life and of art; only strong personality can do it, but where such a personality comes, it is irresistible and undisguisable. It shows up best in those attitudes of life which in other hands have grown drab and sordid; the contrast brings out the genius. This kind of success in life is the art of the actor who plays a long run, and who gives even in the one hundredth performance the impression of a fresh experience. A poorer actor would have needed a new play long before. Or we might say that art is a summary of life—and where will personality show itself sooner than in summarizing? When Lafcadio Hearn lectured to his Japanese students, he followed the reading of each English poem by a brief paraphrase in prose, which usually is the most precious part of his criticism; for in the retelling, his personality emphasized what he liked in the verses. If we could ask Tennyson, Morris, Browning, Arnold and Meredith each to write out a summary of something we all know, we should have five criticisms, and five revelations of personality. And there are more personalities in the world than we may realize; only they waste themselves in the search for the original, when all that is needed is to be sincere.

JOHN ERSKINE.

THE GREAT ENCHANTMENT

BY L. P. JACKS

THE reader of this article who gets no further than its title may conclude that it does not refer to the affairs of the present day. "Enchantment," he will argue, "was a condition to which our distant ancestors were much exposed; but which, nowadays, prevails only among savages (prior to the arrival of the missionary), between lovers at first sight, in certain extreme schools of psychoanalysis, and in other exceptionally foolish or ignorant circles. In the busy world of our time enchantment has no longer any power. No great enchantment is possible. Whatever enchantments there are must, from the nature of things, be small ones, and even these can have but a precarious existence under the criticism of a scientific and rationalizing age, which, with many faults, is at all events immune to the Enchanter's spell. The title of this article, then, is either a misnomer or else it must refer to the past."

I hasten to assure the reader, who has taken the trouble to read thus far, that the article refers strictly to the present day. I am going to defend the difficult, and I have no doubt unpopular, thesis that the present is, of all ages, the most deeply enchanted; that enchanters were never so numerous, so powerful, so dangerous and so highly paid; that in all lands people are ready and willing to become their victims; that never before has the art of enchantment been brought to a pitch so fine; and that all the varieties of it to be found among our distant ancestors, the unconverted heathen, lovers at first sight, and the extreme schools of psychoanalysis, are as nothing in their malignity to those which prevail and flourish, and are rewarded with honors, in the high places of this scientific, critical, rationalizing and up-to-date world of 1922.

In Great Britain, where the sale of intoxicating liquors still goes on apace, we are all aware of the difficulty of persuading a

drunken man to accept our sober view of him—the view, namely, that declares him drunk. Even next morning, when the police convict him of drunkenness, and tell how they took him to the lock-up on a handbarrow, and the magistrate fines him forty shillings, he will protest his innocence before the high gods, and call down curses on the unjust laws of his country. Americans whose memories go back to the days before prohibition—I am told that Americans seldom look back, most of them being forward-looking men, and their memories, in consequence, growing short—will probably recall a similar phenomenon within their own borders.

But, if it is difficult to persuade a drunken man that he is drunken, how much more difficult must it be to persuade an enchanted community, civilization or age, that it is enchanted. I put it as a problem to psychologists. Assuming that the community, civilization or age is really enchanted, how is the truth to be brought home to those whom it concerns? To begin with, is it not possible that the psychologist may be a victim of enchantment along with his neighbors, and that the very means he takes to break the spell may themselves be spell-bound? Most assuredly the problem of finding a competent spell-breaker is not easy. And even supposing the spell-breaker found, what likelihood is there that the enchanted multitude will accept his ministration? Has not the spell, in depriving them of their common sense, deprived them also of their power of responding to the spell-breaker's appeal? He will not be believed. He will almost certainly be stoned; at least stones will be cast at him. His office is worse than thankless; for there is nothing men resent more bitterly than the imputation of enchantment. The greatest Spell-breaker the world has ever produced was promptly cast out of the vineyard and killed; as He on his part knew very well that He would be.

After citing this example it may seem a strange thing to say that one of the qualifications of an efficient spell-breaker is that he should be, in a certain sense, a hater of his fellowmen; and in extenuation I will only remark in passing that the great Spell-breaker just mentioned was not very friendly to Scribes and Pharisees, nor to windbags and hypocrites in general. Certain it is that a blind and undiscriminating "love of humanity", such as

I hear loudly preached from so many pulpits in these days, and sometimes mentioned with approval by eminent statesmen, (though I do not observe it practised anywhere, least of all by the statesmen aforesaid,) would be a fatal barrier to anyone who should take upon himself the office of delivering men or nations from the Great Enchantment. For it so happens that at no time does our world show itself more deeply enchanted than when it gets talking about "the love of humanity". At all events is it not pretty plain that, in an enchanted world of men and women, the indiscriminate lover of humanity would find himself in love with the enchantments, along with the rest of the prevailing human attributes, and so be incompetent to break their power? Unless he hates their enchantments,—and, sophistry apart, I do not see how he can do that without in some sense hating the enchanted,—he will come to naught. And this of course greatly increases the difficulty and danger of the part he has to play. For the enchanted multitudes will not only resent the imputation that they are enchanted, but will be quick to perceive that the would-be spell-breaker does not love them at that point. And they will repay his hatred with hatred.

I foresee then, from the outset, that the subject I have chosen to enlarge upon may involve me in some unpleasantness with those who take the trouble to read what I have to say. I announce myself a hater of humanity. I hate all that part of humanity, in others and in myself, and more in myself than in others, that invites enchantment and succumbs to it—and a very large part of humanity, my own and others', that is. I foresee further—and this troubles me far more than the unpleasantness referred to—that I may become involved in manifest inconsistencies. The very means I am about to take to describe the Great Enchantment may themselves turn out to be enchanted—and that, too, in a bad sense. Yes, this article, including the words now flowing from my pen, and the phrases which the brain, anticipating the pen, is half consciously forming, may all be under the spell. For the Great Enchantment is operated by incantations, that is, by mere words and phrases. And what have I to offer the reader in this article but mere phrases and words?

But these risks must be run. I take comfort to myself that

they have been run before this by men whose memory I hold in reverence, men whose shoe-latchets I am not worthy to unloose—one of whom I will presently mention.

The Great Enchantment by which all nations great and small, all governments honest and fraudulent, all churches liberal and orthodox, all Parliaments and General Assemblies, all Leagues and Associations, all schools of thought, all debating societies, and all men and women, except the wisest, are now bewitched, is the Enchantment of Vocables. The scene of its operations is the rostrum, the platform, the pulpit, the stump, the book, the newspaper, the magazine article (such as this). Its instrument is the tongue, of which the pen may be considered a mechanical extension, or accessory after the fact.

After long ages in which the affairs of the world were mainly governed by the deeds men did, often crimes, we have now entered on a phase when its affairs are governed by the words men say, mostly lies. By a process of unconscious voting the tongue has been elected to the place of ruling member, the permanent President of all States, united or disunited as the case may be—the tongue, which a well known writer has thus described: "The world of iniquity among our members, which defileth the whole body and setteth on fire the wheel of nature and is set on fire by hell."

There is, however, one good thing to be said for the tongue. It can, when sufficiently goaded thereto by the miseries of the other members, confess its own tendency to lie and thus shout down its own babble, as the present writer is trying to do, and as Carlyle did, in a manner infinitely more impressive, preaching the Gospel of Silence in thirty volumes.

If the reader pauses for a moment in his daily vocation of earning his bread by the sweat of his brow, and listens attentively to what is going on around him, he will notice that the air is full of incantations (with which, I believe, the word "cant" has a certain etymological connection), pouring out from Congress and Parliament, from platform and pulpit, and from the other houses of magic, or dens of enchantment, that I have mentioned. Next, if he prolongs his observations, he will notice that the "world of

thought", as we call it, though perhaps the "world of not-acting" would be a better name, is divided up into an immense variety of parties or "camps", corresponding to the incantations aforesaid, the adherents of each believing that, if his particular spell is repeated often enough, the business will be done.

For example, one of the most notable and widely heard incantations of the moment runs thus: "*We must have a change of heart.*" Are there not thousands among us, nay millions, who have allowed themselves to be deluded into believing that if the words "change of heart" are roared loud enough, or whispered mellifluously enough, into the ears of the public, hearts will change? Are there not those who solemnly affirm that it is so, and appeal for the proof to the latest discoveries of psychoanalysis?

Of course it is not so, but quite the contrary. "Change of heart", indeed! God knows that we need it. But the louder we roar it, and the more mellifluously we whisper it, and the more we trust to those roarings and whisperings to do the business, the more certain it becomes that our hearts will remain unchanged, except in the direction of becoming harder in their present obstinacies and delusions. The roarers and whisperers will have their pains for naught, as anyone with two eyes in his head can see they are now having.

These men, these roarers and whisperers,—the medicine men of modern civilization,—are indeed much to be pitied, though some of them are highly paid for their vocal exercises. We have carried the division of labor too far, leaving them to specialize in this business, heart-breaking to all who take it seriously (which not all do), of calling their generation to change its heart. Can we deny, on severe self-examination, that we have appointed their task to these men, and set them up in their places, and encouraged them to cultivate their arts, journalistic, literary or homiletic, because we much prefer listening to the cry that our hearts need to be changed, and the eloquence so readily exfoliating therefrom, to the self-denials, labors and vigils, to the agony and bloody sweat which a real change of heart would unquestionably exact from all of us; and, further, because we have suffered a foul bewitchment to persuade us that the first thing can be made to do duty for the second?

It cannot. God gave us all the use of our wits! We have grown so used to this phrase—every newspaper contains it somewhere, and every League of Nations orator fires it off at the point when his argument breaks down—that "changing our hearts" seems to some of us as easy as getting a new suit of clothes. It is considerably more difficult. For while there are tailors according to the flesh who can cut us new clothes for money paid down, there are no tailors according to the spirit who can furnish us with new hearts. Frankly we must do it ourselves; there is no conceivable alternative.

But how? Not by listening to incantations, not by subsidizing "voices", mellifluous or brazen, not by resorting to spell-doctors or medicine men, no matter how august in their diplomas, mysterious in their initiations and extravagant in their fees—not by any nor all of these will the hearts of men or of nations be changed for the better, but only for the worse. The true prescription is pitched in another key. It bids us put ourselves straightway under a very irksome discipline, akin to that of St. Simeon Stylites on his pillar; beginning with small things and passing on by means of these to greater; as, for instance, to get up an hour earlier and come to breakfast with a pleasant expression; to pull up the weeds in our own garden before looking to see if there are any in our neighbor's; to keep our hands scrupulously clean, and our face ditto; to harbor no insects on our bodies and no bacteria in our souls; to bear no false witness, and to obey the Ten Commandments generally; to thank God daily that we are alive and to show Him by the thoroughness of the day's work that He has not created us for nothing; to cut off half the useless baggage train that we drag about with us through life (things are getting harder now!); to honor the hand above the tongue, teaching the first to labor excellently and the second to keep silence discreetly; to do our duty in the sense our fathers gave to the term, and to hold ourselves dishonored when any government or brother man does that for us which we ought to do for ourselves.

Show me a land where a few million of the inhabitants are acting thus and I see a land whose people are wide awake and in possession of their wits. For them I predict a speedy change of

heart. Show me another where the tongue rules, and the hand is untaught, and I see a land of enchantment, whose people are bewitched. For them no change of heart is possible, except for the worse; not though League of Nations orators are crying for it from every platform in the land; nay, more impossible for that very reason.

In brief, wherever the vision has dawned which reveals to men generally how far nobler a thing it is to wield a hand which does good work than wag a tongue that utters fine speech, there, we may say, the Great Enchantment is breaking and the change of heart has begun.

The only type of civilization that will ever be at peace, happy, contented, enlightened, religious, and able to cope with the great mysteries of suffering and death,—things not to be abolished by Act of Parliament nor voted out of existence, and as rife in a world "safe for democracy" as in the unsafest,—is a civilization whose members are loyally striving, each according to the light God has given him, to create something of real value to himself and his fellow men. Let a man be doing this and he will be in the way to win, for himself and for others, all the happiness, all the material and spiritual wellbeing which the universe holds in store for him and for his posterity. Let him not be doing this, and there is no conceivable arrangement of things, no revolution in human affairs, political or economic, which can make him other than a fundamentally miserable man and a cause of misery to others. Without this all Utopias turn out to be rotten. With this they are needless—or rather, they are here already.

Attempts to evade this ineluctable truth are futile, all incantations to the contrary notwithstanding. A civilization in which the majority of men and women are seeking "the basis of the new morality", and scamping their jobs meanwhile, is from the nature of the case doomed to misery and to ultimate ruin. Mutual mistrust will be the keynote of it, even as it is in the relations of classes and States at the present hour. Nations so poisoned may form themselves into what "Leagues" you will; they will only hate one another the more bitterly and fight one another the more cruelly for that, nearer acquaintance merely serving the purpose —perhaps useful if it can be done no other way—of revealing to

each the rottenness of the rest—not the best way, I imagine, of promoting peace on earth and good will among men. A League of Enchanted Nations, each in bondage to the foul lie that the world can be run by tongues, by the invention of formulas for "mending it while you wait", is an unpromising proposition. Its fate was written long ago on the plains of Shinar, when the first "skyscraper" was reared, of sun-baked bricks and with slime for mortar, "that they might make them a name"—which they succeeded in doing, but a name very different from the one they were looking for. It was Confusion—the name which waits for every tongue-driven attempt to scale heaven, the fate of enchanted nations since the world began, and of all Holy Alliances, Ententes, and Leagues of such.

Is not this happening under our very noses? On the one hand are the Conferences, or great "palavers", at Washington, Genoa, The Hague, and where not, constructing "new sanctions" in speeches telegraphed over the world; and around them are the populations bemused by this oratory, men and women comfortably setting the "old sanctions" at naught, from cockcrow to sundown, and assured that all is coming right because (may heaven help us!) the new formulæ, duly voted into omnipotence by the conferences aforesaid, will do the business. Meanwhile France, faced by bankruptcy, and with the heart of Napoleon still beating, unchanged, in her martial bosom, keeps her vast army intact and her powder dry. For what? There are several desperate nations in Europe at the present moment, nearing that point of high danger when, the means of peaceable existence having failed, no alternative to ruin remains but to live on their own resources, trust to conquest and paper money for the rest, fight their way out of the net, and defy the world. "Tempt not a desperate man." Of what force are "incantations" in the face of facts such as these?

It were greatly to be desired that Americans, in common with my own countrymen, should, for the next ten years or so, resolutely turn their backs on the crowd of small writers and other chatterboxes, who are busy in the invention of formulæ for "mending the world while you wait", most of which are mere exercises in metaphor, and restudy the message of Thomas Car-

lyle, who was really in earnest and knew what he was talking about.

About Americans Carlyle said many things as unjust as they were unpleasant. But about Britons also he said many things which were equally unpleasant, though perhaps less unjust. He was never tired of telling us, for example, that we are "mostly fools", a saying which made him hateful to the Podsnaps of his time, but which our subsequent history has, in the opinion of many, proved to be true. The few wise men among us have forgiven him that long ago; and I suggest that the time has now come when the wise men of America might forgive him for saying that their nation were "mostly bores", and hegin to meditate anew, as many of us are now doing in Britain, with somewhat rueful faces, on the Book of Prophecy he left us. Even his horrible blasphemies about the "Nigger Question" might be overlooked by generous souls in America on the ground that the light that led him astray was undoubtedly light from heaven.

The book of his that I would specially recommend for this purpose of reconciliation and enlightenment is the *Latter Day Pamphlets*, in which I can detect only one really important mistake, the date being given as 1850 instead of 1922. For my own part I find the bitter medicine of that book far more wholesome in our present disorders than the weird and windy prescriptions for mending the world now so plentifully hawked about on both sides of the Atlantic, "by quidnuncs with a smattering of grammar," many of which a wise man would as soon swallow as make his dinner from the witches' cauldron in *Macbeth*.

For example, on opening my weekly paper this morning, the very first thing I light upon (it is a headline) is the following: "The old sanctions for our society have dissolved and we know it; and we know that we must seek new and finer sanctions."

Now, I believe it would be no exaggeration to say that, since the war broke out, I have heard or read that statement, in varying forms, a thousand times. So far it has produced not the slightest effect; nor will produce any, though it be repeated fifty thousand times more, and printed in large type in every newspaper, and shouted from the roof of every house, in Europe and in America—the reason being that it is false. The old sanctions of our society

have not dissolved: if they had, the writer of the statement would have had no breakfast, no pen or typewriter to write his empty words, no newspaper to print them, and no audience to listen to them or to read them. Whatever the old sanctions of society may have done, they have clearly not dissolved, otherwise there would be no society left to talk about, or to address; there would be nobody, even, to do the talking or the addressing; which last would be no unmitigated evil.

I said, a moment ago, that this type of statement produces no effect. I must now contradict myself. It does indeed produce no effect in the direction we all desire, but it produces a very decided effect in a direction none of us desires. It serves to put off the time when the "new and finer sanctions" come into being. For is it not clear as the sun in heaven that if we begin by treating the old sanctions as "dissolved" we have nothing whatever to guide us in seeking the new? What are the old sanctions of society? Some of them (it will be generally admitted) are to be found in the Ten Commandments; for example: Thou shalt not steal; Thou shalt not murder; Thou shalt not covet; Thou shalt not bear false witness; Thou shalt not commit adultery. There is a story told of a certain British Duke who, when the Commandments were read out to him in his private chapel, used to respond to each of them with a loud and pious "Amen!" But there was one exception—the last on my list. When the Chaplain came to this, the Duke's response was a muttered "Damn". Well, let us damn old sanctions in general. Let us treat them all as dissolved, not forgetting to include the one which forbids us to bear false witness—the pivot of the whole lot in the opinion of many. A pretty posture we are now in for seeking those "new and finer sanctions", which are to bring in the millennial era and the reign of the saints! What wonder that the plain-dealing American or British citizen, as he receives his daily dose of these inanities from his newspaper or his parson, secretly confesses that he hasn't the ghost of a notion what the "new and finer sanctions" are to be; that, for his part, he will leave it to "some other fellow" to find out—meanwhile "wholesomely digesting his pudding" as though nothing had happened.

Since the very outbreak of the war there has been, I repeat, an

ever increasing flood of futile eloquence pitched in this key. But worse than that. The eloquence in question would not have come into being at all, and would not have increased as it has done, had there not been a demand for it; and there would have been no demand for it had there not been a general belief, among the men and women of both continents, in the magic efficacy of mere talk; a belief, namely that the salvation of men and nations hinges on the discovery of some verbal formula, which has only to be repeated often enough and loudly enough and eloquently enough to exorcise all the devils that plague society and set mankind on its feet steadfastly marching to the Kingdom of Heaven; "mending the world while you wait" and leaving the individual members of society, namely you and me, free to damn the Ten Commandments at our pleasure, to leave our private gardens uncultivated and full of foul weeds—because, forsooth, the salvation of the world will be sufficiently provided for by the magic formula aforesaid, preached from pulpits and disseminated in millions by the printing press. Was there ever a fouler enchantment? It is the characteristic delusion of our times.

From this enchantment Carlyle did his best to deliver the men of his own generation, warning them, in language hot as boiling lava, that enormous calamity was the certain alternative. He failed to convince them. For a long time no calamity arrived, save such as could be easily forgotten in an age become expert in forgetfulness; the staggering world of 1848 recovered its equilibrium; and the lightheads who had mocked the grim old Tartar from the first flung him away as a back number and went a-whoring after a new progeny of verbalisms. From 1850 to 1914 the enchantment deepened. On all sides men sprung up who declared that we must get a "world view"; world viewing accordingly became the fashion; the philosophers, the politicians, the parsons, the Scribes and the Pharisees took it up; the debating societies buzzed with it; every pickpocket was assured of Paradise provided he were equipped with a "world view". On August 1, 1914, the volcano burst and the world viewers and the world views were blown skyhigh together. The long delayed calamity foreseen by Carlyle had arrived.

There need no longer be any hesitation in ascribing the Great

War, and its horrible sequel in the so-called Peace, to the delusions of an age which had long accustomed itself both to think and to act as though talk could be made to do the business of life. The war was the product of worldwide lying, in which the "world views" formed no small part, especially those that had been worked up in Germany. Not the venial lying which speaks a word untrue to another word, but the mortal, deadly lying where all the words, while beautifully harmonizing with one another, are collectively untrue to reality or fact. The very notion of a "world view", which we were led to believe would be a kind of summarized total, or general conspectus, of all the truth that can be known, is itself a lie of this collective kind, what one might call a "mass lie", and a highly pernicious one. The wisest man that ever drew the breath of life cannot "view" more than an inconceivably small fraction of the world, a significant fraction it is true, just enough to warn him against playing tricks with the Ten Commandments, and no more; the wise man becoming unutterably foolish when he pretends otherwise. What comes of trusting to "world views" to do the business of the world may be abundantly seen in the sorry performance we have already considered, where every writer and speaker, high and low, after explaining his "world view" to admiring sight seers in that line, can think of nothing better than to bellow at his audience to "change their hearts", while making not the least effort to change his own, and with no serious intention of doing so—the world meantime mocking the view he has taken of it and visibly going from bad to worse.

This fundamental lying, which has reproduced itself in an endless progeny of abominable forms, was, I repeat, the underlying cause of the Great War and its sequent calamities. In Germany, where this sort of lying had been developed to a fine art and where the chief adepts in the practice of it were to be found, it produced the trash of Von Bernhardi, Treitschke, Houston Chamberlain and the Kaiser's speeches. In Britain (I say nothing of America) we gave it a more moralized but not less deadly version. Our notion was that the "international situation" is governed by political speeches, protocols, foreign office correspondence, interchange of diplomatic views, and paper treaties

thence resulting. So long as the "conversations" our diplomats were exchanging with their foreign antagonists were sufficiently astute, and the orations of our Foreign Ministers at Guildhall Banquets sufficiently pacific, and the sermons of our parsons sufficiently saturated in moonshine, it mattered little who broke the Ten Commandments nor how rotten were the bricks we turned out of our kilns. And if anything went wrong, could we not vote it right at the next election? "Give us," we cried, "not bricks but speeches; not bricks without straw, but bricks that are nothing but straw! Has not somebody with a world view proved that war doesn't pay? Give us more of that. Put more eloquence into it; multiply the copies; extend the propaganda; and have your votes ready to back it up. What more do you want? Bricks be damned!"

Thus we went on lying for peace, oblivious of the fact that another nation over the way was lying yet harder for war. The hardier liars carried the day; and then lost it; but not until we, with our moralized lies, had paid for them to the uttermost farthing. Yet it was something to have laid the biggest liars low. Surely we had learned at length the lesson old Thomas strove in the agony of his soul to teach us, that the one thing that never pays in this world is not war but lying! His forebodings had come true. His unheeded warning had been fulfilled. The "back number" had become the last thing out. The swift descent of Europe "into a place I had rather not name" had occurred on a scale of horror beyond his darkest vaticinations. So now we will go back to reality, will we not, to the "elemental veracities", to the Ten Commandments, and to the making of good bricks? The "windy counterfeits", the apostles of "beer and balderdash", the purveyors of "bottled moonshine", the "perorating Chimæras", the prating "flunkeys out of work", the "vociferous blockheads", shall all be sent about their business, and we who have been their victims so long, and paid for it so horribly, will play the part of "enchanted human asses" no more!

Alas, it was not to be! The old enchantment lies upon us deeper than ever; the enchantment which so long has bemused us into believing, and into moral slumber while we believe, that the world is to be saved by phrases, formulæ, big words spelt with

capitals, and by the expansion of these into eloquent speechifying and sermonizing, by platform and printing press propaganda, by whirlwind campaigns of "mere vocables", by loud discussion and universal voting on the issue. The historian of the future looking for the salient feature of the present times will, I think, single out as more astonishing than anything else this world wide delusion, still obdurately holding its ground in spite of the crushing refutation just given by the war, that the affairs of the world can be managed by the mere interchange of speech between human individuals, by the mere process of saying things, saying them often enough, and saying them altogether, and then voting them true. "I am getting better and better; I am improving in all respects:" repeat the magic formula often enough and the thing will be done. "What was this," the future historian will say, "what was this, blazoned about as the cure for human ills, and the last revelation of science, but a pathetic witness to the general hypnosis that lay upon that generation, to the foul bewitchment that possessed them, to the blind faith that speechifying could be made to do the business of life, that the thing said determined the thing done? No sooner was the war over than the civilized nations, untaught by its stern rebuke, embraced once more the very lie which had just brought them to the verge of utter calamity and well-nigh undone them. Paper schemes for the reconstruction of the world were poured out by the thousand, all at variance, and each with the tag appended 'Codlin's the friend, not Short'; not one of which had ever the faintest chance of materializing into a fact. 'Go to, now,' they cried, 'let us have a great world palaver and settle everything. Our national palavers have indeed made a sorry mess of our affairs; so let us palaver internationally henceforth, on a polyglot basis, with interpreters at hand to reduce the Babel to some common tongue, which most of us imperfectly understand, and so mend all! 'Peace, peace,' shall be the watchword. The palaverers shall repeat it, internationally; they shall duly chant the formula 'We are at peace; we are becoming day by day more peaceable in all respects,' and peace will be. Meanwhile let whoso will remove his neighbor's landmark. Let whoso will bake rotten bricks. The international palaver, backed by adequate 'world views'—of which we

have dozens ready to suit all fancies—shall henceforth manage this world, shall draw up a new Ten Commandments, and we shall be free to deal with the old Ten—as we have long dealt with them."

God grant that the future historian's description of us may end there! God grant that the next paragraph may not run thus: "And so while they were all busy with these 'world views' and holding wordy tournaments as to which of their formulæ for 'mending the world while you wait' would mend it soonest, the Second Great War broke out and they were all undone."

I have fulfilled the promise with which this article began; the promise, namely, that I would produce a manifest inconsistency and make myself unpleasant into the bargain. I have used the tongue to expose its own aptitude to speak falsehoods—that is the inconsistency—and I have declared my firm belief that we are all befooled—that is the offense. I apologize for neither. If any man knows of a method for breaking the Great Enchantment which does not involve both the inconsistency and the offense, let him step forth and show us what it is. I leave the problem to the psychologists—who have still to solve the problem of "the Cretan liars."

Meanwhile I have a word to those fellow adventurers of mine who are engaged in that great enterprise known as Education. "See to it," I would say, "that you impress upon the rising generation this elemental truth, that the world is built up not by the things men say with their tongues, but by the work they do with their hands. Truth is found, primarily, not in things said but in things done. That every man shall enjoy his day's work and a good article come out of it—there can be no civilization on any other terms. Ground your citizenship upon that. And remember the Ten Commandments."

L. P. Jacks.

WORLD TROUBLE AND REALISM

BY VERNON KELLOGG

I

THE scientist tries to be a realist. Face to face with phenomena he would like to understand he assures himself that, concerning these phenomena, there are some ascertainable facts to be discovered, some probable conjectures to be made and some wild guesses to be hazarded. He goes first after the ascertainable facts; then he is likely to make some conjectures that seem reasonable, and he may even, if he is of a certain temperament, hazard a few wild guesses. But first he goes after the ascertainable facts.

He may be temperamentally idealist in his outlook on the world. He may be a man of vision—if he is not he will never be a great scientist. His vision may determine for him ideals of human life, personal and social human life, which he thinks human individuals and the human race should strive to attain. But in this striving for ideals he will be realist in method. He will test the methods and measures suggested by other men—and by himself—by his understanding of realities.

Ideal in aim, but realist in method. That is the scientific man. It is not what he studies but how he studies that distinguishes the scientific man from the non-scientific man. The majority of professed or professional scientific men do, to be sure, confine most of their study to the fields of the natural sciences, such as mathematics and astronomy and physics and chemistry and geology and biology. But there are scientific men whose field is in the humanities. There are thoroughgoing scientific students of political economy, political science, sociology, statesmanship, diplomacy, politics in general. But there are not many of them. They can be distinguished from other students or workers or dabblers in these fields by their method, their method of realism.

I have been much interested in reading the earlier papers in this series. They have impressed on me more strongly than ever the fact that science is different from sociology and ethics and religion and philosophy primarily in its method. That is why there are so few real scientific men in the fields of humanistics. It is much harder to apply rigorously the method of science to the study of mankind than to the study of nitrogen and the boll weevil. Human behavior is almost infinitely more varied and complex in its possibilities and manifestations than the behavior of *Amœba*. Human psychology is very much more difficult to get at scientifically than the tropisms of the *Protozoa* and the instincts of the social insects. But if it and human sociology and human economics and human politics (in its comprehensive sense) are to be got at soundly and certainly, it will have to be, some time or another, by the methods of science: not by the short cut methods of reasonable conjecture and wild guess.

Now the world, facing a sea of industrial, economic and political trouble, is dazed not alone by the quantity of the trouble but by the quality of it. It is dazed by the difficulty it is experiencing in trying to understand just why all this trouble should be; just what the essential elements in it are; just what mysterious perversity or weakness of human mental and spiritual make-up brings it about. For the trouble is obviously man-made trouble —unless we accept the fatalistic conception of our being the mere playthings of cosmic forces or influences quite outside our understanding or, at least, control.

But if this trouble is man-made there ought to be possible man-contrived remedies. To devise these it will be necessary to know the real elements of the trouble. And the method of wild guesses or even reasonable conjectures is not the method to adopt in trying to understand matters. We must go first after the ascertainable facts. We must adopt the method of science.

I should like to believe the confident statement that the adoption of the Golden Rule by all of us would immediately solve all of our problems. And then I should like to believe that somebody can get us all to adopt the Golden Rule as governor of our behavior. But I cannot fully believe either of these things. Different ones among us would interpret the Golden Rule differ-

ently, and even Christ could not convince all of His hearers to become His followers.

I should like to understand how Russia could ever get into the impossible state it is in. No reasonable conjecture or even wild guess made before the fact would ever have pictured with any accuracy the present impossible situation—which is nevertheless possible because it now exists. I hardly accept as real the reality that I saw in Russia last autumn. I saw things as seemingly unreal, as topsy-turvy, as Alice saw in Wonderland. But I, and others, did see them and it was on a basis of these ascertained realities that Mr. Hoover, who is a scientific man, acted promptly with the result of saving the lives of several million men, women and children.

On the basis of facts that could be ascertained Mr. Hoover could and did act with the result of ameliorating great and distressing trouble. But he is urged all the time now, on a basis of conjecture and guess, to act, or use his influence to have the American Government act, in other ways that would, if the guess is correct, conjecturally further relieve trouble in Russia. But, consistently scientific, he asks for the ascertainable facts on which to base proper action. He cannot commit himself, or help commit the Government, to action on a basis of guess and conjecture. Indeed, the situation in Russia is an outstanding example of the difficulties of knowing things in the realm of human psychology and human behavior in the way the scientific man insists on knowing them, or trying to know them.

But difficult or not, the solution of the problems of economic and political trouble in Russia and world trouble in general will depend on getting at the realities in a scientific way. There must be a basis of realism for planning and carrying out any activity to ameliorate this trouble. That is what I mean to suggest by the title of my paper.

II

What are the criteria of reality? What tests can we apply to things as they seem to determine things as they are? This is no simple and perhaps no certain matter. But there are some grounds for confidence concerning it. The scientific man has a

test of the reality of things which can be stated rather baldly as the test of betting your life on them. If they stand that test he accepts them as realities.

Philosophers have different attitudes, varying with their "schools", toward material phenomena. There are some who say that the reality of the material things we feel, see, hear, taste or smell lies only in our minds, because it is only the mind perceptions of things that we can certainly know to exist. Few scientific men agree with this. They say that a photographic plate put where it will intercept light waves or a stretched membrane where it will be struck by sound waves will be, respectively, chemically and physically affected by these vibrations in ether and atmosphere. They say further that if one stands on a railway long enough he will first see or hear an approaching reality in the guise of a locomotive, and then, unless he gets off, will feel it. He can bet his life on the reality of this locomotive as revealed to him by his senses. He believes therefore that reality exists outside of mind. He bets his life on it and wins. The philosopher would lose his bet—and life—if he tested his belief to the limit.

The kind of reality represented by the rushing locomotive or by a cyclone or earthquake is reality in the world of nature. But there are catastrophic happenings because of the behavior of human beings in masses, which bring trouble or disaster to themselves or to other people just as the cyclone or earthquake brings disaster. These are realities in the world of human society and civilization. We may also perhaps establish a third category of realities which largely affect human life: realities in the world of morality. As difficult of understanding, compared with the realities of the world of nature, as may be these realities in the worlds of civilization and morality, they nevertheless form a body of actualities that are more or less available to scientific study, study by the scientific method. And it is by that kind of study and by taking the attitude of the realist toward them that any considerable progress can be made toward solving the problems which these realities in the realm of civilization and morality may pose to mankind. An attention to these problems from the point of view and by the method of the scientific realist can lead to

specific recommendations for activity in relation to these problems. Any other method will lead only to generalities, which may excite emotion but do not specifically direct it how to discharge itself in definite behavior.

III

Take, for example, the pressing problem of the debts of the European nations, including the German reparations. Whatever one's feelings, whatever one's desires or hopes, whatever one's probable conjectures and hazarded guesses, there can be, in them alone, no really sound basis for decision and action. The sound basis must rest on the actual ascertainment of facts, of realities as determined by scientific method of study. Sympathy with Belgium and France, suspicion and hatred of Germany, cannot be the fundamental basis of a successful solution of the problem. The basis must be facts of business, economics, politics and psychology. If these facts—which, of course, will not be easy to ascertain but many of which nevertheless can be ascertained—if these facts show that it is not possible for Germany to pay the thirty billions of dollars now represented by her A, B and C reparations bonds, then a solution on the basis of the present arrangement, dictated by too little knowledge of facts and too much influence of conjectures and emotions, is impossible. If, because Germany cannot pay so much to France, Belgium, Italy, Great Britain, *et al.*, these nations cannot pay their debts to the United States, then there is no use in determining our attitude in this matter by feelings, even if these feelings rest on apparent fairness and justice. We must determine our attitude and decision on the basis of the realities. If, despite Germany's inability to pay England and France, England can pay us but France cannot, then no matter about the apparent unfair discrimination on our part as between our two debtors, that discrimination is warranted on a basis of realism. It has been suggested that it would be a *beau geste* on our part to cancel the debts, collectable or uncollectable. If this is done simply as a *beau geste* dictated by emotion it would seem to be an unscientific solution of a great problem. But numerous economists claim that such an action would be of an actual financial or economic advantage to us. If this is a fact,

then a decision on this basis to cancel the debts would be a solution dictated by facts; a solution based on scientific realism.

These statements have an unpleasant suggestion of crass materialism, of ugly sordidness, about them. Does the scientific method of acting on a basis of facts, a basis of scientific realism, leave no place for the ameliorating influence of idealism in the determination of our attitude and action concerning the present world trouble, or any other world trouble to come? It does. For idealism is also a scientific fact. It has a reality in the human mind and heart. It has played and will continue to play a positive and important part in the progressive evolution of human kind.

Altruism, or mutual aid as the biologists call it, has been, and is, an important biological factor in organic evolution, especially in human evolution. The present evolutionary status of the human race has been reached on a basis of mutual aid as well as of mutual fight. It is particularly in the social evolution of man, as contrasted with his strictly biological evolution, that altruism has shown its important and benign effects. And as the evolution of the race through historic and pre-historic times as far back at least as from 25,000 years ago, has been chiefly, if not almost wholly, determined by the factors of social evolution rather than by those of biological evolution, and will continue so to be determined, and as idealism is one of the most outstanding among these factors of social evolution, it is certain—and this certainty is recognized by scientific men—that idealism and its effects are among the realities of human life.

Therefore the canceling of the debts of our European debtors without regard to the immediate influence such an action might have on our own financial or economic situation, an action which we have earlier spoken of as a possible *beau geste* dictated by emotion, this emotion in its turn expressing our idealism, might after all perhaps logically be justified on a basis of scientific realism, for such realism recognizes idealism as a fact. It is a positive influencing factor in human behavior and its indulgence or encouragement as an important factor in guiding us in our actions is a useful thing, because it helps to insure the permanency and augment the strength of this benign element in human evolution. Hence in any search for the fundamental facts on which

we are to base our attempt to solve the problem of present world-trouble, we must take into account the existence of idealism in human nature.

Thus we do not exclude in the scientific or realistic method of studying the present world trouble, to the end of trying to find a solution for the problem it presents, the recognition of idealistic factors contributing either to the trouble or to its amelioration. Only, we must treat them as we treat other realities. We must discover them as specific things and try to understand their significance, just as we discover and try to understand the significance of other categories of facts.

Perhaps the facts, when all, or enough on which to base action, are discovered, will indicate to us not the desirability of a partial cancellation of the German reparations and the complete or partial cancellation of the European debts to the United States, but the setting up of a general moratorium for five, or less or more, years of all war debts. Within this time perhaps the wheels of world industry could get to turning again, and the economic and financial situation of now practically bankrupt nations be restored.

Here are two alternative conjectural solutions for a single great problem; conjectural, but neither one perhaps yet clearly indicated by ascertained facts. The conjectures may be helpful, as hypotheses are to the scientific student; but, also like the hypotheses, they are only stimulants to finding the facts. The facts when found may point to some quite different action.

IV

What is wanted then in this time of world trouble—as in all time—are the facts, and then prompt, vigorous and honest action on their basis. At the Peace Conference there were many expert fact-finders. There was an American swarm of them in the *Hotel Crillon*, a British swarm in the *Majestic*, a Belgian swarm in the *Lotti*, and so on. And these swarms found out and listed many important facts pertinent to the problems involved in the peace settlement. But, unfortunately, the action on the basis of the facts was neither prompt, vigorous nor wholly honest. The action which followed the fact-collecting was not based on the facts found. Considerations of presumed economic and political self-

interest, strong emotions, and points of view derived from conjecture and guess, played a dominant or, at least, too important part in determining the action of the peace dictators. A war to assure peace was followed by a peace that assured war.

There has been continuous war since the end of the Peace Conference. Perhaps, indeed, the pessimists' declaration that war is inevitable is true. But it is not proved. A peace based on realism might not have been followed by war. It was a wrong peace and futile because it was not based on realities; it brazenly flew in the face of realities; it ignored the scientific method.

So we have a worse world trouble than we had before the war. And this worse world trouble will continue to get worse as long as those who attempt its solution overlook the method of realism. It, or phases of it, may be temporarily ameliorated. America has devoted fifty million dollars to the food relief of Russia: a beautiful charity. Five or ten million Russians are alive now because of it, who would otherwise have now been dead. But this beautiful charity has done little or nothing to solve the real Russian trouble—and it has not pretended to.

Well, I have tried to set out a scientific man's reaction to the problem posed by the present world trouble. It is the same reaction that he exhibits in the face of any problem. He feels that world problems and laboratory problems are qualitatively alike, however greatly they may differ quantitatively. And they are to be attacked by the same method of attack. One may be immeasurably more complex than the other; that makes no difference, except in difficulty; the method of attack is the same. It is the method of realism.

VERNON KELLOGG.

[*With this article and that preceding it*—The Great Enchantment—*our series on World Restoration after the World War, which began in the August number, is ended. We are confident that our readers will be gratified, as we are, at the intrinsic merit, the commanding interest, and the helpful suggestion of the articles, which in their reception have more than warranted our high anticipations regarding them.*—THE EDITORS.]

"CANADA'S NATIONAL STATUS": A REPLY

BY JOHN S. EWART

ALLEGING that with reference to Canada's national status "ignorant misinterpretations are abroad which need to be challenged", Professor Kennedy contributed recently to THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW an article with a view to making "clear to foreign nations, especially to the United States", what that status is. The task is difficult. The relation between the United Kingdom and Canada is anomalous and fluid. No known political term or phrase can describe it. The legalities are sharply contradicted by the acknowledged conventions. That Canada has no power to do this or that may be admitted, but that she does it must be added. Under these circumstances, definition is impossible, and all that can be done is (1) to relate accurately the facts bearing upon Canada's status, and (2) to note their tendency. In both of these respects, there are points in Professor Kennedy's article which "need to be challenged".

The chief of these, and that which is of principal interest in the United States, relates to the treaty power. Upon that subject the Professor (referring to Lord Ripon's dispatch) says:

> Finally regulations were drawn up in 1895 which hold the field substantially to the present time. Any treaty must be made between the Imperial Government, not the Dominion of Canada, and the foreign State concerned. Since final responsibility must remain with Great Britain, independent powers of negotiation could not be granted to Canada. Negotiations must be conducted by the British representative aided by Canadian representatives as second plenipotentiaries or as subordinates. Any treaty which might be concluded would be signed by the plenipotentiaries only after its terms had been approved by the Imperial and Canadian Governments. It would ultimately be ratified by the Crown acting on the advice of the British Cabinet, if the Canadian Government so desired; or, in the event of legislation being requisite to make its terms effective, if the Canadian Parliament so desired. Conditions of negotiation were laid down: concessions made to any foreign Power must be

made to any other foreign Power having by existing treaties most-favored-nation rights in Canada; any concessions so made must be extended without compensation to all British possessions; no concessions must be accepted from a foreign Government which would be prejudicial to other parts of the Empire.

To say that all this holds "the field substantially to the present time" is to ignore everything that has subsequently happened. Twelve years after the Ripon dispatch.[1] Sir Edward Grey when referring to the Franco-Canadian negotiations at Paris said:

I do not, however, think it necessary to adhere in the present case to the strict letter of this regulation, the object of which was to secure that negotiation should not be entered into, and carried through, by a colony unknown to and independently of His Majesty's Government. The selection of the negotiator is principally a matter of convenience, and in the present instance it will obviously be left to Sir Wilfrid Laurier and to the Canadian Minister of Finance, who will doubtless keep you informed of their progress.

Upon this occasion, two Canadian ministers carried on the negotiations, quite independently of the British Foreign Office, and after agreement had been reached, one of them wrote to the Foreign Secretary saying that the treaty was nearly ready and asking that arrangements might be made for its signature without delay. This marked advance upon 1895 was acclaimed in the United Kingdom as well as in Canada.

Following up that precedent, and acting quite independently, Canada has carried on a series of negotiations with foreign countries—with France, Germany, Italy, Spain, and, principally, with the United States. Under a treaty with the United States (1910) a permanent International Joint Commission, composed of three Americans and three Canadians (appointed by Canada), has dealt with and successfully settled a large number of questions between the two countries, and made no report of its proceedings to the Foreign Office. Canada has moved a long way from the Ripon notions, and not the least attention is paid to his "conditions of negotiation" to which the Professor refers. Canada makes such treaty arrangements as please her.

[1] Only three years after the Ripon dispatch (1898) a High Joint Commission was appointed for the settlement of questions with the United States upon which there were four Canadians and only one British representative. Ripon was out of office and his ideas already out of date.

With reference to "strictly political treaties", Professor Kennedy declares:

> there has been no fundamental advance in this period, as international responsibility must lie with Great Britain.

But he overlooks not only the secular work of the International Joint Commission, but the fact that in political treaties, as in commercial treaties, there has of late years been inserted a clause providing that Canada is not bound by them unless she assents to them. The Professor refers to such a provision in commercial treaties as a "development". He is undoubtedly right, and it is true also of political treaties, for it gives to Canada a negative control of her relations with foreign Powers. The Anglo-Japanese treaties of 1894 and 1911, for example, contained the reservation of Canada's option, and the negotiations with Japan for Canadian adhesion to the treaties were carried on, partly by a Canadian minister at Tokio and partly at Ottawa, without any interference from London. Of greater significance is the fact that the treaty between the United Kingdom and France of 28 June 1919, providing for war-assistance to France as against Germany, contained the following clause:

> The present treaty shall impose no obligation upon any of the Dominions of the British Empire unless and until it is approved by the parliament of the Dominion concerned.

It is noteworthy that this provision contemplates the possibility of Canada abstaining from participation in a war in which the United Kingdom would be engaged. And of still greater significance, from one point of view, is the fact that the treaty of Versailles and the other peace treaties were not deemed to be complete until ratified by the parliaments of the Dominions.

Referring to "foreign affairs", the Professor says:

> In spite of all the phrases which have passed into currency, Canada has no international status. . . . Canada cannot negotiate directly with a foreign country in the political or any other important sphere. If negotiations are necessary, or called for, or Canada is vitally interested, the Crown will act on Ministerial advice with the consent of the Canadian Government.

Mr. Kennedy did not forget the arrangement for the appointment of a Canadian Minister Plenipotentiary at Washington, but he

throws it aside, saying that "the diplomatic unity of the Empire has been expressly preserved". When announcing the terms of the arrangement, Mr. Bonar Law said (in part):

> Accordingly it has been agreed that his Majesty, on the advice of his Canadian Ministers, shall appoint a Minister Plenipotentiary who will have charge of Canadian affairs, and will be at all times the ordinary channel of communication with the United States Government in matters of purely Canadian concern, acting upon instructions from and reporting direct to the Canadian Government. In the absence of the Ambassador, the Canadian Minister will take charge of the whole Embassy and of the representation of Imperial as well as Canadian interests. He will be accredited by his Majesty to the President with the necessary powers for the purpose. This new arrangement will not denote any departure either on the part of the British Government or of the Canadian Government from the principle of the diplomatic unity of the British Empire.

The obvious deduction from this is that "the principle of the diplomatic unity of the British Empire" has sustained something of a shock by the institution of a practice disruptive of it.

Not only has Canada, in this respect, acquired one of the elements of international status, but her elevation (her partial or qualified elevation) has been recognized by the Powers signatory of the Versailles Peace Treaty. In this connection, Professor Kennedy says:

> Canada is a distinct member of the League of Nations with the right to representation on its council, and again: Canada has a separate status within the Empire, but contingent on its position as a constituent part of the British Empire.

The contingency is nowhere expressed in the Covenant, and various of the clauses are inconsistent with its existence. Note, for example, articles 1, 10, 11, 16, 23. Whether, however, in this respect the Professor's view or mine be correct, is not, for the present, very important. All that is here insisted upon is that the assertions that "Canada has no international status", and that

> Canada cannot negotiate directly with a foreign country in the political or any other important sphere

require qualification (1) because of her right to appoint a Minister Plenipotentiary at Washington who

> will be at all times the channel of communication with the United States Government in matters of purely Canadian concern;

(2) because of her position as a member of the League of Nations; and (3) because of the relations of other of the Dominions to the League of Nations as Mandatories making reports to the League. Italy's invitation to attend the recent Genoa Conference came direct to Canada.

The Professor is undoubtedly right when he declares that "as the law of nations now stands Canada is not a sovereign state", but if so, why does he speak of the period subsequent to 1914 as—

the period of national manhood suddenly matured by the most tragic events of history;

and why, without warning of its inaccuracy, does he tell us, when referring to the effect of the war, that—

The Prime Minister of Canada emphasized the situation. The English Premier was only *primus inter pares*, and Canada was Great Britain's constitutional equal, preserving its full autonomy and its complete self-government, carrying on diplomatic correspondence no longer through the Colonial Office but directly with the Prime Minister of Great Britain?

I am not aware that Sir Robert Borden has said that "Canada was Great Britain's constitutional equal", but if he did, he was clearly wrong, for the United Kingdom is a sovereign state and Canada is not. That Sir Robert made the statement as to correspondence is almost certainly not correct. All that has happened in that respect is that the Premiers agreed that (as appears in the official announcement)—

It has therefore been decided that for the future the Prime Ministers of the Dominions, as members of the Imperial War Cabinet, shall have the right to communicate on matters of Cabinet importance direct with the Prime Minister of the United Kingdom, whenever they see fit to do so.

Save for the infrequent interchange of communications between the Premiers "on matters of Cabinet importance", the correspondence continues as before.

Although the Professor declares that "it is necessary to walk carefully" when dealing with "consultations" during the war, he disregards his warning. Had he been writing for British or Canadians only, he might possibly plead common carelessness of expression for saying that—

Canadian Ministers became members of the Imperial War Cabinet created by Mr. Lloyd George,

Lord Milner having regretfully recanted his use of the misleading phrase "Imperial War Cabinet", saying "I see I am in a minority" (*The Times*, 20 July 1921), there is little excuse for continuing it. And there is none at all for the statement that the decisions of the Prime Ministers–

remained mere decisions until concurred in by the Imperial and Dominion Cabinets.

The meetings were (as the report for 1917 declares)—

for deliberation about the conduct of the war, and for the discussion of the larger issues of imperial policy connected with the war (p. 7).

For translation into operation, the decisions could not, and did not await the concurrence of the five widely separated cabinets.

Mr. Kennedy's ideas as to the only method by which Canada could separate herself from the United Kingdom are original, but of doubtful validity. It would necessitate, he thinks, (1) a British statute, and (2) "agreement on the part of the other constituent members of the Empire". The Professor forgets that when the thirteen American colonies separated from the British Crown there was no British statute. If Canada chose to declare her independence,[1] the British Government could either endeavor, by military effort, to subdue her (he rightly agrees that that would not be attempted), or recognize the indisputable right of such a community as Canada to be independent if it so desired. Concurrence on the part of the British Parliament would be acceptable, but quite unnecessary. In support of the astonishing assertion that common action of the British and Canadian Parliaments would be ineffective without the assent of Australia, New Zealand, etc., the Professor refers to the League of Nations, which, he declares binds every member of the Empire to preserve its territorial integrity. Article X does indeed provide that members of the League are—

to respect and preserve as against external aggression the territorial integrity . . . of all members of the League,

but when the Professor says that—

the Covenant binds Canada with other members of the Empire to preserve th e territorial integrity of the Empire,

[1] The Professor declares that Canada could not enact separative legislation because the Crown could not assent. The Thirteen Colonies were in the same case. But nobody thought that legislation was necessary.

he overlooks the qualifying words "as against external aggression". The clause has no application to internal disruption.

Referring to Canada's political future, the Professor denies that—

> the logic of the situation leaves Canada with the alternative of complete independence or permanent inferiority of status.

We may agree with what he says about the division of sovereign powers (while retaining our view as to the impartibility of sovereignty), but it is difficult to follow him when, from that, he argues that—

> We need not therefore despair of the unity of the British Empire because Canada and its other constituents, as they attain political manhood, claim a political sovereignty of their own. . . .
>
> Why then, we may well ask, should not the British Empire remain a unity although the aspirations of its parts for autonomy find the complete expression they may desire?

The reason, of course, is that although in theological discussion we bow our ignorant heads before the doctrine of three and yet only one, we confidently assert in other realms that one is one and two are not one. That there can be two communities, each possessed of (complete) political sovereignty, and yet that they can in some way be regarded as parts of a united empire, is an assertion which, for its acceptance, requires much more exposition than the Professor supplies. It cannot be sufficient to declare that—

> the final unity of any State is to be sought not within the form of government at all but in the concensus of political opinion, in the communal will which sets up and pulls down the instruments of political power.

Sovereignty certainly may be sought in that direction, but "concensus of political opinion" has no relation to political unity. Political unity frequently exists, and for many years continues, in spite of discord in "the communal will", and there may be concensus of political opinion in two states between which there is not a trace of political ligament. No word-juggling will ever make a political unit out of two (completely) sovereign states. It would be interesting if the Professor, besides asserting the contrary, would indicate what in that case would be the relations between the several parts of the one, and between the parts

and the whole. If each state is to be sovereign, and therefore independent of the other; if there is to be neither superiority nor inferiority; if in reality there are two unrelated States, in what can their political unity consist? If the question is curious, it must be charged to the existence of incongruity between the Professor's view of political unity and customary mathematical prejudices. And I add a further question: If "complete independence" and "permanent inferiority of status" are not the only alternatives, what is the other? There is none. For remove inferiority, establish equality, and the result *is* independence. In other words, Canada's equality of status with the United Kingdom *is* Canadian independence. If Sir Robert Borden has said that "Canada was Great Britain's constitutional equal", very many Canadians would be glad if he could make good the assertion.

JOHN S. EWART.

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"WHERE THE YOUNG CHILD WAS"

BY JOHN H. FINLEY

Discoverers have had in turn the persecution, the recognition, and finally the praise of the world: Persecution, because they have disturbed its beliefs, its conventions or the prerogatives of the few,—from the days of Prometheus, the fire-bringer, to the days of Darwin, the evolutionist; recognition, beginning usually with the devotion of a little circle of disciples—as of The Twelve; and widening in due time to praise, that reaches often wherever the history of mankind is read. These discoverers have girded up their loins like a man and answered correctly most of the questions which the Lord put out of the whirlwind to Job, who in his ignorance could but abhor himself, and call himself vile. They have not only "perceived the breadth of the earth", but they have actually put a girdle about it and in one-thousandth of the forty minutes of Ariel's fancy; they have found the father of the rain and the dew and the mother of the ice and hoary frost. They have even ascended to the sky and loosed the bands of Orion by measuring Betelgeuse, and, going in the direction of the infinitesimal, have tracked force into the heart of the invisible atom.

But in this westward Odyssean voyage in discovery of the unknown, there has been much lost that was once known; some of the precious past has been buried under the eager and ever westward-looking present. So have come, in the wake of the discoverers, the "recoverers"; yet not in their wake, as gleaners, for the recoverers are the eastward-facing adventurers. They have gone back over the course of Empire, back over the hard way of science, back over the path of Christendom to the places where the Wise Men of old saw the Star which came and stood over "where the young Child was" who gave Christendom its name and history, its date for reckoning all events in the universe.

At this season, we remember particularly those who have "recovered" the little land which embraces holy places of three great faiths and the most holy places of two of these. First among these recoverers, of course, is he who has delivered the land itself from the hand of the Turk and his usually oppressive, often cruel and always unenlightened rule—General Allenby, whose name should be written in fame's list along with those early recoverers, Joshua and Deborah and David. He would not allow himself to be called a Crusader, though his achievement deserves more even than is written in epic praise of the early Crusaders in Tasso's *Jerusalem Delivered.*

But Lord Allenby's recovery of the land is, after all, as is true of every discovery, of value only if it be put to some higher human uses. It will not be enough that the few hundred thousand people who live there—about as many as there are in Cleveland, Ohio, or in Baltimore, Maryland, or in St. Louis, Missouri —shall live in greater freedom, comfort and happiness. It will not be enough that the desert parts again blossom as the rose, and become as fruitful as gardens of Solomon. It would not be a satisfying recovery even if the quiet cities should be developed into industrial centers by the western sons of Tubal Cain (the ancient "forger of every cutting instrument of brass and iron"), with their smoking chimneys and mills whose noise would be heard above the sound of the grinding of millstones.

The land will be fully recovered only if its spiritual values be exploited for all nations and peoples. If every man, woman and child, whose religion traces its origin from or its way through that land, were to become a stockholder in the "glorious company of the apostles", and purchase even an infinitesimal material interest in that land, it would quicken their spiritual interest in that which has come out of it. If they could recover the glory which enhaloed the land in childhood, like the light of the Shechinah, for millions of them it would make the place "where the Child was" a real sanctuary again for the broken world. For the world must go all the way back to religion for its own recovery. We must, as Amiel said, continue to adore that which dwells beyond the seeing and hearing even of science, for when adoration ceases and the desire of the mind fails, the life of the

world shrinks to the visible, the audible and the palpable, whose walls become a tomb. Only faith finds a satisfying end for the journey of man, begun when he first saw a Star in the East and knelt in worship. A few days ago, there was uncovered in a village just across the plain of Jezreel from Nazareth—less than thirty miles away—the marble sarcophagus of a cousin of Herod the Great, who was no doubt alive when the Child was born Whom Herod sought to destroy. This is said to be the only contemporary record so far found of that eventful day. It is the tomb of one who, if he did not join in the slaughter of the innocents, did not go to worship at Bethlehem, with the Wise Men and the Shepherds.

The Western Wise Men of science need to take their occidental gifts back to the same place to which the Wise Men came from the East. The adoration of these Western Magi would be the worshipful offering by the chemist, the biologist, the physicist, of their discoveries for the recovery and advancement of that doctrine and practice of human brotherhood announced on one of the hills of Galilee.

I passed that hill in the dawn of a day immediately after the Battle of Armageddon in the autumn of 1918. The land was as the house in the parable from which the unclean spirit had been driven forth. I thought, as I then wrote, that it was the beginning of the thousand years of peace. The house has since been swept and garnished, but if it be not filled with the spirit that breathed in the Sermon on the Mount, the unclean spirit will find its way back, bringing its seven companions with it. And the last state of that house will be worse than the first. Lest that fate come upon this little land, whatever may befall the rest of Western Asia that seems about to come again under the unrestrained rule of the Turk, the people of the nations of Christendom should unite to keep it a holy place, into which nothing that defileth or maketh a lie or worketh an abomination shall enter—a place into which the nations shall bring their glory and honor, a spiritual home not for any one people or race or nation, but for all whose faith looks toward Bethlehem, or whose windows open toward Jerusalem, or whose pilgrim thoughts find their way to the Dome of the Rock.

There is need of a new Crusade, not of Christian against Jew or Moslem for the recovery of the Holy Land, but of Christian, Jew and Moslem united against the material forces that would make man forget the spiritual ends of existence, for the recovery of faith—of that for which this land is a symbol.

In our Western civilization, we have daily traveled farther from the East, like the Youth of Wordsworth's ode journeying into Manhood; but in so doing we have again reached the East, the place where the Star was seen, that came and stood over "where the Young Child was". It is now a time for recovering the vision splendid, which for so many seems to be dying away into the light of common day.

JOHN H. FINLEY.

THE PRIEST AND PAN

BY MARY-LAPSLEY CAUGHEY

(*The scene is a quiet valley, Arcadian and softly green. A grey haze hangs over it, save where in the distance mountains appear, shining with a far-off light.* Pan *is singing. A* Priest *stands listening to him.*)

PAN

O Youth! Youth! Youth! Deliciousness that knows
Nothing of weariness, which like a rose
Is sweet and vivid, living happily.
O Youth! Youth! Youth! What is eternity?

THE PRIEST

Listen, O Pan. 'Tis time to stop your play.
Already evening closes on bright day
And you have done no deed of grace, no work
Such as the Father wills. . . .

PAN

See, where there lurk
In these soft hours the memories of love.
The earth, the air, the trees that wave above
My head, whisper of languor, ease and rest,
Of a white nymph who flees with sun-warmed breast.

THE PRIEST (*chanting*)

Lord, have mercy upon us and incline our hearts to keep Thy law.

PAN (*singing uneasily*)

O Mountains, shining, silver-fair,
Would my goat-hoofs could lead me where
You glitter. Would that I might be
High-seated on you, or in glee
Could gallop over your blue slopes,
Finding within your woods strange hopes,
New flowers and rare, fantastic sights,
Other sweet nymphs, and odd delights.

THE PRIEST

Dominus vobiscum,
Et cum spiritu tuo,
Per omnia sæcula sæculorum.

PAN (*stopping his song*)

What song is that? I do not like its sound.

THE PRIEST

Pan, child of God, listen while I propound
The will of God, how He would save mankind.
He would not let you stray in darkness, blind
To His Divinity—

PAN (*breaking in*)

Divinity! That is the Youth in me.
Ah, I am young and I am glad to be
Free of the hills and meadows, to touch flowers,
To live in idleness for endless hours.
Divinity is Youth, Song, gracious Ease;
A perfect trinity these three, and these
I worship, worship laughingly,
Singing
Divinity, Youth, Ease—Divinity!

THE PRIEST

Stop, Pan! O Pan, Pan, you have played too long.

PAN

You say that when you hear my lovely song?

THE PRIEST

Songs do not matter. It is prayers that count,
Prayers to the Father on His holy mount.

PAN (*singing*)

What is Song that it should be
Living till eternity?
After we poor singers die,
Why should it have wings to fly?
Song is such a little thing;
Words which have a lovely ring;
Tiny phrases which the mind
Fashions carefully to bind
Beauty for an instant. So,
Song's a thing which will not grow
Old or die. Song still lives on
After we who sing are gone.

THE PRIEST

If in your songs you praise the God Who made
You after His own image, gave you aid

To rise above your weakness and to be,
With grace, immortal to eternity . . .

PAN

Immortal? Beauty, Beauty alone is so.
All else, alas, must quickly fade. And, lo!
Even that gracious Beauty which the soft flesh wears
Withers and faints too soon. The rose that bears
Its wide-spread crimson crown most proudly, dies.
And mortal man who deems himself so wise?
His lovely body dies like that bright flower.
Only the Beauty of his dreams has power
To outlive him in some vicarious way;
In poem, or picture, stately masque or play,
Immortal. Beauty, Beauty alone is so.

THE PRIEST

Be still! Be still! O Pan, you do not know
What you are saying. Hear, and sing of God.

PAN

Beauty is Youth, and Youth is God.

THE PRIEST

No, no! Attend.

"Thou shalt have no other gods before Me. Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of any thing that is in the heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth: thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them: for I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate Me; and shewing mercy unto thousands of them that love Me, and keep My commandments."

(Pan *sits silent, overwhelmed by the flow of words.*)

Know then, that through Christ's love alone is life, that He is the Saviour of this world. Without Him the world will live in darkness, damned to hell-fire, if it does not accept His saving grace.

(Pan *crouches as if to make off.* The Priest *puts out a restraining hand and touches him.*)

PAN (*crying out*)

Aie, aie! Lord Christ whom this man bids me seek,
Hear me, I pray you, hear me when I speak!
Take . . . take this horror from my sight!
Take him away. . . . Great is your might.
I cannot understand his talk of you.
I only pipe because the sky is blue
And I am happy . . . I do not know
How to address you, Christ.

(*He struggles vainly to escape the* Priest)
Aie, let me go!
Call off your servant, Christ, who are his King.
Christ, do you hear? I only want to sing!
(*The sky goes black; a thunder clap is heard. When it is light again, the* Priest *is alone; the mist has cleared.*)

THE PRIEST

Ah, what a nightmare! What a hideous thing!
I dreamed I heard the pagan god, Pan, sing.

ACIDPOINT

BY JOSEPH AUSLANDER

Such is the pure sharp cutting of the air
To crying beauty that the seagulls know;
And such the white teeth and rebellious hair
Of every undertow.

Lovely as steel, lonelier than all pride,
Hard, glittering, trenchant, bitterly wonderful—
Such is the laughter of each ebbing tide,
The mewing of each gull.

GEORGES DUHAMEL

POET, PACIFIST, AND PHYSICIAN

BY JOSEPH COLLINS

THE world is thronged with people who are busying themselves with world-ordering. They may be divided into two great groups: those who believe that it is to be brought about by revolution, and those who are convinced that it is to be accomplished by following the instructions given by the Master to the lawyer who asked the question: "Which is *the* great commandment in the law?" The former are called Bolshevists, the latter Pacifists; and both terms are habitually used derisively. Among the latter there are few more conspicuous in France than Georges Duhamel, a physician by profession, a litterateur by choice, who at thirty-eight finds himself in a commanding position in French letters. I recently had opportunity to spend an hour with this brilliant young man, and it occurs to me that a summary of his aspirations and an estimate of his accomplishments may be of interest.

His history is brief. Early success, like a happy country, does not furnish history. He was born in Paris in 1884, the son of a physician and the grandson of a farmer. This evolution from farmer to litterateur in three generations, M. Duhamel says, is common in France; indeed in all Central Europe. His tastes seem to have been largely influenced, if not formed, by the setting and atmosphere with which his father's profession surrounded his early life. Until he was mobilized in 1914 M. Duhamel had not practiced medicine. Even as a youth he had experienced the literary urge and felt that eventually he would succumb to it. He, however, devoted himself to the sciences and to medicine in the firm belief that such study provides the best preparation for the vocation of literature. In this M. Duhamel is in full accord with another famous theoretical world-orderer, Mr. H. G. Wells, but in disagreement with a practical one, Mr. Charles E. Hughes.

"One does not learn life from letters, but from life, through seeing suffering and death," said he when asked of the factors that influenced him to abandon medicine for letters.

In the midst of his studies as a youth he had what he now calls a strange adventure. "I spent much time in the society of friends: writers, painters and sculptors. All of us were animated by a strong desire to withdraw from society as it was constituted. Although we were not Fourierites, we decided to form a phalanstery in which we could live a community life, each one taking part in the work and in the joy of living in an atmosphere adapted to our tastes and our professions. We agreed to make our living by means of manual work, and to abolish the relation of master and servant. We decided to adopt the trade of typography, which would permit us to advance our art. Through mutual economies we bought a printing press and our first books were published by '*L'Abbaye de Creteil*', as our little publishing house was called. The phalanstery was disbanded for financial reasons, but we had a taste of an agreeable life, independent, oftentimes difficult, but in many respects quite ideal."

When asked about his earliest literary productions and why he essayed poetry rather than prose, he replied: "Generally speaking, all writers begin with poetry and gradually forsake metre. Our little group wanted to initiate a great literary epoch and we believed that this could be done only by creating an atmosphere favorable to intellectual work." He might have borrowed the reply of Socrates when Cebes asked the same question: "For I reflect that a man who means to be a poet has to use fiction and not facts for his poems." M. Duhamel's training had been in facts, and his greatest success in letters has been in the recording of facts. His smallest success has been in establishing postulates based upon them.

In 1909 M. Duhamel received his degree in medicine, and shortly after appeared the four plays which, with his poetry, *Des Legendes, Des Batailles*, a collection of verse published by "*L'Abbaye*" in 1907; *L'Homme en Tete*, in 1909; *Selon ma Loi*, in 1910; and *Compagnons*, in 1912, gave him a definite place in the literary hierarchy. These plays were *La Lumiere*, which appeared in 1911; *Dans l'Ombre des Statues*, in 1912; *Le Combat*, a sym-

bolic drama in *vers libres*, in 1912; and *L'Oeuvre des Athletes*, in 1920. All of these were produced on the Paris stage and all save the last have appeared in translations by Sasha Best in *Poet Lore*, in 1914 and 1915.

These dramas, as well as his early poetry, show the influence of Walt Whitman. His message is conveyed through the medium of symbolism, his method being to create types rather than individual studies and his purpose to bring art closer to the masses. The result, as might have been expected, is drama of no great popularity.

Almost simultaneously with his work as poet and dramatist M. Duhamel achieved prominence as a critic. For some years he was critic of poetry for *Le Mercure de France*, and his articles contributed to that publication were collected in book form in 1914 under the title of *Les Poetes et la Poesie*. His earliest critical work, however, was a collaboration with M. Charles Vildrac, called *Mots sur la Technique Poetique*. *Propos Critique*, published in 1912, is largely devoted to comments on the efforts of the younger and, at that time, comparatively unknown writers, and it is of special interest that many of these writers are now famous. *Paul Claudel: le philosophe—le poete—l'ecrivain—le dramaturge*, published in 1913, is considered by some of M. Duhamel's admirers as the best of his critical works, marked as it is by the same gifts of analysis and charm of style which distinguished his briefer critical writings.

It is, however, chiefly with his work since the beginning of the war, and the direction which his ideas and aims have taken under the influence of the war, that this article is concerned.

When the war broke out it found Georges Duhamel—then about thirty years of age—intent upon his literary work: poetry, criticism, interpretation, which had put him in the first rank of litterateurs of his country. Mobilized in the Medical Corps, he first went to Verdun and found himself in the thick of the carnage, but he was soon transferred to the Marne, where in the comparative quiet of a hospital he was able to make the observations and write the reflections which have carried his name through the civilized world. During the war he produced four remarkable volumes: *Vie des Martyrs* (*The New Book of Martyrs*), *Civilisation*, *Posses-*

sion du Monde (*The Heart's Domain*), and *Entretiens dans le Tumulte* (*Interviews in the Tumult*); four of the most noteworthy and important books inspired by the war.

Plunged at once into the great war hopper whose purpose was to reduce all human material to a homogeneous mass that would furnish energy for the war machine, M. Duhamel preserved his perspective and his individual outlook both upon the war and upon life. Nothing illustrates this so strikingly as some of his stories in *Civilisation*, gathered from scenes with which he came into contact after he had become a seasoned soldier.

No stronger proof is needed of the essential wholesomeness and strength of M. Duhamel's make-up than the fact that while these stories and those of *Vie des Martyrs* were inspired by the horrors of the war, they do not depict horrors, nor do they create an atmosphere of horror. It is not the picture of healthy men in the flower of youth, in the vigor of virility, fed to the war machine and left lacerated and broken, that M. Duhamel impresses upon the imaginations of his readers. It was thus that he had seen them in the first days of the siege of Verdun, in an improvised ambulance where from minute to minute new torments developed to increase their previous torments, while the fragile roof over their heads became a great resounding board for the projectiles of the besiegers and the besieged. He had, however, the vision to see them in another light, and he was filled with pity and admiration for the French *poilu*. It is these two emotions, rather than horror, which make the atmosphere and color of the two books of war stories. He sensed the significance of pain and saw the reactions of strong men to suffering. He saw man in his agony give the lie to the most misleading of all statements: that men are born equal, for neither in living nor in dying is there equality. Men are equal we trust before God, and they are alleged to be equal before the law, but after that equality of man does not exist. It was this book particularly that made M. Duhamel the interpreter of the poor, the obscure, the stupid, the inarticulate. With an unerring intuition he reaches the soul. His sympathies are so large, his understanding so comprehensive, and his reflection of them so complete, that his readers suffer with the suffering. It seems impossible to depict the sufferings of these poor martyrs,

sent like a drove of cattle to be struck down for what purpose they knew not, more accurately and convincingly than he has done. With the reader's sympathy thus awakened, one wonders that the individual can be deprived of his own right to judge whether the cause is great enough for him to lay down his all; to be crushed by the chariots of the god of war.

M. Duhamel, in *Vie des Martyrs*, has succeeded in making his martyrs immortal. To him has been given in a superlative degree that seeing eye, that understanding heart, that power of vision which, perhaps more than any other gift, enriches life, since it enables the fortunate possessor to rid himself of the trammels of his own narrow existence and live the lives of many.

He has made a contribution to behavioristic psychology in these little stories, or better said sketches from life, that will endure. He has been able to convey to unenlightened man the difference between the *bon* and the *mauvais blessé* and to show that it is soul difference as well as bodily difference. He has portrayed in simple colors the desire to live, and the determination to live, factors which physicians know are most important in forecasting the chances of recovery of every sick man. And with it all there is tenderness, which the author has the power to convey through delicacy of style that makes prose poetry of much of his narrative of the thoughts, aspirations, sentiments and plans of individual men who, in appearance and position, are the most commonplace of the commonplace. There is no anger, violence, hatred or despair in any of his pictures. There is sometimes irony, but it is so gentle that it strengthens the impression of sympathy with his characters, rather than suggests judgment of them.

"A human being suffers always in his flesh alone, and that is why war is possible," says M. Duhamel in *Civilisation*. This is one of those marvellous epitomes of human conduct, of which he has framed many. It is vouchsafed to few to understand and suffer another's pain. To the majority of mankind it is denied. Were it not so the fellow feeling that make us wondrous kind would displace greed.

There are so many remarkable features of M. Duhamel's war books, such for instance as what may be called the thesis of *Vie*

des Martyrs: that men suffer after their own image and in their own loneliness; or of *Civilisation*: that consciousness has outrun life; that it has created for itself reactions and inhibitions so intricate and profound that they cannot be tolerated by life, that I was keen to learn how these attitudes had developed. When questioned, this is what he said: "I am forced to divide things in the way practiced in the sciences; that is to say, not to confuse the study of facts with conclusions drawn from them. In these two books I showed as faithfully as I could the life and sufferings of soldiers during the war. In the latter two (*Heart's Domain* and *Interviews in the Tumult*) I drew conclusions from the facts established in the first two. This procedure seemed to me the best way to handle anti-war propaganda. The weakness of most books results from the fact that the idea or subject is confused with other, regrettably often sentimental, considerations. The procedure employed in the sciences seems to be more orderly, and therefore more convincing for the exposition of my ideas. These books awoke a great echo, because they corresponded closely to the state of mind of sensible men who are bent on doing everything to make war impossible. Because of this I was looked upon as a Pacifist and I regard this as an honor. I have never been politically active nor do I belong to any political group. However I am a Pacifist and an Internationalist. I believe that it is only the individual that can be Internationalist. A nation will never be Internationalist for the reason that pacifism and internationalism are indissolubly bound up with individualism."

M. Duhamel's work cannot, therefore, be considered solely in the light of its literary qualities. By his own admission he is a writer with a purpose, and this purpose is the suppression of war. In the course of our talk he stated that this purpose fills all of his work and "will be, I believe, the axis of my work all my life".

Regarding the four war books in this light, a sincere critic cannot escape the conviction that the author has accomplished the first part of his task with immeasurably greater success than the latter part. Of the convincing appeal of the two books which aim only to present vivid and truthful pictures of the sufferings of the soldiers during the war there can be no question. But of the author's power as a propagandist against war, as expressed in the

two latter books, it is by no means easy to form so satisfactory an estimate.

M. Duhamel does not believe that the war developed a *modus vivendi* for the world. He thinks it left us where it found us, only exhausted. Unless something is devised while this exhaustion is being overcome, the conflict will be taken up again. He believes that a revolution is necessary, but not a revolution in the sense of the term that applies to the affairs of Russia, or Ireland or of Italy. He means a moral revolution.

This moral revolution will be accomplished when men love one another, and when they reward good for evil. Even though this had not been shouted from the housetops and whispered through the lattice, in every tongue and in every clime for the past twenty centuries, we should still feel that M. Duhamel is in error, for these precepts are at variance with the teachings of biology, the science for which M. Duhamel has so much respect. You might as well ask a man who is drowning not to struggle as to ask a man to return good for evil, that is unless he is doing it as a stunt, an artifice, or in redemption of the promise to be saved. It is against nature. First teach him to put a new valuation on life and to get new standards of what makes life worth living. Then one will have a foundation to build upon.

When M. Duhamel is read in the light of history, especially of the last one hundred and twenty-five years, one is less hopeful than if he were ignorant of history. If any *ex cathedra* statement is justifiable it would seem to be this: the world war flowed more or less directly from the revolutionary movement which began with the dissemination of the doctrine of the French philosophers, especially Rousseau, toward the end of the eighteenth century. His discourse *On the Origin of Inequality Amongst Men* is the fountain head of modern Socialism and the source from which the ferment that brought about the world revolution emanated. Rousseau's thesis was that civilization had proved itself to be the curse of humanity and that man in his primitive state was free and happy. "The first time man knew unhappiness was when convention stepped in and said 'You must not do this and you must not do that', and the State stepped in and said 'This is private property'. The first man who bethought himself of saying

'This is mine', and found people simple enough to believe him was the real founder of civil society. What crimes, what wars, what murders, what miseries and horrors would he have spared the human race who, snatching away the spade and filling in the ditches, had cried out to his fellows: 'Beware of listening to this impostor; you are lost if you forget that the fruits of the earth belong to all and the earth to no one.'" It was the dissemination of this doctrine and the writings of Voltaire which led to the "Feast of Reason" and the publication of the *Encyclopedie* the influence of which culminated in the world volcanic eruption of 1789 and its repetition in 1914.

It seems that most of these ideas were to be found in the writings of Adam Weishaupt, an apostate Catholic, who founded the secret society known as the "*Illuminati*" in 1776. It is interesting to compare some of his statements with M. Duhamel's aspirations. "When men united themselves into nations, national love took the place of universal love. With the division of the globe into countries benevolence restricted itself behind boundaries that it was never again to transgress. It became a virtue to spread out at the expense of those who did not happen to be under our dominion. In order to attain this goal it became permissible to despise foreigners and to deceive and offend them. This virtue was called patriotism. Patriotism gave birth to localism, to the family spirit, and finally to egoism. Thus the origin of states or governments of civil society was the seed of discord and patriotism found its punishment in itself. Do away with this love of country, and men will once more learn to know and love each other as men; there will be no more partiality; the ties between hearts will unroll and extend." M. Duhamel wants to develop this relationship between men, but he wants to do it in a different way.

That M. Duhamel is no less earnest than sincere in his purpose is proved by his lectures through Europe during the last few years, as protagonist for the suppression of war; and also by the fact that he was one of the co-founders of "*Clarté*", (so named for the book by Barbusse), which is a group of men who preach anti-militarism, the intellectual solidarity of nations and the social equality of all citizens.

Possession du Monde (*The Heart's Domain*) is by virtue of its title a frank avowal of its aim to set forth the author's idea of finding some satisfactory substitute for the world possession for which the war was fought. It is the effort of a wholesome, buoyant, sympathetic man, after having been brought into contact with the horrors of the war, to find a substitute for orthodox religion; the expression of an emotionally religious man without a creed. M. Duhamel, who was brought up a Catholic, lost all religion, he said, when he was fifteen years old.

The panacea which M. Duhamel offers in this book for human suffering and world ills is the conscious striving for happiness by means of a sort of "culture of the soul". He puts a personal construction upon happiness and holds that it is and should be the object of all humanity and of the whole world of living things. He quotes Maeterlinck to the effect that "As man is created for health, so was man created for happiness". This soul culture is rather an attitude of feeling towards things than an attitude of thought. There is no attempt to think out any of the problems which have puzzled men for ages. Neither is there any denying of them. He simply says substantially: "I am a practical man. Of course I take things as they are—or as they seem to be—but I take the best that is in them. I take the sunshine, the flowers, the wisdom of the ages, the art that has come down to us, the science, human love, the fine qualities of friendship, work, play, my sorrows and adversities, even religion—but I take only what is good out of them all; and I take that temperately, sanely, according to the limitations which nature and circumstances have imposed. And I am happy. You can do likewise and you can be happy." But can I confront poverty and want, and particularly can I take them with equanimity, while my neighbor or brother is swaggering with riches, of some of which he has robbed me because he is stronger or cleverer than I? M. Duhamel's formula for achieving happiness, as well as his conception of what constitutes happiness, fits only the average man, and it has been proved countless thousands of times that there is no such person. It is sufficient, perhaps, for people who feel normally and do not think for themselves. So it may be sufficient for the present for a mass of people who want to be led—if they are pious and healthy.

But how about the people who are different, or who are not healthy, or who think they are safer custodians of wealth and power than their so-called brothers? It brings no help to the people who are tortured by an insistent need to think things out for themselves, or else to find something which will answer their questions as to the why. Nor does it tell those who are handicapped, physically, mentally, or even temperamentally, how they can overcome their handicaps so as to extract, as it were, the honey from the flowers. The world is full of people with all degrees of unusualness and abnormality. One may ignore them, but no scheme of things can deny them. M. Duhamel uses them by preference as a basis for his fiction.

In his conception of happiness M. Duhamel reads himself and his own emotions into all things. He avers that algæ growing in a tank of water with nothing but a few grains of dust and sunlight are happy because they subsist and work out their humble joy. Has any sentient soul told him he was happy under parallel circumstances? That is the question. He reads his own philosophy into the algæ. To him to be living as nature intended him to live is to be happy. But who can say? I am reminded of a quotation from Anatole France of which M. Duhamel makes use in this book: "Men have cut each others' throats over the meaning of a word." People might argue forever over the meaning of the word "happiness" and never get anywhere.

M. Duhamel says that happiness is the ultimate end of life and that religion is the search for happiness in a life to come after this. Everybody wants to be happy in this life and some people expect to be happy in a life after this—of the truth of these two assertions there can be no doubt. But M. Duhamel says there is no life after this, and that the sole object of life is to be happy in this world. He does, however, speak of "saving the soul", and he implies his belief in God. He says substantially that the plants are happy because they are fulfilling their destiny, or doing what God meant them to do; and implies that man will be happy if he does the same. Very likely. But shall he strive to fulfil his destiny—to do what God meant him to do—merely in order to be happy? Or shall he strive to fulfil his destiny—and happiness will follow incidentally? Which should be his conscious end, happiness or the

fulfilment of his destiny? Most religious people would say the latter. M. Duhamel says the former. But for working purposes are they not about the same, except that, for people who are at all temperamental or who meet with many discouragements, it is frequently difficult to strive for a happiness which seems elusive? Whereas, such people, if they are spiritually minded can always find a stimulus in trying to do what they were intended to do. If they believe in God the stimulus becomes greater. And if they can believe that the soul grows through every honest effort, that nothing is ever lost, whether the result appears to be success or failure, and that the limits of its growth are not bounded by what their senses can tell them in this life, their capacity for striving becomes sometimes amazing. How else account for the man who expends ten times the effort in playing a losing game that he would have spent in one that promised an easy success?

That the soul will find its greatest happiness in the contemplation of itself, is M. Duhamel's belief. "He is the happiest man who best understands his happiness; for he is of all men most fully aware that it is only the lofty idea, the untiring courageous human idea, that separates gladness from sorrow," he quotes from Maeterlinck. A man should think about his soul at least once every day. But it would be safe to say that for one man who finds happiness in a life of contemplation ten find it in a life of action. The wholesome, sane, average, happy men—of whom M. Duhamel is an excellent example—are mostly men of action. The very existence of this book is a contradiction of his happiness of contemplation theory as applied to himself. It may well be questioned whether M. Duhamel would have written *Possession du Monde* if he had not been the kind of man who finds happiness in giving expression to every emotion. Besides, self-study is safe only for strong natures. Self analysis was the undoing of the man in one of M. Duhamel's best books, *Confession de Minuit.*

Finally, what is "happiness"? Is it merely a feeling? Gladness? If that were all, and the ultimate end of life, would not the logical conclusion be that the happiest—and therefore the most successful—man would be the joyful maniac?

The publication of M. Duhamel which has the greatest popularity is the one that his admirers would wish he had not

written: *Possession du Monde.* It is a protest against the evaluation of life commercially, and a plea for a moral or spiritual standard. Its topic is for an epoch maker, and one who has not a vision or a plan should not essay it. M. Duhamel may have both, but he does not reveal them. He displays only the wish that the world should be better. In the jargon of the Freudian, it is a wish-fulfilment that does not realize. It is neither well done nor convincing, and it has been well and convincingly done by many writers, and still we have not profited by it. Amiel did it; Maeterlinck did it; Karr did it; and "others too numerous to mention". They may have had some effect upon individuals, but the history of the past eight years shows that they had no effect upon the world at large, its evolution or devolution. Moreover there is a note of unction and self-satisfaction running through the book that is displeasing, if not offensive. It is quite true, or likely to be true, that "to think about the soul, to think about it at least once in the confusion of every crowded day, is indeed the beginning of salvation", but there is a Book in which this is said in a more convincing way than M. Duhamel can ever hope to say it.

Viewed from a literary standpoint alone, the book is in keeping with, if not quite up to, the standard of his other works. His prose is always musical and he often creates an atmosphere rather than an edifice. He is never emphatic, mandatory, severe, superlative. He is soft, gentle, often ironical, but always human, as in the following quotation from *Entretiens dans le Tumulte*: "True serenity does not consist in indifference to the phenomena of life amongst which we live. It consists of judging in an elevated way men and facts. True serenity does not reign apart from life. It is in the land of the hurricane that it is a grand virtue to know how to remain calm. Possibly he who can accomplish this will succeed in avoiding its perils, or surmounting its consequences. Perhaps it is better to lose one's foothold in the waves than it is to prosper in a solitude without echo. Only solitude that has been wrought from the tumult is precious."

Two remarkable pieces of fiction constitute M. Duhamel's output since the four war books: *Les Hommes Abandonnes* (*Abandoned Men*) and *Confession de Minuit* (*Midnight Confession*). The

former contains eight histories which try to prove that when men are gathered together in a crowd they are abandoned by the individual soul. It is an illustration on the reverse side in favor of individualism.

Confession de Minuit is particularly significant as being named by the author in our talk as his favorite work. "As a human research I believe that it is the one with the most meaning," he said of this novel; and it is therefore a matter of self-congratulation on the part of the reviewer that he found this book to be the one which interpreted to him the author's particular genius in the most convincing and interesting light. The story has its bearing upon the author's theories because it illustrates more clearly than any of his other works a statement which he made to me: "People often reproach me with being interested in my stories only with sick people or with children. Healthy men do not register the motives which govern them. When one studies a sick person one is able to see the relations between moral characteristics which in the healthy man exist, but are hidden. Moreover I hold that the so-called average man, healthy, typical, scarcely exists in literature and that the most interesting creations from the human point of view had for their subjects men who were unbalanced—from Hamlet to Leopold Bloom; from Raskolnikov to Dorian Gray. *Confession de Minuit* is the self-revelation of a man who was decidedly unbalanced."

As a bit of art work only the book is unique and remarkable. For about two hundred pages the unity of a short story is preserved without recourse to any of the usual machinery of the ordinary novel, such as plot, action or conversation, except a very little of the most casual nature. Yet the interest is sustained throughout, from the first sentence to the inevitable conclusion which it foreshadows. To a person who reads fiction for character delineation this absence of trappings is a distinct gain.

Confession de Minuit is the story of a man than whom a more uninteresting person could hardly be found in life; and yet as told by the man himself, M. Duhamel sustains the interest of the reader in the recital of pitiful weakness from the first page to the last without one lapse into dryness or loss of sympathy for the character, with whom, in the flesh, it would have been hard to feel any

sentiment besides pity. The story opens with the incident which caused the man to lose his position as a small clerk in an office through an utterly senseless—although quite harmless—performance: yielding to a sudden impulse to touch the ear of his employer just to assure himself that the employer was really made of flesh and blood as himself. As society, or in this case the employer, is more afraid of an insane person than of a criminal, the reader does not share the man's feeling of injustice because he is first confronted with a revolver and then thrown speedily and bodily out of the office where he had been a faithful worker for several years; although he is able to pity the victim. From this start, the story traces the man's rapid deterioration through progressive stages of self-pity, self-absorption and inability to get hold of himself, to make an effort to reëstablish himself, or even to seek advice or sympathy, until the last night, when he pours out his "confession" to a stranger with the statement that, on account of his failure in every relation in life, he is never going home to his old mother who has supported him with her small income and her needlework—nor is he ever going anywhere else, so far as the reader can see. He does not commit suicide. In fact, the story leaves one with the impression that he is merely "going crazy". Whether or not he was insane when the recital began with the commission of the insane act is a matter for neither the novelist nor the critic to state.

Nothing happens, in the ordinary sense of fiction, throughout the story, and it is in this that the great art of the writer lies: that he is able to sustain interest at a high level in a pure character study of what is frequently described as a "shut-in personality".

This story seems to have been written without reference to the author's "happiness" or "cult of the soul" theory. It might almost be construed as a contradiction of it. One might put a fatalistic construction upon it if one did not take a material point of view of health and disease. The man who makes the midnight confession of his own pitiful failure in life is a victim of either his own mental limitations or else of his particular environment, or of both. The only other way to account for his utter inability to get hold of life or to stand up against the first discouragement is the refuge of the Radical Socialist—that society gave him no

chance, the concrete illustration being the cruel way in which constituted authority, or his employer, treated his first downward step. But if the author had intended to condemn the employer and to excuse the man he would hardly have selected for this step an act which would so readily arouse a question as to the man's sanity, nor would he have followed the incident with a story in which the only development was the rapidly increasing loss of touch with the outside world. No philosophy or religion or cult could have helped this man who was handicapped with a nature so weak that it could not resist an impulse which would have been suppressed instantly by a well balanced person; nor could it have given him the strength to withstand the simple discouragements that are the inevitable lot of all men. He simply was not able to cope with something—define it as one may.

One moral the story does teach. And that is the nobility of sympathy with even the weakest, most despised and least interesting of human beings.

M. Duhamel consecrates his life to the prevention of war. It is a noble gesture. He is gifted, sane, articulate and temperamentally adapted and adjusted to the task. Were he a Platonist and not a Neoplatonist I am sure greater success would crown his efforts. Twenty-five hundred years ago a man who penetrated the mysteries of life and death more deeply than anyone before or since said to his disciples who had gathered to speed him to the Great Beyond, the ship having returned from Delos and the Eleven having decided to release Socrates from his fetters, "The body fills us with passions and desires, and fears, and all manner of phantoms and much foolishness; and so, as the saying goes, in very truth we can never think at all for it. It alone and its desires cause war and factions and battles, for the origin of all wars is the pursuit of wealth."

Until that pursuit can be substituted the labors of M. Duhamel and his co-founders of "*Clarté*" are likely to be in vain.

JOSEPH COLLINS.

OLD LAMPS FOR NEW

BY WILLIS BOYD ALLEN

I WAS talking with a veteran author about the literary market and the vast opportunities it offered to young writers. "Ah," said he, with a sad smile, "that's the trouble. We old fellows have little chance nowadays. I suppose I may say I have 'made good', in a limited sense of the phrase, with sales of over a hundred thousand of my books, and magazine articles, stories, poems, unnumbered. You know I have been busy with my pen thirty years or more. But the manuscripts begin to accumulate in my desk, in spite of my best efforts. The young fellows, writing in the full zest of youth and thoroughly in sympathy with modern movements and tendencies, have the call. I am a back number!"

Undoubtedly there was a good deal of truth in what my friend said. There is a large and pathetic company of experienced writers who find themselves thrust aside in the race. In baseball circles the player of forty years is jocularly referred to as "the old man". Where is the line to be drawn for authors? Look at the illustrated catalogues of the leading American publishers. The portraits are almost wholly those of young men, their clean-cut, eager faces full of the joy of the fray, the enthusiasm that springs from conscious power, youth, success. They are writing the "best sellers", editing the thousand and one popular magazines that make the news stand look like a patchwork quilt. Rarely indeed do we come across a new book by an old writer; so rarely that when one does appear it is heralded almost as a phenomenon, and hailed with a sort of indulgent surprise. The veteran "lags superfluous on the stage", betakes himself to "Reminiscences", or gives up the fight altogether.

But it is not of the notably successful that I wish to speak. Knights of the pen who won their spurs long ago, and have a secure place in our Hall of Fame, may well rest upon their laurels, without heart-burnings or humiliation. It is the rank

and file who are in sad case in these latter days; those who have remained just outside the charmed circle of success; who for many years have written acceptably enough, filling the pages of our magazines and the gaps of our bookshelves with entertaining and wholesome matter, editing minor periodicals, contributing in genuine fashion to the literary life of their times. Why are such men and women discarded, left to such comfort as they may find in poring over the titles of their own volumes published in the 'eighties and 'nineties, or the much-handled scrap books containing the articles which at one time seemed the open-sesame to fame? After a man has passed his sixtieth birthstone his opinions, it would seem, should be better worth consideration than ever before. His experience has broadened, his judgment mellowed, his mastery of language become more complete. We are always glad to find our trolley car in charge of a veteran crew, and glance with satisfaction at the service stripes on their sleeves; why must the conductor of the marvelous vehicle called a Book, which is to convey us through the land of Imagination, be a youth, his face ingenuous, but bearing no honor lines of long and faithful service?

Is there no place in literature for the veteran writer? Sixty years ago a quartet of gray-haired men—Longfellow, Bryant, Whittier, Lowell—were furnishing us with about all our real poetry in this country. Add, if you will, Holmes, Emerson, Bayard Taylor, and even Walt Whitman. To-day we have perhaps a sufficient quantity of verse, but it comes almost altogether from young men and women.

The explanation of this preference for the new and neglect of the old is, I suppose, simple enough. The "modern" note must be struck, the production must be keyed to the temperament, the tastes, of the contemporary reader, if it is to please him. Paul Albert says: "*Une génération nouvelle, s'installe dans la vie. Il lui faut son poëte à elle; elle le trouvera elle s'imposera. Après avoir toléré quelque temps le poëte de l'age précédant, elle n'en veut plus entendre parler. Il faut qu'il prenne son congé, cède la place aux jeunes. Ils sont les interprètes du goût d'une génération; et c'est une loi de la nature, loi universelle, que tout être vit pour lui même et non pour ceux qui ont vécu avant lui.*" If this is true in

regard to poetry, the rule dominates with still greater force the fiction of the day. In the extract given Albert was speaking of the poetic drama, which shares with fiction the insistent demand for realism, for the presentation not only of actual life, but the life of to-day. Only those plays, poems, tales which have the marvelous quality of universality, of perennial truth to nature, can hold their own after a brief period of popularity—ten years, our French author puts it: "*Tous les dix ans, ce goût change, et les fils se moquent des belles choses qui ont ravi leurs pères.*" Mr. Henry M. Alden, himself a striking example, in his conduct of a great magazine, of a rare capacity to enter into the spirit of the times, enlarged upon this *change de goût* in his masterly summary of *Magazine Writing and The New Literature;* wherein the altered viewpoint, the intense realism of the present generation of the readers and—inevitably—the purveyors of fiction, were subtly analyzed.

There is just now, to be sure, a certain revival of taste for the essay; and in this field, if in no other, the older writer has his opportunity. Let the young college graduate air, if he will, his views of men and things in the current press, the "Sunday Edition", the "Magazine Department" of the great daily; but for mellow, serene, matured reviews of life, verified and clarified by experience, distilled from the alembic of many days, we turn to the veteran essayist. The times change, and we in them. There is little comfort in assimilating the views of an eloquent young writer, only to find him, just when we have fully convinced ourselves of the far-reaching verities of his position, taking back all he has previously laid down as law and gospel. Who, for instance, that gave himself up unreservedly to the earlier enthusiasms of Ruskin, does not ruefully remember that experience? At such a crisis of disillusionment we turn with relief to the dicta of men who have lived long enough to know their own minds, to give us deduction and ripened conclusion in place of juvenile theory. Aladdin's princess, after she had capriciously exchanged her old lamp for a new one, was soon glad enough to regain possession of the time-worn but faithful old friend who had so often opened to her the gates of fairyland.

There seems no reason, then, why authors of middle age, or

even well beyond, should not excel in contemplative writing, and in creations of poetic imagination. In both cases we are concerned not with things which are temporal, the ephemerides of the present moment, but with those that are eternal. Even in fiction, as I have said, the hand of the elderly literary workman is now and then proved not to have lost its cunning. The late Dr. Weir Mitchell and Mr. De Morgan were well known examples of the triumph of romance writers over the supposed disabilities of advanced years. There is no real reason for discouragement. The demand for pure, strong, helpful literature was never more insistent than it is to-day. There is room for all. It is the age long ago foretold by the prophet, when "your old men shall dream dreams, your young men shall see visions."

At the celebration of the Fiftieth Anniversary of the graduation of his Class at Bowdoin our own best loved poet stood upon the platform holding his manuscript with trembling hands, his splendor of white hair overshadowing his serene forehead and the dark eyes that still blazed with the fire of youth and of noble thought, as he read the lines:—

> Is it too late? Ah, nothing is too late
> Till the tired heart shall cease to palpitate.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> For age is opportunity no less
> Than youth itself, though in another dress;
> And as the evening twilight fades away
> The sky is filled with stars, invisible by day.

WILLIS BOYD ALLEN.

WHAT IDEALS DO WE WISH TO PRESERVE?

BY CORNELIA J. CANNON

LINCOLN once said that God loved the common man and showed it by creating so many of them. But the biologists, observing the custodians of the fleeting civilization of the day, feel there may have been an over-enthusiasm in the production of the lower grades of humanity which will bring such civilization as there is to disaster by allowing the world to be repeopled with stone-age individuals. In such a contingency mankind would have to groan through long processes of transmutation, geological eras of fluctuation up and down the scale of development, to chance again upon the level of to-day before they could advance further in the conquest of their environment and in the diverse expressions of their inner capacities.

Civilization seems to be a plant that dies easily at the top. The further the developing parts extend from the root, though they may be by just so much nearer the light, the less vigorous and capable of regeneration they seem to be. There are indeed suspicions that there exist definite limitations to the intellectual development of man, limitations which have been reached in each successive civilization which has passed into the limbo of forgotten things and which give us small hope that history can do more than repeat herself. But since man has been so bold in his interference with the workings of natural law, so persistent in his attacks on the inimical forces of nature, so unremitting in his war upon disease we are tempted to ask his twentieth century representative whether he at last is not to succeed in arresting the downfall of the civilization of which he is a part. His best capacities will surely rise to the challenge. He cannot allow America to go the way of Greece and Rome if there is anywhere within the reach of man an antidote for racial decay.

The first difficulty that confronts the savior of a threatened civilization is the disconcerting fact that the men of the more evolved types, those capable of understanding, originating and grappling with new aspects of the conquest of nature, leave few or no descendants, while the simpler types of humanity, incapable of dealing with the complexities of modern society save in subordinate activities as followers, leave large numbers of descendants of the same intellectual calibre as themselves. Of course the obvious first step is the bringing of every possible social pressure to bear upon the carriers of our better racial strains at least to perpetuate themselves. An advocacy of the segregation of the unfit and a reduced production of the less desirable types are, of course, inevitable corollaries.

Is there not, however, in lieu of the problematic success of any such programme, a possibility of so formulating and codifying the principles on which our civilization has been built up that they may be carried along as the great, determining race-tradition irrespective of the intellectual powers of the particular bearers of the racial heritage?

We have not necessarily any interest in modern industrial and social developments as such. Complex international relations, inventions, elaborations of life that require a high order of ability for their administration, are not in themselves desirable. A return to simpler methods of living, to a self-sufficing community life, would not seem a step backward, might indeed seem a very long step forward, if we could take into that less complicated environment the ideals and standards that are basic to a noble civilization. Any material conditions which give opportunity for the full development of such abilities as we have, which makes us better servants of the common good, is acceptable to the champion of democratic ideals. But there must somehow be passed on to each generation, to the brilliant and the dull alike, in a complex or a simple society, the ideals by which to live, lest the flame of the great racial tradition die down.

Homogeneous nations like the Scandinavian, the French, the English, do not need to formulate or teach the characteristics of their particular civilization. National ideals are lived and sensed through the contacts of every day. In a nation like ours,

however, made up not only of individuals of very great as well as of very humble native ability, but also of representatives of every nation of the earth, of whom 16 per cent are foreign born and over 30 per cent either foreign born or of foreign parentage, the problem takes on new difficulties. An additional complication lies in the very rapid influx of foreigners in recent years at a rate which quickly exceeded our assimilative capacity and has left us with monstrous accumulated problems of racial antagonism, industrial maladjustment, and educational responsibility which have bid fair to overwhelm us. The census of 1920 shows that of the foreign born over ten years of age in this country 3,000,000 cannot speak English and 1,650,000 cannot read or write in any language. The Army Intelligence Tests found 7 per cent of the white draft wholly illiterate and 25 per cent relatively illiterate. These figures give some idea of the magnitude of the problem of passing on American ideals to individuals to whom English words, written or spoken, convey no meaning. The acquisition of understandings through daily contact in living and doing with the older Americans is also denied our newer immigrants because of their habit of living and working in segregated groups.

We cannot wander much through our bigger cities without an uneasy consciousness that the fire under the melting pot must have markedly cooled of late years, for the pot seems full of ugly and menacing lumps, preserving all the characteristics of the veins from which the ore was originally mined and showing no evidence of even marginal fusing.

But if we set upon our great task of making fellow-citizens, co-inheritors with us, of these people whom we have allowed to come into our midst, what of our formulated and unformulated traditions, the priceless gifts of the past, must we hand on to them and teach to their children and ours in order to keep alive for humanity that which is dear to us in the democratic experiment? We shall go on as a people, either under a developing leadership to heights never yet scaled by man, or through failing leadership back to more primitive forms of society. Whichever way we turn, whatever our destination, will democracy be able to offer us ideals by which we can find our way to a fairer and happier life for all?

I

Our government is a government by the people as a whole, whether it follows in the future the representative form given us by the early constitution builders or works out in ways of more direct control by the voters. The fundamental demand such a government makes upon its citizens is an acceptance of the principle that the will of the majority must prevail. This implies no denial of the right of the minority to alter the will of the majority by any method of moral or intellectual persuasion, but it does imply an obligation on the part of every citizen to accede to the majority will until the process of re-education or conversion is completed. The ostensible democracies in countries in which an election is usually followed by a revolution are obviously, by virtue of that very fact, not entitled to the name of democracy.

There are times when to the minority the rule of the majority seems to mean as ruthless a tyranny as that of any czar, though the principle of the right of the majority will to prevail does not exclude the rights of the minority to due representation and to personal liberty. Of all forms of society which have so far been tried out, that seems the fairest in which the larger proportion of the population makes the decision in matters susceptible to choice. Certainly more people are satisfied in this type of organization than in any other. The degree of civilization of a nation is measured, however, by the safeguards thrown round the minority. Their rights are not necessarily jeopardized by the granting of the right to the majority to rule. The minority may convert enough of the majority to their way of thinking to swing the pendulum the other way and make the principle that seemed to enslave them so long as they belonged to the minority group create them masters as tribute to their superior powers of persuasion. But even though the composition of the minority group might vary, there would always be groups outside the arena of political control. Proportional representation, which has been evoked as the salvation of the minority, serves merely to permit the registering of a protest vote or to offer a more strategic position from which to launch campaigns of conversion. For that perfect justice to all elements in a community towards

which we aim we must supplement an acceptance of the right of the majority will to be supreme. We must not only combine with it a recognition of our responsibility to the minority, but we must adopt additional ideals and standards to insure that equality of opportunity which is the main justification for the creation of a democratic society.

II

Lincoln, who has written so many pages of the Bible of Democracy, said, "For a man to violate the law is to tear the charter of his own and his children's liberty."

An observer, at a trial of those ordered deported after the World War, might well have been overcome by what he saw and heard. He need not have been stirred by sympathy for the deportees, many of whom were potential citizens of a low order of desirability, but he could not have failed to be filled with consternation at the assault upon his own and his children's liberties involved in the ruthless overriding of constitutional rights by the officers of the law.

"Is it possible," he might have asked himself, "that in this twentieth century and in this so-called land of liberty and law those primal rights of men to immunity from search or arrest without warrant, to trial by jury, to representation by counsel, to freedom of speech and assembly, rights for which thousands have sacrificed their lives through the centuries, are subject to the whim of a Department of Justice, to be disregarded in any crisis the controlling group in the Government considers critical?"

To one who has allowed himself to believe that these doctrines of the rights of the individual are fundamental to any theory of government, such setting at nought seems cataclysmic. He is almost persuaded that there must have been some shift in our educational background or some alteration in the development of our traditions. How otherwise can these established safeguards of liberty have ceased to carry authority with those chosen to protect us? Whether the action in that crisis represented any drift away from democratic ideals is to be questioned. The whole perturbation was probably a minor oscillation from the perpendicular due to war hysteria, but it none the less revealed

an astonishing indifference on the part of the officers of the law to the law itself. If such a group, sworn to uphold the law, disregards it at will or uses it as a cloak for the carrying out of ulterior purposes, is it any wonder that the ordinary citizen, to whom the rules of community life seem often merely irritating or an unwarranted infringement of his personal liberty, heeds them only when he is compelled to? And yet it takes only a slight effort of the intelligence to see that respect for the law is the only hope for the safety of any of us. It is not always easy for the victim of the law, which we know is often only a crude and imperfect approximation to justice, to recognize its fundamental beneficence. Yet evil as it is that the innocent should perish by the law, is it not at least as evil that the guilty should escape in defiance of the law?

The citizen, when he first takes out his automobile license, is oppressed by the number of rules and regulations of which he is expected to become the intelligent repository. He uneasily looks upon advancing civilization, as it affects him and his automobile, as a device for robbing him of still more of his few remaining liberties. But when he takes his car on the crowded thoroughfares and sees the traffic policeman, by the use of those very rules and regulations, disentangling the chaos of automobiles, he realizes that the regulations are the guarantee of his liberty and that without them he would not be able to get through the streets at all. Law itself he recognizes as an expression of the effort of the community as a whole to protect, in the midst of the crushing complexities of modern life, the individual in his innocent and legitimate activities. He will find that it is only when his liberty infringes that of another individual that the law purposes to interfere with him.

What renders the final indecencies of John Barleycorn so unpleasant is not the noxious effect of the wood and other alcohols, but the moral obliquity involved in the flaunting by citizens of the Constitution and laws. Often the very individuals who have benefited most from the stabilizing influence of courts and constitutions upon the community life are the flagrant offenders. Bootlegging among the unassimilated foreigners and the criminal classes is bad enough, but the fact that customers are plenty

among the prosperous and professional classes is the deplorable and menacing aftermath of the Eighteenth Amendment.

We are regarded among nations as a lawless people. If we cannot put away an attitude so characteristic of racial childhood, our feet are as surely set on the broad path of destruction as those of the undisciplined boy who knows no will but his own.

III

It is not enough to teach our people to accede to the will of the majority and to respect the law. We must weave into the very texture of their moral attitude a tolerance for other men's opinions. We may never be able to train our fellow citizens to enjoy differences, but we can teach them to be aware of the fact that differences will exist until there is left but one survivor of the human race. It would be a dull world indeed if we all saw eye to eye with each other. What a stimulus to our intellectual life would come from a recognition of the value to ourselves of our critics and opponents. If the lions and lambs of the mind could but lie down together!

Periodically we comfort ourselves with the reflection that at last in this country we have achieved religious tolerance. Then the old brutal bigotries emerge, first in one religious group and then in another, and we realize afresh that the battle has to be continually refought and the victory perpetually rewon. In theory religious freedom is an accepted article of our political creed, but like all articles of any creed it must be reiterated and retaught to the novitiates of our democracy. Unless we can accomplish this our country ceases to be the home of the free spirit and the refuge of the oppressed.

If we were asked whether we regarded racial differences and diverse types of civilization as an enrichment of the life of man on earth, there are few who would say no. But personally and individually a graceful recognition of the right of others to think differently about things with which we are really concerned makes moral demands upon us of a high order. Our present battleground is in the industrial field. We show a militant reluctance to allow free lances to cross the land and have to exercise real self-restraint to refrain from erecting no-trespass-

ing signs at the Debatable Fords. Yet unless we are able to achieve victory here as elsewhere over the natural conservatism of human nature, our chances for progress are slight. We shall be as hard put to as the White Queen to keep just where we are, to say nothing of accumulating enough momentum to go ahead. Not every new idea is good, but every advance is in response to the stimulus of a new idea or an old one in new clothing. No one, save a madman, would claim that we had anywhere established the perfect society. One of the main advantages of democracy as a form of government is its adaptability to progress, for it is designed to register the changing ideals of its citizens. It is a peculiar responsibility of the believer in democracy to keep the paths open to new ideas, even though he must admit the bad with the good. In no other way can he hope that a way may be found out of the labyrinth of complexities in which twentieth century civilization finds itself.

With all our determination to be openminded, to be fair to all points of view, we have a task of peculiar difficulty in dealing with the foreign born. At the same time that we must beware of opposing or ignoring the standards and preconceptions the immigrant brings with him, we must impress upon him our national ideals. If the immigrants were here in small numbers, scattered through the population, they could be trusted to become in time an understanding part of our citizenry, but the presence of the large segregated groups make heavy demands upon our intelligence and our respect for the inevitable racial differences. People cannot be herded into new social and political attitudes. Changes that alter one's outlook upon life, that change one's relations to individuals and institutions, are acquired, not in classes for Americanization, but through transforming processes inaccessible to the influence of propaganda. The one salvation of the situation is the spirit in which the immigrants come to America as to the Promised Land. The majority are eager to adopt our language and customs. They wish to become an integral part of the population, to be indistinguishable from other "Americans". This eagerness to adopt the background color immediately, desirable as it is for future amalgamation, often forces the potential citizen through an interval of

spiritual desert. The old ideals fall from him, the old shibboleths cease to exercise authority, long before he has found opportunity or developed capacity to recognize the new. This entails a period of unlovely materialism, cheap ideals and often asocial conduct.

No civilization worthy of the name can be a patchwork quilt, with pretty colors added here and there. We do not expect to add to our institutions the harem of Turkey, or the tribal organization of the Berber, or the juridical methods of the Tong and the Maffia. Our civilization is an organic structure, adapted one part to another. Such variations and improvements as are to be made must have some regard to the original architecture and some consideration of the strength of the structural parts and the load-bearing capacity of amalgam. The more promptly our new citizens throw off the beliefs that keep them apart from the rest of us, the sooner they can begin to make their individual and characteristic contribution to the bettering of our civilization. Nevertheless there is upon us a special responsibility to help the immigrant through that transition, with delicate respect for the ideals which we ask him to give up at the same time that we press upon him the ideals which we hope he will in time feel are closer and dearer to him than those he has surrendered. No social concepts which do not imply this tolerance are entitled to or can expect to win allegiance from the men and women who come here to help us build up a righteous and enduring civilization.

IV

The Russian Bolshevists cry out against a democracy like ours, which they denounce as the tool of the capitalist class. To their minds the irrefutable evidence of this is our national habit of proceeding in our social reforms one step at a time. Theirs is an all-or-nothing doctrine to which we, more experienced both in the difficulties and the possibilities of living bearably together, cannot subscribe. Our imaginations are too seasoned to get much comfort from the idea of a complete turnover, however exhilarating such a picture might be to the revolutionist. Whatever curse may be upon us at any time, capitalistic tyranny or the throttling grip of the trade union, our natural method of getting rid of it is

not by capsizing the State, but by working out checks and balances to offset the evil and still retain some good in living for the rest of us. Nor is our governmental machinery entirely without devices to enable us to do this, however the Bolshevists may decry it. The most complete answer that could be made to such critics of our democracy was given in the victory of the Non-Partisan League in North Dakota. Whatever the soundness or unsoundness of that party's theory of government or the success or failure of the experiments it has tried, its coming into power has afforded an example of the possibilities of radical alterations of method within the democracy, dependent solely upon a conversion of a majority of the voters to any proposed changes. Nothing much more radical was tried in Russia; the chief distinction was the substitution of ballots for bayonets in the Dakota adventure. Such limitations as there are to the complete control of our affairs by any party, limitations imposed by the constitution guaranteeing the rights of the individual, would find critics only among the "tender-minded" of Professor James's classification. The protection of the individual and the safeguarding of his freedom of speech and conduct are the assurance of those very liberties which make progress possible.

The fundamental difference between the Bolshevist method and the democratic is the difference between the practice of the methods of revolution and of the methods of evolution. Faith in the endless possibilities of political evolution is a traditional American faith. If it is to persist, those who do not carry the belief as a racial inheritance must be trained in its tenets until they become ingrained. Unless our people accept this political faith, and unless we remove every impediment to peaceful change and alteration, revolution may inevitably overtake us. At best revolution is a tragedy. From its ruins some structure must be built up to hold and express the new society. Why then pass through the horrors of revolution in the transit? The chaos of the overturn is not a necessary prelude to the new construction. All it can ever achieve is a change of mind; and a civilization, designed to make that a daily possibility, should be proof against the hysteria of the revolutionist. A respect for evolution as a political method must become the very form of our thinking,

strange and alien though it may seem to the unaccustomed minds of some of our immigrants, or democracy goes down in failure.

V

A civilization built up on a theory of equality of opportunity, designed to do without a caste system or hereditary classes, able to contemplate with equanimity the three-generation transition from shirt sleeves to shirt sleeves, must hold as one of its chief articles of faith a profound respect for the dignity of labor. Every function performed in a democratic society, whether it so exists in the consciousness of the performer or not, is a service to the community as a whole, independent of the loss or gain to the individual himself. Human contributions are rightly measured, not by the financial reward given or received, but in terms of social gain, the degree of service rendered. Such an evaluation eliminates any moral distinction between the contribution of labor and capital, or between the manual and the brain worker, the mechanic and the manager.

The capitalist who boasts of himself as a philanthropist because he gives work to a thousand men is the naïve expositor of an ancient and long-since discarded economic theory. He ignores the fact that without these men to convert crude substances into finished products his capital represents just so much junk. The workmen might equally claim that they were philanthropists in turning his raw materials into marketable goods. On the other hand the laborer's contention that, because his work is done with his hands and the capitalist's with his savings, there is a moral gulf between the two, is equally unsound. The difference between the two contributions may be merely one of time. The capitalist may be one who amassed his capital in earlier years by the work of his hand or brain and is now utilizing in further production that which he abstained from spending. The capitalist, in spite of all the connotation of excessive wealth the word brings to the lay mind, is not the bloated creature of the popular cartoon, clutching his money bags, but is you or I with that hundred dollars we put in the bank against the emergency of a rainy day. Are we by that very act more iniquitous than the loafer who earns nothing or the spendthrift who saves nothing?

VI

We must train our citizens to respect many ideals and abstractions at the cost perhaps of great pain to themselves, but there is one human ideal above all which they must respect if our civilization is to do more than merely mark time. In so far as we are able to define it and in so far as we are capable of recognizing it we must hold truth in the highest honor. Truth is man's formulation of the actualities of life, freed to the extent of his critical ability from the distortion incident to its transfer through a fallible human mind. The votaries of truth are under a double compulsion: they must be intelligent enough to know the truth when they see it; and they must be courageous enough to act upon it when they have mastered it. Most of us muddle through life without sufficient sharpness of intellect to discriminate between the true and the false, but the minds of those marked by the gods to lead in the advance of the race are of a quality "defenseless against the truth". These minds, flooded by the great realities that lie about them, reveal the truth, but look to us to act upon their findings. How often we are found unworthy of the trust!

Many a truth is kept without the pale because it fails to fit in comfortably with our favorite preconceptions. The warfare between science and religion has a long history and one that is not yet ended. Nor is revealed religion the only enemy of truth. Economists and psuedo-economists cling to their fallacies. That a proper wage is not an actual sum of money but a relation between producing ability and the buying power of an artificial medium of exchange, is a truth that is hard for the employee to appreciate on a falling market and the employer on a rising market. The conviction that alcohol is a stimulant has, in the minds of many, survived by many years the laboratory demonstration of its fallaciousness. That every disease has its antidotal herb or drug is a belief that fills the coffers of the apothecaries and is proof against the continued discrediting of it by science. And yet an ability to recognize truth and to guide conduct by its light is of vital importance to the sovereigns of a democracy whose will is law and the findings of whose intelligence decide the ways of life for us all.

Some European wit has said that truth-telling is an invention of the English. There are some Europeans who convince us that the invention must have been patented in London for home consumption only. Governments may be workable on a basis of personal and official indifference to veracity in racial groups that have their own code of truth-telling and know through generations of experience how much salt to add to each other's statements.

But in a country like ours, a blend of races representing all degrees of veracity from zero up, the only practical way out may have to be an educational and social insistence on the truth and nothing but the truth. Though this bids fair to remove many of the ameliorations from political and private life, we find it hard to know where to draw the line. We can hardly teach our young citizens that they may lie at home and with their fellows but must cultivate the truth only in their civic relations. Even at the risk of introducing a certain bleakness into our personal life, the gain in stability in our public life would more than compensate.

We might entirely discount truth-telling as a moral virtue, we might let it go the way of card-playing, dancing, and Sunday base-ball as an activity entirely removed from the category of sins, and yet be reluctant to see it go, so obvious are its practical advantages. To walk always on firm ground, not to be constantly braced against the possibility of the foundation giving way, would be an economic as well as a moral gain. Undoubtedly one of the primary difficulties in our municipal politics is the great inequality in veraciousness among the different racial groups. The truth-tellers are at a marked disadvantage. They are apt to be early detected as such, but are themselves reluctant to suspect an evasion of the truth on the part of their critics or opponents.

This might serve as an argument for achieving an equality in evasiveness, but that presents the prospect of an impossible competition with no end in sight. For the dignity of our lives as citizens of the great democracy, as well as for the dignity of our personal lives, let us put away childish things and adopt a national habit of truth-seeking and truth-telling.

If we contrast the intelligence of a country, such as France for instance, in the thirteenth century and to-day, we see no evidence that the actual capacity or content of the mind has greatly altered. What we do perceive is that there has been a substitution of truth for error in many of the divisions of human thought and experience. The main distinction between France under the Capetians and under Millerand and Poincaré is not the different minds of the Frenchmen of the two periods but the different thoughts they are thinking. This is the major achievement of the six hundred years. Part of the change is due to the searcher for truth who has enlarged the realm of the known: part of it is due to the educators who have endeavored to admit to this realm more and more individuals of each generation. This we may ask of education, and perhaps no more; not that she give all the truth to each of us, but that she everywhere substitute truth for error within the bounds of what it is possible for us to know.

Our hope lies in being released from the despotism of the untrue, from the terrible fears and apprehensions to which our ignorance of the facts of existence has left us an easy prey throughout our long history on earth. A democracy which has for its function the freeing of the individual for service must free him not alone from the tyranny of kings but from the tyranny of half-knowledge, the fatal incompleteness, which has been our heritage from the day of that interrupted feast of Adam and Eve "whence cometh all our woe".

Lincoln's faith in the common man was based, not on his admiration for his intellect but on his conviction that in the great moral issues the judgment of the man in the street was sound, less subject than that of his social or intellectual superiors to perturbing secondary considerations and so truer to the heart of the problem. These were indeed the people who revolted against the iniquity of slavery, and early in the World War determined the national attitude of condemnation of the German outrages. It is such people who rise up periodically in our communities, throw out the forces of corruption and take back their own. They give meaning to the theory of democracy. Their existence is the real justification for the creation of democracies. It is

to the people, "that great multitude through whom speaks the Voice of the Almighty Power that makes for righteousness," we must give trusteeship for the irreplaceable treasures of the democratic ideals: respect for the will of the majority and the rights of the minority; respect for the law; respect for other men's opinions and beliefs; respect for the processes of evolution as against those of revolution; respect for the dignity of labor; and respect for the truth.

A nation which cherishes and protects with its last ounce of strength the sacred contents of this Ark of the Covenant is safeguarded from the worst dangers that beset the builders of a people's government.

CORNELIA J. CANNON.

CHANGES IN READING

BY JOHN COTTON DANA

THE effect of recent social and economic changes upon reading, and, conversely, the effect of reading upon those changes, will be a profitable theme for consideration by both those interested in literature and those interested in sociology and the progress of the world.

Of these changes the growth of newspaper reading is perhaps the most important. Before printing with movable type was invented, about 1457, few could read. Printing multiplied books. Readers thereupon increased in number; knowledge came to thousands where before it was the property of hundreds; knowledge promoted observation; observation led to thinking; ideas concerning oppression, serfdom and submission and concerning privilege and dominance of either birth or wealth swept through the European world; governments were modified and society was recast. It is now being recast more rapidly than ever before, and the process was in large degree born of printing and is today accelerated by printing.

The rapid development in recent times of all the sciences, with accompanying inventions, whereby is gained a mastery of the forces of nature and a utilization of its resources, all followed the wide diffusion of printed words. And the growth of the use of print is not an economic change which ceased its work after it had, in a few years, modified relations between man and man, between race and race, between nation and nation and between man and nature. It is a change which broadens and deepens its influence every day, every year, every decade and every century. Print and the growth thereof are now more potent in their influence on society than they ever were before, and that influence increases daily.

The power press, with revolving cylinders of type faces stereotyped in machines, was not in active use until after 1900. Paper

suitable for printing newspapers was not used in great quantity in rolls, ready to be fed automatically into a press, until 1880. Effective automatic type-casting and type-setting machines were not in general use until 1890. Cheap and good methods of producing pictures on rapid presses were not widely adopted until after 1890. Offset printing and the rotogravures of the Sunday supplement pictures are products of the last decade. Briefly put, one may say that the newspaper as we know it today is scarcely a generation old; and one need only turn the pages of a few journals on printing to learn that invention creates almost daily new devices and methods for making print cheaper, more legible, and with better pictorial accompaniments.

That all adults should be able to read is with us a conviction, having the quality of religious dogma. The wise man knows that the universal acquisition of ability to read is not a factor which can save a civilization from the destruction which other factors may prepare for it. But one need not be wise to know that whatever may be the destiny of the present civilization of Europe and America, it will soon be a reading civilization. If it goes to destruction, it will go with print in its hand!

The kind of print which comes next to the newspaper in importance, is perhaps the "casual". It includes, to mention a few only, the label on the omnipresent food container, roadside posters, car cards, and telephone directories. A few years ago food stuffs were bought in bulk by retail merchants, and weighed out and wrapped or bagged as called for. Today well nigh all the things the grocer of 1870 sold in the meaningless wrapper of the time, and many other things not then thought of as daily food for millions, come to the grocer in packages ready for delivery. On these packages is much reading matter, such as names, descriptions, directions, recipes, and suggestions on cleanliness, health and hygiene. From the grocer these printed messages go into millions of homes, and form the most homely and elementary reading, and are read daily by millions. Of the other groups of casual print just mentioned, it is enough to say that they do not simply compel us to become better readers; they make us each day better informed.

It may here be suggested that all this print merely makes us super-

ficially informed, breeds no manner of thinking, tends to make us all alike and all equally indifferent to new ideas, and helps us to become more intolerant of change and more hostile to the new than we as a race have ever been. Perhaps that is true; but if it be true then in that growing indifference and intolerance lies one of the very changes which the printing press is working in us; making us idly recipient to impressions, like a bed of plaster which is not hardened by time and remains a sodden bed of plaster, no matter how many are the impresses that impinging bits of information make upon it.

But, that increasing knowledge tends to dull the brain and to impede thought and to make for hostility to the new, is not what common sense tells us. The empty mind is not inclined to work, if only because it has nothing to work upon. The active, inventive, forecasting brain never suffers from a surfeit of knowledge and does not find knowledge a burden or a hindrance to cerebration. Its joy is in thinking; and as it goes on along the open roads of thought, it casually absorbs whatsoever facts may give it aid or pleasure or both, and rejects what it does not care for. It seems to be part of the method of human progress that it goes on with knowledge; not necessarily because of knowledge, but, inevitably, with knowledge. And here, in a time of knowledge-gaining, knowledge-saving and knowledge-absorbing,—all through and by the printed word,—such as could not have been conceived of a few centuries ago, and did not lie in the realms of the wisest prophecy even a hundred years ago, it is astonishing to note that the peculiar character of this reading period in human history, and of the effects of it on society, seem not to be thought worth discussion by students of society.

Returning to the growth of print using: The increase of control over the powers of nature gained by man in recent years, and the development of machines which has accompanied that growth, have so increased our capacity for production that many more persons than ever before find themselves with time for other work than that of gaining a livelihood, and with a surplus of energy which makes that non-working time seem irksome. Out of all this came recently a humanitarian outburst, a fever of altruistic activity.

The explanation here suggested of the outburst of uplift enthusiasm may not be correct. But it serves to introduce that promotion of the reading habit which has been one of the more important products of that outburst.

Here and there and everywhere have been organized for social betterment groups of persons, altruistically possessed and seeing visions of a world made better by the changes that a crusade along some narrow line can produce. All these voluntarily organized groups, some of them chartered corporations, some supported by "foundations", and some supported by annual contributions of sympathizers, issue publications. These range from a modest occasional leaflet to pamphlets and books, and appear in editions, some of scores and some of millions. The organizations themselves number several thousand, and their ranks are added to constantly. Their printed output is spread broadcast. Much of it is of high value; much of it has to do with topics important to every household; much of it reaches the humblest homes; and from it comes no small influence toward reading, acquisition of knowledge and thinking.

The Federal Government, State governments, city and town and county governments, colleges, universities, school boards, banks, insurance companies, manufacturing corporations, railroads, steamship companies and institutions and organizations of many other kinds have discovered in recent years that the world reads; that leaflets and pamphlets, even though tossed aside by the majority, are read by the minority, and that the name of that minority is millions. In many cases the last impetus toward publication by these organizations has come from the same altruistic movement that has brought upon us the flood of uplift societies. Perhaps it is in part this altruistic touch which has led to the effort to make many of these publications beautiful, attractive, scientifically based and helpful in countless ways.

Trade, technical, class and professional journals now number about five thousand. Fifty years ago there were less than one hundred of them. Of these journals, the "house organ" has been in existence only a few years, is not enumerated in any national directory of periodicals, and has to excess the habit of being born and dying. The very fact that it is new and still unknown

to many, added to the fact that it is widely read and interests intensely many thousands of men of affairs, makes it peculiarly worthy of mention. House organs are usually published by corporations to promote production or sales, and are addressed solely to employees or customers. Quite often they are of such quality as to make them appeal to all persons of intelligence into whose hands they fall. The part these journals play in increasing the sum total of information is illustrated by this bit of history: A western firm made and sold many different kinds of oil. These oils were so varied in character and adapted to so many special and well defined uses, that salesmen found it difficult so to acquaint themselves with them all as to sell them all intelligently. Thereupon the general manager issued monthly a small journal, pocket size, devoted chiefly to telling salesmen what it was they were trying to sell. It was so cleverly written that it attracted the attention of buyers and users of oils; and then, because its remarks were largely of wide application in the business field, of business men in all lines. Its circulation soon ran up into the thousands, and quite directly it increased, beyond all precedent and almost beyond belief, the sales of the products of the corporation which published it.

This story of a modest house organ illustrates the thesis that the products of the printing press are producing effects in the field of general intelligence much greater than is commonly supposed. The trade, technical, professional and class journals, of which house organs form one of the less important groups, cover well-nigh every phase of human endeavor. In *Ayer's Newspaper Annual* they are classified into two hundred and fifty groups. Among them are publications for doctors, lawyers, architects, engineers, chemists, builders, janitors, barbers, bakers, broom-makers and scores of other kinds of workers. Some are issued for manufacturers and some for workers. The automobile industry alone has a hundred and fourteen journals.

Another people's primer is the mail order catalogue. One of the larger mail order houses issues twice each year seven million copies of books of about a thousand pages each, listing and describing thousands of objects, and illustrated with ten thousand pictures. These books are read and studied everywhere. Their

influence as promoters of the habit of reading and of the acquisition of knowledge, must be prodigious. That influence is supplemented by catalogues issued and widely distributed by stores which do a direct-by-mail business; and is supplemented again by descriptive circulars sent broadcast by distributors of special appliances and by publishers of books and journals.

Consider the typewriter. A few years ago all correspondence was hand written. The typewriter did not come into use until about 1880. The number of typewriters produced each year in this country alone is now nearly a million. Add to this, mimeographs, cyclostyles, multigraphs and other duplicating machines, some capable of reproducing typed letters at the rate of thousands per hour, and it is not surprising that letter mail, first class, grew from about one billion pieces yearly in 1880, when typewriters began to be widely used, to about eleven billions in 1920. All the machines just mentioned produce print and not script; the print they produce is far greater in quantity than was ever the script which they made well nigh obsolete. They now compel every business man and the countless office staffs of modern business to acquire the print reading habit and high skill in its practice.

The typewriter not only compels adults to acquire greater skill in reading and to take on the reading habit; it is also a teacher of reading for the young. Typewriting is taught in thousands of schools, is learned as an aid in school work even where it is not given as a school study, and is each year learned by more young people in their homes. The normal child takes naturally to the art of printing, with a typewriter for type, ink and press. Soon it will not be necessary for children to learn to write well by hand. They will all use typewriters, and will use typed symbols of speech and thought instead of written ones, and will inevitably become ready readers of print.

It may seem a long way from typing letters to the easy reading of a novel, a history or a volume on psychology. But the distance between the two is in fact short. To show that it is so, one need only refer to a few well-known facts. The normal child is born with the complete apparatus for seeing, hearing and talking. He can and does learn quite easily to understand the moving show of the world, and to understand what he hears of spoken

words, and to talk intelligently. But the normal child is not born with apparatus which can readily be adapted to reading. For reading he must use his native powers in a manner to which time and a selective survival have not adapted them. The typewriter increases enormously our daily practices in that use.

The schools form one of the prime factors for increasing the consumption of print. I do not put the schools, as makers of readers, before the printing press, the newspaper, the periodical, and the pamphlet, because, after all, the industrial mechanism from which comes our present flood of print is the first cause of increase in reading. It is print that has made our schools possible. They give to most children a modest skill in reading; but it is the never ceasing and ever growing impulse of the printed page that is compelling us to think of reading as an essential part of living.

I mention electric lighting as a factor in the growth of reading, merely to call attention to the existence of many factors which space is lacking to consider here. The movie gives to millions daily the pleasure of absorbing romances through the eyes without the interposition of print. No one knows whether it will strengthen the reading habit or no. On first view it seems to promote aimless seeing and idle talking, and to make commonplace life a little more attractive, while leaving it essentially commonplace still. Perhaps it increases novel reading; but that is doubtful. Still more doubtful is it if it increases the reading of thought provoking books. Students of mind assure us that only those whose brains are equipped at birth with apparatus which is capable of functioning in thought can do any thinking. There remains, none the less, the possibility that a brain which has not yet gone in for thinking may have the apparatus for that performance and that the apparatus has not received from the outer world such stimulation, in words, pictures, incidents or experiences, as would set it in operation. It is possible also that the brains of some, and perhaps of many, do not go about the task of thinking unless and until a certain specific kind of brain content has been acquired. Perhaps some of us are led to think, and inevitably to read, by the movies.

As the movie became popular the number of books lent by

public libraries decreased. This decrease was accompanied by a slightly increased demand for those novels, chiefly of the baser sort, which were pictured in local movie theaters. Evidence is entirely lacking that what are called "educational films" aroused any demand whatever for books on the countries, cities, processes or histories depicted by them. The "speaking film", meaning a moving picture accompanied by a phonographic reproduction of the words spoken by the actors, will undoubtedly soon be perfected. Will it be an even more effective discourager of reading than is the present silent movie? It may be assumed that it will. It can bring to the remotest hamlet, as to the great cities, not only the present type of condensed story; but also the spoken drama and the opera in proper setting, with the very words and intonation of the singers and musicians and actors.

The radio now brings news, oratory and music to the ears of millions and promises soon to do the same for well-nigh our whole population. Of its influence on reading and thinking one can say little more than has just been said concerning the movie. Both, it should be noted, are the outcome of the wide dissemination of print and increase of the habit of using it.

While new and more attractive methods of locomotion increase travel and decrease the use of print; and while more all pervading methods of projecting sound, including speech and music, increase the use of the auditory centers in gaining pleasure and information; and while better and cheaper methods of reproducing still pictures and photographs of the world in motion, all help to furnish information without reading, they lead us at the same time to somewhat of reading. Indeed, all factors that increase human intercourse and add to the total of general information, help to diffuse print more widely, and tend to make it more accurate and in some degree more insistent on being read. Furthermore, though countless hours are now devoted to listening to sounds and to absorbing pictured stories, there is scant evidence that these hours were devoted, before the coming of these days of talk and pictures, to reading of any kind.

And, again, the inquiring mind is now brought readily into touch with answers to its inquiries. Every day it is more and more difficult for facts to remain in seclusion and unimparted.

The same apparatus which quickly transports men, transports with equal quickness the printed word. And the devices which carry speech across a continent to a listening ear, make it easy to put into print in thousands of towns and cities the message which the voice conveys.

The changes I have noted clearly demand changes in library methods. I have space to mention only one. When Naudé gathered a library for Cardinal Mazarin he aimed at completeness. His example is followed still by many libraries, in spite of these facts: that the growth of print has made futile the attempt to gather it all; that indexes and abstracts enable a student to name quite definitely, without examination, what he needs to see; and that methods of transport, communication and reproduction make it easy to put the specific print needed into the hands of those who need it, wherever it may be found. A few libraries may, with some propriety, continue to acquire all they can and keep all they acquire. But even among these few there should be set up a division of all knowledge and a coöperation which shall enable each to concentrate on a certain small part of the whole field. This coöperation in acquisition is already practiced by a few libraries, and, fortunately, some of these few are among the most important. But the tendency to gather and retain still prevails, and large libraries duplicate one another in many things, yet, lacking coöperation, allow many works of first importance to escape them all.

The growth of print and of its use, which has been briefly sketched, suggests a possible salvaging of our threatened civilization, and in this suggestion lies good reason for the existence of this paper. Civilization is a rare plant, brought to flower only at long intervals and only through happy combinations of climate, soil and peoples. The present civilization in Europe and America shows a decreasing birth rate of the more intelligent. Professor Conklin in a recent article says that the possibilities of continued progress rest on education, eugenics, and enlightened effort. In that growth of print and of the habit of using it which is roughly outlined in this paper lies a hint of the possibility of such extension of education as will lead to the checking of our civilization's movement toward decay. Although the probability that ad-

vantage will be taken of that possibility is very slight, I venture to outline roughly a method of doing it.

Print is used more than ever, and we are forming the habit of depending upon it for a certain type of facts. Take, for a simple example, the boy who hears of radio apparatus. He straightway wishes to make one. He reads directions in books, newspapers and journals. He follows them, and gets the results he wishes. He now realizes the value of print as he never did before, and—note this particularly—he has subjected himself, with happy results, to the authority of experts. Are his mental qualities and habits such as to make it impossible for him to be led to read, and to trust in the words of experts in other lines—in the lines, for example, of eugenics, education and enlightened effort? The question lacks an answer; but the wide-spreading, the superficially effective and the penetrating extension of the printed page and its use, open to us the possibility of an affirmative answer. We can take advantage of the possibility and make a serious attempt, through a skilfully directed distribution of carefully chosen print, supplementing it with movies, phonographs and radios, to give to all men that knowledge of our civilization's perilous state and that conviction of the importance of enlightened effort which will lead them to more reading, clearer thinking and wiser habits. The experiment would cost, let us say, a couple of billion dollars; a sum which the war's experience showed we can easily spare.

It is quite possible that my library experience leads me to overestimate the power of print. But students of society, and especially of the causes which lead to the decay of our civilization, seem, by their failure to discover factors which make for the permanence of that civilization, to be ready to accept the conclusion which I reached long ago—that the one element lacking in all other civilizations and present in ours is print and its use; and that if our civilization survives it will be because of the presence of that factor. I have tried to show that it grows in strength daily, and grows more rapidly every year. It would be wise to study it with care, and, by conscious effort, attempt to use its power as a savior of that civility which is now in flower.

JOHN COTTON DANA.

THE APRON STRING IN OUR THEATRE

BY STARK YOUNG

If you talk about an outside influence on an art, you must first be clear about the fundamentals of that art. To go very far into the relation of our theatre to the English, we must know first of all that the art of the theatre is an art to itself. It differs from every other art. We must know the sources from which it springs and the means—drama, setting, costume, acting, music—that make it up and that contribute to its ends, which are the expression of human living. We must know that in entering into this art every element, such as drama, costumes, action, becomes something that it was not before; drama is not literature, architecture is no longer architecture but translated into another art, and so with everything involved. The importance of a country in the theatre depends on how far it is endowed with means and methods and resources by which the art of the theatre as an expression of life is furthered.

The necessity for such an understanding at the very outset was borne sharply in upon me last spring. In a discussion of the season in New York, in an article in The North American Review, I touched in passing on a subject that needs talking about at more length, the importance of our theatre's getting away from the influence of the English theatre. This statement, with a very brief indication of the reasons for it, brought from Mr. St. John Ervine a delightful reply and an invitation through *The London Observer* for me to discuss the matter in greater detail at some future time. In his article Mr. St. John Ervine says that in his judgment I am on safe ground when I ask America to discover a drama of its own. To that one can only say, obviously, we should hope so. Mr. Ervine wonders if I am merely repeating the anti-Anglo-Saxon theories of Mr. Mencken; to which I reply that even if I had such a prejudice I should not indulge it at the expense of art. Well, that point being settled, then, Mr.

Ervine would like to know just what there can be in the theatres of other countries rather than the English that I want our theatre, if it turns to any foreign stage, to follow. Mr. Young, he says, finds the drama in England valueless in comparison with Russia, Germany, Italy or Spain. He wishes me to stoop to particulars from the heights of airy generalities and oblige him by naming the drama in all those countries which reduce English drama to the level of the neglible. Shakespeare and Shaw, he says, are being played in many places on the Continent; what is there better in the drama of Italy or Spain or Russia? And Mr. Ervine makes some American comparisons.

Well, to that I might say I know nothing better in those countries than Shakespeare and Shaw. But that is not the point at all. When he talks like that Mr. Ervine is doing exactly what nearly every other writer on the subject does. He does not talk of the art of the theatre and seems unaware that there is such an art. He gets off on to drama, which is only one element of this art; and for all that what he says about drama comes to, he might as well be talking of literature. And when I talk of the influence of one country's theatre on another I have no competitive interest in whether these theatres are better or not than our own. That sort of contest can reach no decisions except on the grounds of mere personal taste and prejudice. And I am not exactly talking about the occurrence of admirable instances of plays. I talk of qualities, resources. A country that is significant for our theatre will be one where there is manifestly a talent for and an abundance of one or more of these essential qualities. The whole discussion turns on that. How much resource has the English theatre for the expression of English living, of all living if you like? In England how much of the abundance of life wells up and speaks through the forms of the theatre? As for dramas, I mean not separate plays so much as the gift or possibility of expressing life in terms of the theatre. I mean not so much single instances of acting, but the possession of those attributes that go to make acting a complete and significant art. I mean not the mere occurrence of excellent settings, but the gift for expressing our visual experience in terms of the theatre and for making that expression significant.

The relation of our theatre to the English is an important subject. We have in America now no small impulse toward a theatre of our own. From many lands and peoples we have brought magnificent stores of characteristics to draw upon and infinitely diverse dreams and ways of living. We have natural conditions unlike those to be found anywhere else in the world, we have our own kind of energy, our own development of society, our own hopes of the future and judgment of the past, waiting to be expressed in an art of the theatre. For influences, if we choose, we have the whole world to turn to. How far our turning in the theatre to England is profitable or cramping, a profound need or a mere hang-over of colonialism, is a question to think upon.

In the first place there is no absolute necessity, of course, that the theatre of a country borrow anywhere. The primary need is that it develop out of its own kind. Soul is form and doth the body make, as Spenser said; the form of our art of the theatre will necessarily come out of what we have to express. In the end we shall have to find our own feet to stand upon. But the history of art is full of influences always; for that is the natural tendency of human art as of human beings. Influences, then, we have and shall have; and influences at their best may very well be our participation in the accumulated riches of the world. But an influence in order to count must come from a source dictated by our profoundest needs. It must not be a mere parental accident. We have leaned on the English theatre more because we chanced to be an English colony than because of any deep need of it.

Moreover, it does not follow that, because a race is gifted in one direction, it is necessarily gifted in another. The powers of a race, like a man's, may culminate in a complete expression of itself in one art and in another art may only stammer. The English race has, obviously, a talent for governing and for colonization, demonstrated the world over, and for developing a governing class. It has a talent for sports; and, I think, a talent for poetry, though I am aware that in saying so I should have to defend the racial conception of what the poetic is. But the English are not gifted to anything like the same extent in the theatre. And even if there were an adequate theatrical expression of Eng-

lish life, it does not follow that it would suffice for us. We are not pure English but many races, and we live under very different conditions. We may need England in many ways, commercially, culturally—and even for the Anglo-Saxon domination of the world, if one likes to cherish that rather self-complacent dream of things—and from the English we can learn much. But from their theatre we can get little. If it is better than ours that is because the culture, the social life, the literary elements that go to make it up are better, and not because of any essentially theatrical elements in it.

I know the objection that comes up immediately. It is exactly the kind of thing that one expects to come up in the discussion of any art by people who bring little thought or understanding to the fundamentals of it; just as a man may see the harmony of tone or the painstaking in a picture without in the least knowing what painting is. The objection is this: How much better the diction of English actors is than ours! How much better the manners of a company of English actors than of one of our companies! And that is very true. But the answer is simple. First of all, the diction and manner that people are talking about in these English companies is largely a negative thing. The excellence of it consists not so much in anything done as in what is not done; it is not so crude as ours, not so loud, not so vulgar. Second, diction and manners in any important sense are not mere pleasing reservations and harmonious discretions; they are things that contain in themselves a constructive abundance, they are elements of style, they have in them their own passionate intention and their revelation of proportion and meaning. The English theatre, unlike the French or the Tuscan, cannot be said to show any real talent for diction and manners as creative elements in the art of the theatre. Diction and manners, as we find them on the English stage, are scarcely art at all; they are only parts of the ordinary life of England and, as everyone knows, far from being standards of perfection, are actually below the level of the best social tradition. We may copy all this but there is little in it for us beyond mere imitation. And the imitation of English speaking would make a fool of the American stage in so far as that speech is unlike our own. But in Rome or Paris we have at least

a chance of finding a theatre in which diction and manner are seen as creative elements in an art. We need the influence of the theatres with a sense of the possibilities of words and manner as revelations of life, and a conviction of the necessity of cultivating them as means toward high and complete theatrical expression.

In the most lasting element of the art of the theatre, the drama, the English theatre, compared to that of other countries has nowadays little to teach us. Shakespeare, of course, belongs not only to the English but to all English speaking theatres, since Shakespeare's England no longer exists. And even Shakespeare handed on no dramatic form that later dramatists have been able to use. There seems to be a darkness and chaos at the very heart of his art that remains more or less unmanageable. But granting everything to Shakespeare, if you like, the fact remains that England is almost the last place to see him played. The renowned schools of Irving and Tree only botched him up; they prettified Shakespeare's magnificent intelligence and ungovernable current of life; and Forbes Robertson, for all his fine moments, played that favorite and stupid English trick where the classics are concerned, of turning everything into the Bible, which, whatever its virtues may be, is scarcely the Shakespeare of the seventeenth century. Leaving Shakespeare out of it, then, very much as we might leave out Spenser or Milton or Aristophanes, we turn to the English drama of later times. Meantime we must remember that we do not look just now at a drama for its special and unique merits. We look to it as a possible influence for our own; and such a possibility depends on the gift it shows for expressing its matter in terms of the theatre, and on its gift for form that is significant as a dramatic vehicle. In this sense there is always on the Continent a dramatist who is better than his English competitor in the same kind. Congreve, for all his fine ear and literary gift, is far inferior as theatre to Molière, as are Sheridan, Goldsmith and their like. Pinero in the same field of thought and life and method is nothing to Ibsen. Galsworthy, for all his poise and ease and his equable cricket, is a mild form of a dozen Continentals; by the side of Chekhov his realism is like an invitation to tea; by the side of Strindberg Galsworthy is like playing cribbage with the beadle. For a glowing and sensuous

rendering of the rich and tragic splendor of men and passions and cities, D'Annunzio has found the dramatic expression. The remarkable work of John Synge follows him at a distance. For the macabre and heroic and wilful and witty and romantic there is Benavente. Compared to what the Russians can say of life's warmth and grayness and depths of suffering, Stanley Houghton and the rest of the Manchester School of dramatists are like milking cows on a field of battle. These boasted Manchester realists have developed a kind of problem method of their own, no doubt; but they remain sterile in their monotony. They are like provincials arguing self-consciously before a Sunday School superintendent a question which the larger world has long since located and more or less settled and which can be treated now, if at all, only in terms of vigorous creation. Barrie is a delightful and adorable personage who can encourage us to be sweet and droll when we can and as we can; but Barrie is an influence better for our souls than for our theatre. Shaw has no respect for the theatre or for any other art in itself. He abounds in fine passages; he encourages us to talk and to put ideas into drama—from him we might learn how to let our drama have a little more brains and how to make what thoughts we have more lively and provocative. But with Shaw the theatre is more of a reformer's outlet and a theorist's mouthpiece than an artist's medium. His success is in talk and theory rather than in imaginative creation. Gilbert and Sullivan are English essentially. Their quality of humor is not ours, though we like it for a season now and then. In their direction we have already on the way to something of value our musical comedies and reviews, our jazz and follies; which, good or bad, are representative, in their spirits, their extravagant quantities and their accentuations, of a definite element in American life. Out of English drama nowadays there are numerous plays that we might enjoy if played in our theatre. But except for the literary element in the art of the theatre, about which Shaw and John Synge could teach us a good deal, there is little English drama that could bring us any dilation of our powers of expression or any revelation of new regions of living to be expressed.

An Englishman who starts out to be an actor struggles with certain racial traits that are handicaps to the art. He has first of

all a body that is not expressive; whereas an expressive and eloquent and magnetic body and gesture is the main focus of the art of acting. He distrusts the exhibition of feeling and prefers talking about emotion to showing it; whereas the ideal in acting is the achievement of a medium by which the life going on within can be exhibited, as a delicate scientific experiment is shown through glass. He dislikes the effect of calculation in anything, of premediated craft. He prefers to think that things are sincere in the limited sense of being not thought out, though he knows how unlikely that must be; in a word the Englishman is afraid of conscious art. Whereas, in acting, the supreme style—as well as all secure technique—derives from a combination of sensibility and calculation, and moves toward an ideal of distinction with a touch in it of conscious elaboration.

The voice of the English actor compared to ours is a fine one. It is more even, a better tone, a better precision. But compared to the French or the Russian or Italian voice, the English is a very limited instrument. It is apt to be dry, to be cramped in the throat, and too self-conscious for the greatest effects, in tragedy especially. It suits admirably the one thing in which English actors do really excel, their social comedy. But the English voice in general, though it can give us points, has nothing for us compared to almost any theatre on the Continent, where the use of the voice is more studied, where the tone has more range, the breathing more freedom, and the vowels more purity.

The acting of social comedy is the best thing about the English theatre. But what it gains in charm and humor and psychology, it often lacks in style; it is rarely smart or elegant or vivid. And it takes its quality not so much out of any talent for acting as out of the gently ordered social sense, the introspection, whimsy, individualism, the cranks, the droll egoists, of the life it portrays. Outside this single field of their comedy, English acting is poor compared to almost any of the Continental. It has no style compared to the French; no realism compared to the Russian; no warmth or translucent actuality, no beautiful fluidity, no magnetism, compared to the Italian; no lyrical fervor, romantic flexibility, and swift clarity of results compared to the Spanish. For our actors the English theatre has a few pleasing and personal

and more or less negative benefits; but from it we can acquire little that is fundamental in the art of acting. In any fundamental sense we have already what the English have. The English actor has very little of the vitality, the physical and mental animation, the style, the magnetism, the free and flowing rhythm, and a kind of poignant impulse and passionate eloquence of humanity, that are the sources of a great art of acting.

In the directing of plays the English achieve more unity, a better ensemble, than we do; but in this the Russians or the Germans are infinitely superior. In décor the English theatre has, of course, Gordon Craig, though it remains to be seen just how important and inclusive Gordon Craig's ideas will come to be regarded in the theatre of the next fifty years. But however that may be, there is no need to go to England to learn from him. One might as well go to Corsica to study military tactics. For Gordon Craig we go to Russia or Berlin or Vienna, and even at home we have more of him than in London.

For the English their theatre is not, in any profound sense, racially expressive. Among them the developments of government, of morals, of sports and of private religion and sects, command a great and absorbing interest. The arts of poetry and of social living have also for a chosen few a deep and old interest. And all these have found means for the expression of themselves. But it cannot be said that the English theatre covers or includes English life to any wide and deep extent. And what is more, far from finding itself expressed there, the English nature mistrusts the theatre. There is something still in the mass of Anglo-Saxons that is hostile to the very stage itself. This hostility and mistrust began long before the days of the Puritans but it came to a head under them, and it has never quite died out. It feels that at best the theatre is a place for mere amusement, that it is wicked and flippant or inconsequent. This prejudice the settlers of America brought with them to our shores. For it is a significant fact that in a country that was so exciting, so adventurous, so dramatic and so free as ours, there should have been even up to this time so little real expression in dramatic form of our life. Other more artistically gifted races have helped us past this limitation somewhat. But so far as the art of the theatre is con-

cerned, the strain of our Anglo-Saxon forefathers in us is more inhibitive than otherwise; the Mayflower harbored no Muse among her passengers, and such brave barks as touched Virginia's sands brought with them gods of pleasure and eloquence but not of the theatre. The teaching of our brave and pious forefathers turns us away from what might be one of the greatest means of expression for American life.

And with this mistrust of the theatre, which persists to such a degree in England and — in the provinces especially — among us, goes another fact. The English do not take the theatre seriously. The most interesting and distinguished people in England have not often been devotees of the theatre. London does not take the theatre seriously as Moscow does, where the fervor and warmth and speculative intensity of the Russian life are carried to the play and where the activity of the soul is continued in terms of a living art. London does not, like Madrid and Rome and Milan, take the theatre seriously by taking it naturally, taking it as a part of the day, a thing like love, food, daylight, that one accepts as a matter of course, a place where whole families sit together, children grow up out of their nurses' arms, and the day's life is renewed in an easy and vivid and moving embodiment of it. These countries, and not England, will influence us, if any can, to give the theatre a more genuine and necessary place in our life.

And, finally, there is only one kind of influence of one art on another that has any significance, that makes sense when we talk of it. It is an exact parallel of the influence that one man has on another. If one man merely tries to imitate another, copies his walk, his clothes, his personal mannerisms, he ends by being very silly and negligible. But if he discovers in another man qualities that he admires and a way of taking life that seems to him admirable, he may with advantage cultivate in himself these qualities and these modes of approach to experience; and through what he learns thereby he may be enabled to express his own life with more beauty and success. An influence in art works in precisely the same way. The influence of any theatre on ours will depend for its health on one thing, the extent to which there is an understanding that our theatre seeks for its uses certain qualities and modes of expression that will enlarge its significance.

An influence that appears in the shape of borrowed names and plots and novelties is of small importance. On the Continent there may be qualities—the exact and vibrant realism of the Russian temperament, for example—that we might possibly learn to recognize in ourselves and to bring into our drama. There may be certain modes of treatment—German expressionism for example—that may seem to dilate for us the region of dramatic expression. There may be directions of mentality—say the French ability to create a character that is at once the type and the individual—that may show us new ways of observation. There may be habits—such as the Spanish way of passing at will from prose to verse and back again—that may help our theatre toward relaxation and flexibility of mood. Or there may be physical endowments—the Italians, for instance, whose bodies are such lucid and vigorous mediums for their ideas—that may remind us of the importance of muscular coördination and gesture and magnetism. But the English theatre affords us opportunity for little beyond colonial tradition and imitation.

But leaving aside any particular theatre or country, the one main issue, obviously, in the American theatre is that it develops a medium of expression that can embody American life. The important thing is that we find for ourselves in the art of the theatre a real dialect. To perfect this dialect our theatre may borrow from any in the world. But when, through its own labor and evolution and through the contributions of other theatres, the American theatre has developed this medium adequate to its ends, nothing else can be done for it. Nothing further of any significance can be added to it. Except superficially, through mere imitation or theft, there is no influence that can help beyond this point of acquiring a medium of expression. After that the quality of our theatre will depend on the quality of the life that it expresses.

STARK YOUNG.

THE BOOK OF THE MONTH

HUNEKER'S LETTERS [1]

BY LAWRENCE GILMAN

AMERICAN literature is not distinguished for letters of the permanently rewarding kind—those that are rich not only in intellectual substance but in human pungency and revelation. We have few collections of letters as consequential and meaty as the English and the French possess; and the best of those that we have are the latest. It would not be easy to point to any American letters prior to those of William James which can touch those marvelous pages for their blend of intellectual and human fascination. And the further back we seek in American writing for letters of a comparable sort, the greater will be our disappointment. Go back to the end of the eighteenth century—to, for example, the volume of letters and reminiscences by John Trumbull, son of the first Governor of Connecticut, aide-de-camp of Washington, and one of the most eminent of American painters. Trumbull was a man of alert and cultivated intelligence; he had traveled widely: he corresponded with Edmund Burke, Thomas Jefferson, LaFayette, Washington. His letters and reminiscences fill a volume of almost half a thousand pages; they are extraordinarily interesting to the student of the period in which Trumbull lived—the days of the American Revolution, of the French Revolution, of the first half-century of the existence of the United States. Yet, though Trumbull was an artist, a man of wide and lively interests, a fluent writer, you will search his four-hundred-odd pages for any evidence that he was interested in general ideas outside the fields of politics and public affairs. In 1786, in Düsseldorf, he visited the gallery in the electoral palace. He saw there paintings by Vandyck, Teniers, Raphael, Caracci,

[1] *Letters of James Gibbons Huneker:* Collected and Edited by Josephine Huneker, New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Guido, Rembrandt, Rubens. He notes that the Rembrandts are "very fine"; he points out that Rubens's subjects "vary from the very lowest ribaldry and profligacy of human nature to the most sublime conceptions of religion and poetry". Of Rubens, the *Resurrection of the Just* impressed him most deeply; it seemed to him to "establish the claim of Rubens to a place among the highest, most chaste, and most correct of the profession". "Chaste" . . . "correct" . . . what a flood of light those epithets, as applied to Rubens, throw upon the standards, the traditions, the quality, of the intellectual life of an American artist in 1786! And then follows almost the only æsthetic generalization in the book, the only instance in which Trumbull records having held commerce with an æsthetic or intellectual idea: "The reflection here occurs to me," he remarks, "that there is in nature, in the laws of optics, an insurmountable difficulty in rendering a large work equal to a small. In small, the eye is near its object, and without change of place can compare the parts with the whole. Not so in large—while at work, the eye must be almost equally near the surface, but can form no judgment of the relation of the parts to the whole, without removing to a distance. I am not certain that I am right, but at present I believe the theory." Not very interesting, hardly important or suggestive; but at least probing a little more deeply into general principles than Trumbull does in the only other place in which I can find or remember his implication or use of the word "beauty". This other place occurs in a delightful discussion with Rufus King on the subject of military dress, and particularly as to the æsthetic merits of the long hair then worn by soldiers.

After discussing the practical objections to the long hair of the military— "in cold and stormy weather it becomes wet, and being once in that condition, must remain so for days, perhaps for weeks, like a soaked sponge at the back of the neck . . . loading the nerves at their very source with a cold, noisome humidity",—Trumbull proceeds to its æsthetic aspects: "I appeal," he declares, "from the arbitrary and fickle laws of modern fashions, which sometimes require us to wear huge clubs, sometimes little pigtails,—I appeal from all this nonsense to the example of the ancient Greeks and Romans, who were good

judges both of war and of manly beauty. Among their statues and bas-reliefs are many figures of their heroes and demi-gods, but no example of a long-haired hero. . . . Notwithstanding that most of the young officers of the army, many of the soldiers, and all the sweethearts of both, may think me ridiculous, I have no hesitation to say, that I regard very short hair as indispensable to the comfort, health, and elegance of troops. . . . With short hair, I will not object to powder, because very little will be necessary; it can be applied in a moment."

The "chasteness" and "correctness" of Rubens; the elegance of short hair for soldiers—slight traffic between an artist and the mental stuff of his proper world, you will say. But it was typical of eighteenth century America, the newly born political infant that had so lately been an English colony.

It is a long jump from Trumbull to the meditations of Thoreau, with their intellectual abundance—a long jump, though not in time, for Thoreau was twenty-three when Trumbull died. When Thoreau died, William James was twenty; and in James we have almost the first conspicuous instance of an American letter-writer whose absorbing, exclusive preoccupation was the contemplation and examination and discussion of the adventures of the mind (and if no one rises to object, his brother Henry makes it a pair; though the case for Henry's literary and intellectual Americanism is not well buttressed).

We can think of no collection of letters so worthy to be ranked with those of James—for richness and pungency of intellectual content, for sustained preoccupation with ideas—as those of James Huneker that have just appeared, a year after his death.

Huneker wrote torrentially: as critic and reviewer for newspapers and magazines, as the author of remarkable books about painters, poets, musicians, dramatists—the best of them filled with a painstaking scholarship. For let no one fancy that Huneker was a mere promenader among the arts, brilliantly content with his responses and signalizations. His best work is loaded with the fruits of an earnest and wide-ranging and undismayed exploration of almost the whole field of æsthetics and philosophy. His *Chopin* has a Teutonic exactness and plentitude of detail; he loved music so (he confesses in one of his letters), that

his love embraced even "the dry bones of pedagogy". Under the flashing and debonnaire play of his critical loves and hates was a firm substratum of knowledge and science; and his background was long and well-stored. "I loathe being called 'clever' and 'brilliant'," he wrote to H. E. Krehbiel. "I'm neither—I work too seriously for the one and I'm too old for the other."

It is the scope and alertness and abundance of his sympathies and responses that make his recorded experiences so valuable. What other American critic or prose-man of his time can one think of whose interests ranged over so large a field? "We are here in the center of old Paris [he wrote to Mr. W. C. Brownell in 1912] facing the National Library, at the Louvre twice a day and boring ourselves generally with a noisy, dirty, vulgar, yet marvelously beautiful city. On the boulevards I curse this abode of bandits and beggars; in the Bois I bless it. I suppose after two weeks in Holland the change is too great. We loitered in rainy Rotterdam, Amsterdam, moss-grown Delft, La Haye and Haarlem. Again I threw up my hands in despair: Hals! Rembrandt! Vermeer!—and the last is not least. The two new Vermeers (collection *Mynheer Six*) at the Rijks are something extraordinary; not the Vermeer of the hard, miniature-like finish, but bold, loose, and big and sonorous coloring—such blues and reds—and such human tenderness. Chardin at his best—and yesterday I again saw '*La Pourvoyeuse*', which is Vermeer in feeling—does not approach Vermeer. I'm going to do a study of the thirty-five known canvases. (The Morgan *Letter* at the Metropolitan Museum, and Widener's *Lady Weighing Pearls* in Philadelphia are *not* on the list, horrible to relate!) And in Amsterdam I went —as last—to the Italian Futurist show, which is slowly making its way round the globe. . . . Enclosed is a picture from the Dutch catalogue which is supposed to depict the sensations—optical and purely subjective—of the painter Carrà at a street row over the burial of the anarchist Galli—police and students are banging each other with canes and staves, and banners are whirling every way. It is full of primitive ferocity and enormous rhythmic energy; it is certainly the most striking picture in the gallery, as I think. The color ranges from an arsenical green to a stove pipe sooty black. There is talent in the five painters.

But they are 'literary', 'musical' painters, not painters for the sake of pictorial loveliness. I need hardly tell you that the Flemish Primitives enthralled me as ever at Brussels and Antwerp. For me they are thrice as emotional as the Italians of the same period. We go to London next week (sick of travel already), thence to Stuttgart, Oct. 21st for 10 days, to the Richard Strauss festival, then to Munich—where I interview Liebermann and write a story of modern German art; Vienna for *The Century*, Prague for *Scribner's* (I hope), Dresden—rest and Pilsner beer, plans for a new book, God knows what else!"

Vermeer—the Italian "Futurists"—the Flemish Primitives—Richard Strauss: it was only a small corner of his æsthetic world, but how much it implies! He was esteemed as a discoverer and celebrant of new men, fresh innovations; yet his humor and his salty wisdom helped him to keep his feet on the solid earth. "Don't buy any more pictures—don't buy crude American art or Cubist junk," he cautions John Quinn, the connoisseur and collector. "This new crowd is already ancient. Buy a few *great* pictures and sculptures—like the Puvis, or the A. Johns or the A. Davies; don't tolerate rot because it is signed '1916'. Remember, all these petty revolutions, interesting, even significant at times, will never even deflect for a moment the broad current of eternal art. It's so in music and literature; it's so in art. There *is* a norm, and these young chaps may fume and sputter, but back to it they must revert else rot and drop from the parent trunk. . . . A good picture is as good in 1920 as the day it was painted, say 1900. I don't believe in schools or movements. There are only painters with talent. All the rest is ornament or superfluous."

Buoyant, brave, delightful, letters; large-hearted, large-minded, Steeplejack, you must exclaim to yourself as you put them down. Nowhere in them (and there are 300 printed pages of letters, 254 separate epistles) is there a querulous, a mean-spirited, a sharp-edged word. For all his semi-jocose complaints of illness, of overwork (and he was truly, as he said, "a mere pen chained to an inkwell, compelled to write sometimes 10,000 words a day), he was unflaggingly sweet-spirited, spiritually valiant. And his intellectual comradeship, his generosity to his younger colleagues, was

inexhaustible. At a time when he was well-nigh killing himself with overwork, he could pause to write a letter of advice and encouragement to a youthful confrère who had sent him a piece of manuscript fiction for his criticism—nor was the letter he wrote in reply a scamped or perfunctory one. He had full stores from which to give, and he gave of them without stint—and without condescension. The charm, the magnetism, the sympathy of the man, never failed.

As an artist (for he was essentially that) he gave a concise and amusing revelation of himself in the note that he sent in reply to Mr. Frank J. Wilstach, when that unwearying collector of similes took him to task for writing "not as good as" instead of "not so good as":

"Of course, you are only tone-deaf; . . . so why fight nature? Your ear fails in prose, else you would not speak of *as—as*, which usage years ago decreed to be correct. *So*, in some instances, is O.K.; but the hissing aspirate, *so—so*—whew! Where's your ear? Prose is like music; every word, every letter, must be placed for sound, color, nuance. Grammar must go by the board if it interferes with cadence—I am talking now of artistic, musical prose, not of newspaper sawdust. As for grammar, it was made for imbeciles and schoolmarms."

"Prose is like music. . . ." He tried to have it so, all his life, and often he succeeded. His prime achievement was to make all those who read him ashamed of not responding as quickly, as warmly, as he did to beauty and courage in the adventures of the mind.

And the beauty and courage that he loved to find, and welcomed with joyous shouts, in music and books and plays, had their spiritual analogue, their deep subjective springs, within himself.

LAWRENCE GILMAN.

AFFAIRS OF THE WORLD

BY WILLIS FLETCHER JOHNSON

ROUNDLY denounced by both parties to the controversy, and in some details extravagant in expression, the Attorney-General's opinion in the matter of applying the prohibition enforcement act to merchant vessels stands in the main approved by international law as well as by American law and practice. The Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Act being what they are, their provisions must apply to ships within our territorial waters precisely the same as to hotels or other buildings on our land. They must also apply to foreign vessels in our waters just as they do to alien persons domiciled temporarily in this country; there being no principle of international law more consistently maintained by our Government than that. They apply to American vessels when on the high seas as much as when in our coast waters, because the jurisdiction of a government accompanies its ships on the high seas wherever they may go. Conversely, of course, they cannot possibly apply to foreign vessels outside the three mile limit,—despite the impudent pretension which some tried to make to the contrary,—because on the high seas those vessels—like our own—are solely under the jurisdiction of their respective governments. Note, too, that just as we can forbid foreign vessels to carry alcoholic beverages in our waters, so a foreign country can, if it pleases, enforce any of its laws upon our shipping in its ports. Thus, certain European countries require ships under their flags to supply their crews with vinous beverages; and they could require our vessels to do the same when in their waters. The possibilities of embarrassing international complications under a logical application of the existing law are almost unlimited, and afford an impressive object lesson in the evils of ill-considered, slapdash legislation, producing results which no sane man intended or desired.

Apart from the disinterested neighborly interest—if I may perpetrate the paradox—which Americans naturally feel in the character and doings of the British Government, two features of the recent Ministerial crisis and appeal to the country especially command attention. One is the gratifying circumstance that the change of government did not in any respect impair the cordial relations between the United Kingdom and the United States; and indeed that no conceivable further change would be likely to do so. Memory has to reach far back to find a time when friendliness or unfriendliness toward America was a party issue in British politics, and the return of such a time has no place in future anticipations. The other feature is the extraordinary flexibility of the British system and its quick response to popular sentiment, as contrasted with ours. No matter how much our Executive may lose the confidence of Congress and of the country, it is immovable until four years have elapsed; while in Great Britain it may be turned out and replaced by another in an hour. Moreover, when we elect a new Congress, it is ordinarily thirteen months, and at earliest four months, before it can begin the work for which it is summoned; while in Great Britain a new House of Commons may be at work within a week after its election. Each system has its advantages, and each its disadvantages; and it may be that each has something of profit to learn from the other.

The strenuous doings of the Fascisti in Italy must be deplored in so far as they exalt violence or menace of violence above legal and constitutional methods; which is, of course, something equally to be said of any other political or social agitation. Within proper limits, however, the movement may be regarded with equanimity, if not with actual sympathy. It is passing strange that people generally concede the entire propriety of Radical agitation and propaganda, even though they may not agree with it, and protest against any repression of it as tyranny; while upon any Conservative movement they look askant and are inclined to condemn it as a disgraceful thing. "Clear your mind of cant." One man has as good a right to be a Conservative as another has to be a Radical. The Fascisti have as good a right to organize, to conduct propaganda, and to gain control of the Government of

Italy, as have the Socialists and Bolshevists whom they oppose. So far as Americans know of them, their chief objects appear to be to develop nationality and to promote conservative but constructive government instead of the radical destructiveness for which the Socialists were lately clamoring. If that be a fair estimate of them, their dominance in Italian politics may be of great good.

Nothing could be said that would be more pertinent to the centenary of Louis Pasteur, or more accurately descriptive of the essential qualities of that illustrious man, than what, writing on an entirely different subject, Professor Vernon Kellogg says in another part of this REVIEW; to wit, that if one is not a man of vision "he will never be a great scientist", and again: "Ideal in aim, but realist in method." Pasteur was supremely, perhaps above all other scientists of his age, a man of vision; his opponents called him visionary, an impractical dreamer of impossible dreams; and not in spite of that fact but, as Professor Kellogg suggests, because of it, or at least in accord with it, he became indisputably one of the very greatest scientists of the nineteenth century. It might not be extravagant to reckon him the greatest of all, because his achievements had to do with the science of human life, which we must surely esteem the highest of all sciences. It would be difficult to imagine a man more ideal in aim than he; aiming at the elimination of all zymotic and probably all communicable diseases of any kind from the world. It would be not merely difficult but impossible for anybody to be more realist in method. His conceptions were like those of a spiritual creator; his working out of them vied in practicality and thoroughness with the inexorable processes of nature. In one supreme respect his work was—I write with all possible reverence —like unto that of the Creator of the universe; namely, its unity or at least harmony of design. He began as a chemist, dealing with what we may call the mechanics of chemistry; he became a biologist, at once denying most effectively the chemical origin of life and no less effectively demonstrating the commanding influence of life upon chemistry; and while showing forth as few others have ever done the almost incomprehensible wonders of

the material world, he was ever the most resolute and devout of believers in the spiritual world. There is no department of human philosophy which may not fittingly and gratefully pay tribute to his fame.

Unpleasant as it is, and regrettable as it is that it should ever have been made a subject of controversy, the question of the Allied war debts to America has been exploited and will doubtless irrepressibly continue to be debated for a long time to come. Probably historians centuries hence will devote much space to it and to discussing whether America should or should not have insisted upon payment. The most anomalous feature of it today is this, that some who insist that we entered the war through purely altruistic motives, for humanity's sake and to "make the world safe for democracy",—if the phrase has not been used *ad nauseam*,—are most insistent upon our collecting every cent, with interest; while some who maintain, as President Wilson did at the time, that we entered the war because of Germany's attacks and outrages upon us and her menace to us, are most in favor of cancelling the debts. Amid such incongruities, anyone is entitled to take any view that pleases him, without fear and without reproach.

There could scarcely be a more inappropriate time than this for a revival of religious bigotry, yet something unpleasantly like it appears to be mildly fermenting in the ecclesiastical world. Recently four somewhat prominent clergymen, connected with four leading Christian denominations, have been more or less severely taken to task by church authorities for alleged unsoundness in doctrine. A generation ago there would have been heresy hunts and ecclesiastical trials and excommunications. In the present cases there will probably be no such going to extremes, but the restraint will be due more to fear than to tolerance. One may well be at a loss to know which to regard with the greater wonder, that churches professing to stand upon the ground of the freedom of every man to worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience should condemn the exercise of that freedom by their own clergy, or that men of intelligence,

independence and sincerity should wish to remain in organizations to whose more or less fundamental beliefs they cannot subscribe. Amid all the talk about realignment of political parties there seems to be at least equal occasion for a realignment of churches. If all the clergy and all the communicants should withdraw from the organizations in which they do not, in their hearts, believe, and enter those in which they do believe, or if necessary form new ones in accordance with their beliefs, the next religious census would show some considerable changes.

In not the largest aspect of his remarkable career, Lyman Abbott presented strong confirmation of the belief that even in a stern democracy there is "something in family blood". His father and two uncles were among the most prominent popular writers and teachers of their age, and he and his three brothers all rose to eminence. In a larger aspect he was a noteworthy exponent of popular culture in both intellectual and spiritual affairs, and of perhaps what is the most useful type of public teacher. He had in religion, ethics and sociology that fine gift which John Tyndall so highly developed in the stricter realm of science—of popularizing without vulgarizing or weakening the things which he had to teach. Few men so successfully pursued—without at all seeking it—the line of least resistance, or exerted so much guiding influence while incurring so little antagonism. He would never have compromised one iota of the faith that was in him for the sake of avoiding opposition or criticism; but through intuition, or inspiration, he found the course which not only seemed right to him but which also he was able to persuade others to regard as right.

Another noteworthy exemplar of puissant heredity was Thomas Nelson Page, whose name recalls more than half a dozen kinsmen of former generations who were of national consequence. From them he received not only his intellectual vigor and his robust Americanism, but also the distinction and charm of personality which made him one of the best loved writers of his time. He will be remembered, above all else, for three things: For his unsurpassed portrayal of the real life of the Old Dominion before

and during the Civil War; for his sane and convincing influence for both political and spiritual reunion of the nation; and for his singularly unpretentious but none the less invaluable services as a diplomat during and after the World War. It would be a sad day for American literature when *Marse Chan*, *Meh Lady* and *Unc' Edinburg's Drowndin'* were not esteemed as classics. It will be an auspicious day for American patriotism when his spirit of nationality rather than sectionalism universally prevails. There will be, we may trust, another instructive chapter added to the history of America in the World War when there is posthumously disclosed the story of his labors abroad for American interests and American honor, too often in spite of and in conflict with the Administration whose commission he bore.

Main Street has its seamy side as well as Broadway. That is the principal moral of the noisome New Jersey murder case which has for weeks commanded metropolitan and largely national interest. Its revelations have shown small city or town life to be marked with the same vices and crimes, the same sordidness and uncleanness, that rural folk are wont to charge against the largest cities. Perhaps we may add that they have shown a similarity between small place and large place in respect to the difficulty of detecting criminals and also to the fondness for exploitation of scandalous crimes. The police force of the largest city could not have blundered more or delayed more in apprehending a criminal than did the officers and detectives concerned in this case. City life, either fashionable or slum-contained, could have presented no more scandalous episodes than this. Nor would it have been easy for a double murder in the heart of the largest city to attract more attention or to hold it longer than this in a semi-rural community. Kipling's remark about "the Colonel's lady and Judy O'Grady" expresses a profound truth, applicable to all mankind. All are, in the last analysis, at least potentially alike.

Current statistics show that while on the one hand mortality from "natural causes", to wit, diseases, is steadily decreasing, that from "preventable causes", to wit, accidents and homi-

cides, is steadily and much more rapidly increasing. Thus deaths from highway accidents, chiefly with automobiles, are this year in the United States twenty-five per cent more numerous than last year, and will probably total 15,000 against 12,000 in 1921. It is a strange reflection that we can control tuberculosis more effectively than we can reckless driving. More people are killed by automobiles than by typhoid fever, or by diphtheria and croup, while if small pox killed one-tenth as many as do automobiles, there would be a nation-wide panic. But of course it is only another illustration of the supreme potency, for evil as well as for good, of the human will; and of the supreme difficulty of controlling it. Another phase of the same principle is suggested by the declaration of an eminent authority, Dr. Carpena, of the University of Madrid, repeated by many others, that criminals have the skulls of cave men, and are merely undeveloped in intellect. That is doubtless true in many cases, but it is doubtless untrue in many. If it were universally true, then all men of full cranial development would be moral and law-abiding; which unhappily we know not to be the case. The will to do evil exists in some of the greatest intellects, while some with only a rudimentary cerebral development are models of virtue and benevolence. Strive to dodge it as some may, the fact abides that the intellectual and moral faculties of man are distinct and separate, and the one need cultivation as much as the other, for the good of the individual and of society.

NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

THE WRECK OF EUROPE. By Francesco Nitti. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

The broadest lesson of the Peace—and of the years following the Peace—seems to have been simply this: that the common conception of ethics has clashed with facts. The chief wrong-doer ought to be adequately punished—that seemed plain in 1918. There was a general disposition to concede whatever was demanded by the state of public feeling in France. "*Je supplie le conseil de se mettre dans l'esprit de la population française*," Clemenceau is said to have pleaded repeatedly. (I beg the council to put itself into the state of mind of the French people.) "It was a moral concession, a moral satisfaction," observes the former Premier of Italy, "that was demanded."

But just what is meant by justice and morality in international affairs? The concessions and satisfactions required by France appear to have been punitive and to have had their origin in a perfectly natural distrust regarding the future. "In the mad struggle to break up Germany, there was involved not only hatred," writes Francesco Nitti, "but also a quite reasonable anxiety which, after all, must be taken into account." Yet this effort has had consequences economic, social, and political, which are in effect moral consequences, and these have reacted upon the victors: popular ethics has clashed with the facts.

Perhaps nothing could be more disastrous to the individual, as he views his own conduct, than the doctrine that he is not responsible for his own acts, or only in a small measure responsible for them, and that it is folly to try to make a punishment retributively adequate to the offense. The same truth holds in regard to those who assume responsibility for the guidance of a nation's destinies. Full assumption of responsibility, frank acknowledgment of guilt and honest willingness to abide by the consequences of one's own acts —these are the only tolerable *subjective* attitudes on the part of a man or a state. But when one views the case *objectively*, one cannot avoid seeing that, in fact, no human punishment can be made adequate to the crime, and that the effort to make it so involves the judge and the jury in the crime of the criminal—so it would be if the law inflicted torture for even the most fiendish offense. And one cannot help seeing that the individual wrong-doer—man or nation—shares responsibility for his wrong-doing with a whole social or political order. For the guilty party to think thus, is to think immorally and to endanger his own soul. For the injured party to think thus, is wisdom and mercy.

Our congenital inability to see both sides of this paradox *at once*, our disposition to waver uncertainly between the subjective and the objective view, to argue and to quarrel, like the two knights in the old story who saw opposite sides of the same shield—this weakness is what precipitates us into those moral controversies which are the bitterest, the most irreconcilable, and the most harmful of all struggles. If we could perceive both aspects of the truth at the same moment, or at moments so closely successive as to form parts of the same "specious present", then perhaps we should realize the practical significance of the Christian doctrine of non-resistance to evil, and should understand that the magnanimity of a Julius Cæsar was not merely "policy", but ethics.

All this seems to be the preaching of the facts, and never did facts preach more eloquently to a distracted world. Ex-Premier Nitti, the bluntest though not the most savage critic of the Peace, is their best exponent.

"The Peace Treaty as outlined by Wilson," writes Signor Nitti, "would really have brought about a just peace;" but successive concessions destroyed its very foundation. The solemn pledges which more than any other cause destroyed the morale of the enemy and made peace possible were practically all nullified. The disarmament of the conquered without corresponding action on the part of the conquerors; the partition of Europe into political units corresponding neither to real racial affinities nor to economic needs; the demanding of huge and impossible indemnities; the creation of a Poland which, in the event of the eventual recovery of Germany and of Russia,—a recovery to be hoped for by any but a professed cynic,—will become a political impossibility; the failure to admit ex-enemy states into the League of Nations; the clause in the constitution of the League which provides that decisions are binding only when reached by unanimous consent, and that which pledges the members of the League to preserve existing territorial and political arrangements, clauses which transform the League into "an instrument of aggression for the victors"—these are some of the anomalies of the Peace upon which the author dwells with realism and with analytical patience.

The truth appears to be that not one of the countries of Europe which took part in the war is to-day so well off as it was at the time of the armistice. And the remedy is, in brief, the undoing of a large part of what has been done. One cannot simply amputate Germany, like a diseased limb. One cannot, without loss, merely isolate Russia as a plague spot destined to perish in its corruption, like a colony of economic lepers. These countries are part of the economic and social whole which is Europe, and their sickness or health affects the condition of the whole organism.

Perhaps the most ironic comment that has been made upon the Peace is Signor Nitti's simple statement of the "sophisms" seriously discussed at the Paris Conference; to wit—

1. That it is not important to know what Germany can pay, but it is sufficient to know what she ought to pay.

2. That no one can foresee what immense resources Germany will develop within thirty or forty years, and what Germany will not be able to pay will be paid by the Allies.

3. That Germany, under the stimulus of a military occupation, will increase her production in an unheard-of manner.

4. The obligation arising from the treaty is an absolute one; the capacity to pay can only be taken into consideration to establish the number and amount of the annual payments; the total must in any case be paid within thirty years or more.

5. *Elle ou nous.* Germany must pay; if she doesn't, the Allies must pay. It is not necessary that Germany free herself by a certain date; it is only necessary that she pay all.

6. Germany has not to discuss, only to pay. Let time illustrate what is at present unforeseeable, etc., etc.

The first of these contentions, in particular, was opposed by the American commissioners.

THE INTERNATIONAL DEVELOPMENT OF CHINA. By Sun Yat-sen. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Dr. Sun, who is now president of the Republic of Southern China,—one of the two loose political groups into which that country has been unhappily divided,—has been called a theorist and a dreamer. The present volume, with its pretentious programmes, its painstaking consideration of details that are parts of speculative plans, and its slight emphasis upon political or economic feasibility, does nothing to counteract this impression.

Foreign nations scarcely need to be reminded of the immense opportunity for exploitation that China affords, of her enormous natural resources and of her swarming population, affording an ideal market for the world's surplus goods. It is scarcely necessary to dwell on the enhanced importance of the problem of finding markets since the war. So far as the fundamental economic facts are concerned, Dr. Sun's grandiose schemes seem to rest upon a tolerably firm basis. But the schemes themselves are such as could scarcely have entered into the head of the Russian Czar or of the Japanese Imperial Government in their most sanguine moments. Here we have pages and pages of city-building, railroad-construction, building of harbors and canals—the complete reconstruction of China, in short, according to the specifications of an architect who has been told that "money is no object", and who feels at complete liberty to indulge his fancies.

How can these things be? Dr. Sun calmly prophesies a new industrial revolution even more momentous than that which followed the introduction of machinery. "China will not only be the 'Dumping Ground' for foreign goods, but actually will be the 'Economic Ocean' capable of absorbing all the surplus capital as quickly as the Industrial Nations can possibly produce by the coming Industrial Revolution of Nationalized Productive Machinery. Then there will be no more competition and commercial struggles in China as well as in the world." Thus, there will be no difficulty whatever in making Tientsin a port as large and as important as New York. The conclusion follows from the premises, "as the night the day"; yet perhaps no one but

Dr. Sun would have the courage to assume the coming of the millennium as one of the conditions of the argument. If one still doubts, one may receive practical assurances. "Fortunately, soon after the preliminary part of my programmes had been sent out to the different governments and the Peace Conference, a new consortium was formed for the purpose of assisting China in developing her natural resources. This was initiated by the American Government. Thus we need not fear the lack of capital to start work in our industrial development."

"In this International Development Scheme," writes Dr. Sun, in conclusion, "I venture to present a practical solution for the three great world questions, which are the International War, the Commercial War, and the Class War. As it has been discovered by post-Darwin philosophers that the primary force of human evolution is co-operation and not struggle, as that of the animal world, so the fighting nature, a residue from the animal instinct in man, must be eliminated from man, the sooner the better." All of which is, no doubt, sound philosophy, but appears to afford a somewhat doctrinaire basis for Dr. Sun's intensely practical proposals.

It is difficult to resist the suggestion that Dr. Sun, sensible of the weakness of the government of which he is the titular head and fearing the consequences of continued political division in China, is simply trying to make the strongest possible bid for foreign support, and is at the same time endeavoring to impress the Chinese people with the magnificence of the future as he conceives it.

Sir Edward Cook, K. B. E. A Biography by J. Saxon Mills, M. A. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company.

Mr. Mills has produced an excellent piece of biographical writing, of which the only real fault is that, in conformity with Sir Edward Cook's own uncompromising standards for biography, it treats its subject with rather too much reserve and with rather too strict a regard for the principle of unity.

Sir Edward Cook made his mark, first, as editor of the old *Pall Mall Gazette*, of which journal he took charge on January 1, 1890, after the resignation of W. T. Stead—that remarkable man, whose alternating phases of genius and of mere idiosyncrasy the biographer has succeeded in representing with an acuteness and a justice that must have satisfied Cook himself. The sale of the "*P. M. G.*," two years later, to William Waldorf Astor terminated Cook's connection with a periodical which he had made a model of the best in modern journalism. Shortly afterward, Sir Edward became editor of *The Westminster Gazette*—a periodical which he built up *ab initio* and for which he created an enviable reputation. When, however, he left *The Westminster* to assume editorial charge of *The Daily News*, the change was felt to be an advancement. The end of Cook's work on *The Daily News*, like the severance of his connection with *The Pall Mall Gazette*, came like a bolt from the blue, when in

December, 1900, arrangements were completed for selling the former paper to a pro-Boer syndicate—an event which made impossible the continuance as editor of one who had been chiefly distinguished for his firm, though moderate, advocacy of Liberal Imperialism. Thereafter, for several years, Cook was a leader-writer on *The Daily Chronicle*, a mere subordinate. One can only wonder at the fate which condemned a man of so much ability, influence, and judgment to a relatively obscure position. Apart from journalism, Cook's literary labors—especially his monumental edition of Ruskin—entitle him to a high place.

The story is chiefly that of an independent conscience and intellect at work among the conditions of actual politics. Accepting the practical necessity and value of moderate partisanship, Cook stressed always the superior value of independent support. His letter to Mr. Arnold Morley, one of the proprietors of *The Daily News*, who had urged him to cater to the views of extreme Non-Conformists, is a masterly lesson in sound journalism. Several times he made extreme personal sacrifices in the cause of principle. The testimony of all who knew him declares the soundness and independence of his judgment. Never tolerating dulness in a newspaper for which he was responsible, he consistently resisted the drift toward sensationalism. By nature quite as much a statesman as a journalist, he was at one time almost an unofficial Foreign Secretary.

Mr. Mills has given us some choice anecdotes and character sketches in connection with his central narrative; Cook's own diary being replete with very expressive thumb-nail sketches of his contemporaries. The story is particularly full in its references to W. E. Gladstone, to Lord Randolph Churchill, and to Ruskin. Concerning the last of these there is an anecdote that deserves to be preserved in amber. This is Ruskin's plaint about the modern circus. "The first thing I did at Folkestone," he said, "was to go to Sanger's Circus, but there wasn't half enough clown. And the elephants were shown off too much: the real charm in an elephant is to watch his native sagacity. And the chariot race was terrible—the vulgarization of the noblest thing, I suppose, in Greece." Perhaps nothing more characteristic has ever been told.

But while the narrative is rewarding in its slight divergences from the straight path of biography, one wishes that the author had given more of Cook's setting and had treated more fully the political history of the time. It is one's impression that the book might with advantage have been amplified by about one-third.

GEORGE WASHINGTON. By William Roscoe Thayer. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company.

The peculiar value of Mr. Thayer's biography of Washington arises principally from one cause—that Mr. Thayer has correctly estimated the difficulty

of his task as that of portraying a character more or less inscrutable in its strength, its calm, and its poise. Undoubtedly it is character rather than intellectual genius with which one has to do in studying Washington. Yet this fact does not simplify the problems; for the boundaries separating "mind" from "character" are so intangible and theoretic that no sharp distinction can be made. The fact remains that the Washington who wrote the farewell address and who swore at Lee at Monmouth, who animated his fainting soldiers to endurance at Valley Forge and at the same time criticized Congress in terms which in another man might be called cynical, was always and everywhere a manifestation of character. It is the great merit of this biography that the reader is continually brought, as it were, into the presence of this great personality.

As a political narrative, Mr. Thayer's book lacks much of completeness. As an account of military operations and of diplomatic negotiations it is designedly thin. Even in the depiction of Washington's contemporaries, Mr. Thayer, masterly portrait artist as he is, does not notably excel others who have treated of the same period. All is carefully subordinated to the great figure of Washington; all brilliancies are studiously toned down to suit the sober grandeur of the central theme. But the portrait of Washington is a portrait indeed! It is a picture, not photographic but interpretative, a picture lacking the artificial smile of the later paintings or the studied majesty of the equestrian pose. Unquestionably Mr. Thayer, without resorting to the soulless methods of mere historical dissection, has in large measure counteracted the evil influence of the Reverend Mason L. Weems, and has revealed not merely to the reason but also to the imagination of his readers the true Washington as known to his contemporaries. The inexplicable part of the great man's character, the quality that made even casual acquaintances feel as if they were in the presence of a superior being, is all the more impressive when the myths have been made to vanish. Mr. Thayer has presented his readers with that rare thing, an ideal set forth without the sentimentality of hero worship or the exaggerations of rhetoric.

THE ALTAR STEPS. By Compton Mackenzie. New York: George Doran Company.

Mr. Mackenzie's new novel is so much the most interesting study of certain aspects of religious experience that has been written either in fiction or otherwise within recent years, that one hesitates to lay stress upon its somewhat obvious shortcomings as a story. The narrative is, in the first place, merely a sort of prologue—"the prelude to *The Parson's Progress*", says the dedication; and it appears to suffer from the lack of force incidental to incompleteness. The novel, again, is constructed upon the Victorian plan, beginning with origins and proceeding deliberately, and without much drama until the problems of middle life arise and have to be met. The disposition of

many English writers to dwell disproportionately, as it seems, upon childish experiences, and especially to write in a somewhat ambiguous vein about schooldays, is here evident enough. There is something almost dutiful in the manner in which most British novelists relate schoolboy stupidities and conscientiously testify to the schoolboy loathing for head-masters. One cannot altogether acquit Mr. Mackenzie, moreover, of the charge of treating manifestations of immaturity with what at times seems undeserved solemnity, at times incongruous humor. All this from the American point of view, which doubtless, in the estimate of a British novel should not take precedence altogether of the British point of view!

But apart from all this, the story has one extraordinary merit. It combines with an attitude of sympathy and even of devoutness a shrewdly realistic and critical spirit, an ability to see all sides of a complicated question, a subtlety that distinguishes in just the right way between church and faith, between personality and conviction. No other book that one knows of maintains so effectively what one may call, without intentional irreverence, the glamour of religion, while it analyzes religious manifestations and clerical organizations with the acuteness of a skeptic and with an astringent but unscoffing humor such as few skeptics can command. One does not really know whether the author's viewpoint is scientific or religious, evangelical or the reverse. And one does not really want to know. Mr. Mackenzie has successfully suppressed any too definite expression of his own personality. His attitude is humane and historical.

The novel is not powerful, its slight drama being weak and thin, and turning largely upon the breaking up of a love match through a conflict between extreme religiosity and a kind of madness of denial (not certainly any more sane), with a grotesque death by accident at the end of this melodramatic episode. But the novel is irresistibly fascinating. One becomes discontented, resolves to read no more of it, but does read it to the end.

THE RUSSIAN TURMOIL. By General A. I. Denikin. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

So far as the general causes and conditions of the Russian Revolution are concerned, the reader of General Denikin's book will get little light: the Russian Turmoil remains a turmoil indeed. Obviously, to be a Russian and to be in the midst of events is not enough to enable one to understand this vast confusion. The author seems to be as much puzzled as an outsider might be at the collapse of Russian patriotism, at the débâcle of Russian religiosity—previously devout peasants becoming capable of the vilest sacrilege. Political motives—if there were any—are not made to appear rational. Despair and caprice seem to reign everywhere. A Russian commander on one of the fighting fronts, having been requested, in common with others, to send to the Stavka his opinion as to what had best be done, telegraphed in all serious-

ness that he believed that Russia was divinely predestined to perish; one had better make the sign of the cross and resign himself to the inevitable. The characters of the persons who figure in General Denikin's narrative are, with a few exceptions, about as understandable as the creatures of a dream. Who or what was Kerensky? He is no more intelligible than the Akhoond of Swat or the "Bong with the Luminous Nose". Statesman or charlatan, martyr or coward, he has been variously described, and still to Western eyes he appears an enigma.

There are, to be sure, certain outstanding facts which may be taken as explaining some of the broad features of the convulsion. The army, General Denikin tells us, was not, at the beginning of the revolution, on the verge of collapse. It had grave shortcomings, indeed, but its utter disintegration was the work of the Revolutionaries themselves. The "freest army in the world" was so cowardly and insubordinate that its officers longed to die. Yet this demoralization was not due to any racial degeneracy. Through nearly three years of struggle the old Russian army had endured greater suffering than any other forces in the war. Russia lost two and one half million in killed, Germany two million, the other nations individually much less. The breakdown was mental and political.

The Provisional Government could not control the situation, in the first place because it had delivered itself into the hands of the Soviet, the power of which institution it sadly underestimated, and, in the second place, because the masses were incapable of following the watchwords of the Revolutionary Democrats. The people were easily worked up to momentary enthusiasm, easily flattered, quickly stirred to a kind of sentimentalism; it is this characteristic that foreigners and even Russians themselves have mistakenly referred to as the great, generous, incalculable soul of Russia, out of which a new order was to come. But in the main the Russian laborer, peasant, or soldier, was ignorant and utterly materialistic and selfish. He listened to Kerensky's harangues, applauded, and then began to grumble as soon as anything was required of him.

Furthermore, the Soviet, which wielded the real power, was absurdly unrepresentative. General Denikin gives a table showing the political composition of the All-Russian Congress of Representatives of the Soviets convened in June, 1917. There is a group corresponding to every shade of Socialist opinion; but "the overwhelming masses of Non-Socialist Russia were not represented at all". Racially the representation appears to have been no more satisfactory. The first Presidium of the All-Russian Central Committee of the Soviets contained one Georgian, five Jews, one Armenian, one Pole, and one Russian, "if his name was not an assumed one." This minority did not rule; it merely strove to introduce anarchy—especially into the army.

All this is meagre enough. Plainly, there is much that General Denikin—a soldier, not a politician, and often at the front—did not and could not know.

What his book is, mainly, is a striking picture of the most tremendous and widespread disintegration of morale that the world has ever seen. In its pages, well documented, filled with facts and poignant instances, and livid with the rhetoric of horror and despair, one sees the progress of a frightful disease affecting millions of men and reducing a once mighty organism to a corrupt mass.

"There was no Mother Country. The leader had been crucified. In his stead a group appeared at the Front of five Defensists and three Bolsheviks, and made an appeal to the Army:

" 'Forward, to battle for liberty and for the Revolution, but . . . without inflicting a decisive defeat upon the enemy!' cried the former.

" 'Down with the War and all power to the Proletariat!' shouted the others.

"The Army listened and listened, but would not move. And then . . . it dispersed!"

Set in a somewhat loose framework of political and military history, the real story, then, is that of the "democratization" of the Russian Army and of the demoralization of all Russia—the flower of its manhood was at the front—through propaganda, intrigue, and the manipulation of the press. How thorough-going was the process is evidenced by many striking episodes—the anarchy that broke out among the conservative Cossacks when their units returned from the front, the desperate attempt to reorganize the Army on racial lines, an attempt that laid the foundation of political separatism.

The significance of all this is not hard to see. If the average Russian, in his ignorance and political inexperience, in his materialism and his instinct for self-preservation (born of age-long oppression) could not see the need of discipline in the army, what could he know of political control? Here we have a most impressive phenomenon—a nation in arms fatuous enough to tolerate the idea of an army without effective discipline.

"There is a certain limit," writes General Denikin, "beyond which even baseness ceases to be simple baseness and becomes insanity." This is perhaps the most revealing comment in the whole book. Certainly in this idea of a baseness that becomes insanity, of an insanity that is indistinguishable from baseness, there is much philosophy.

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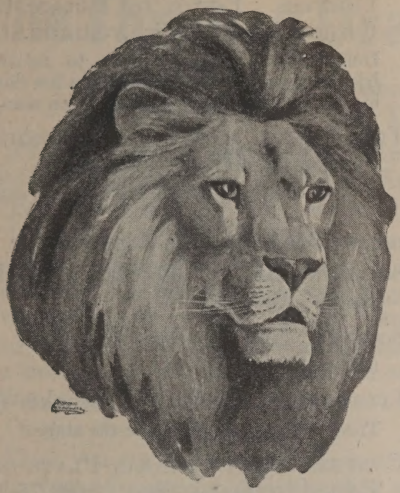

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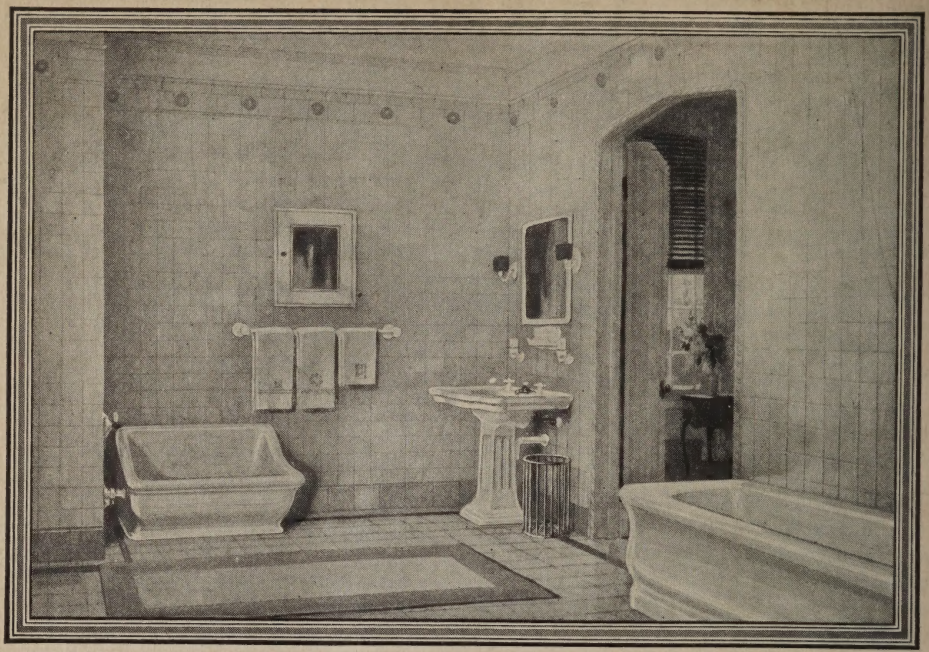

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